The Saturday Evening
POST
May 18, 1957 — 15¢

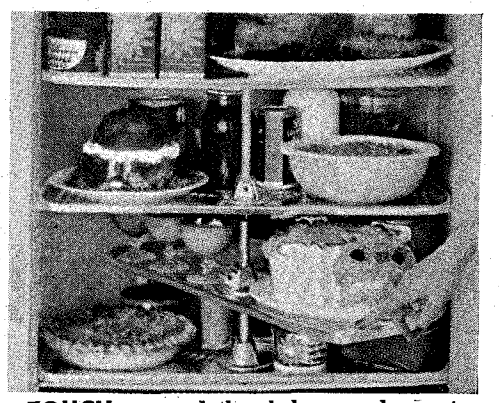
MAY 14 '57
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

The Fabulous Jock Whitney
By RICHARD THRUELSEN

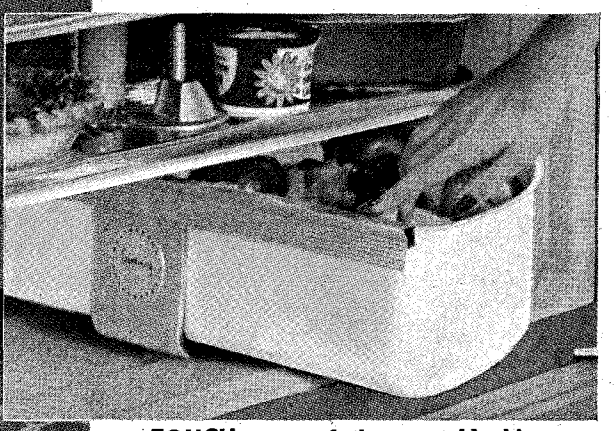
BASEBALL'S GOT ME!
By Gussie Busch
of the St. Louis Cardinals

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Available in General Electric Mix-or-Match colors—or white.

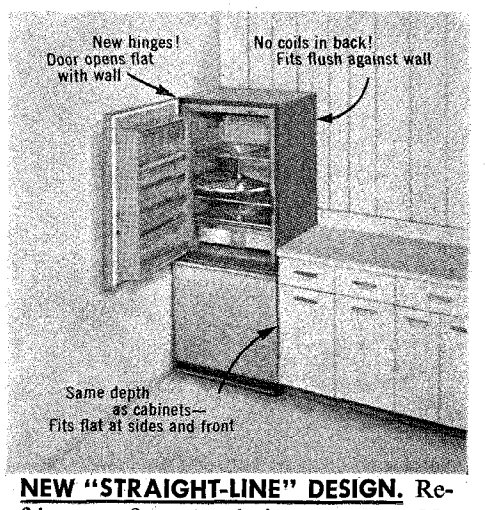


TOUCH . . . and the shelves revolve, put what was in *back*, right up *front*. All the food you want is within easy reach!



TOUCH . . . and the vegetable bins revolve. Vegetables and fruits ride right out in front of you!

TOUCH . . . and the zero-degree freezer rolls out. You see and choose what you want at a glance!



NEW "STRAIGHT-LINE" DESIGN. Refrigerator fits squarely into a corner. No dirt-collecting waste space at back, none needed at side for door clearance.

Revolving Shelves, Magnetic Door, Big New Roll-Out Freezer

in the new "Straight-Line" General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers

This smart new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer was designed with smooth, straight lines to give you all the advantages of a "built-in"—without the installation cost.

Not a hinge or handle protrudes to mar its trim new look. Sides, top and back are all *flat and straight*—so that you can set it flush against the wall or square into a corner. You can make it a "built-in" by hanging cabinets around it.

So convenient, too! Just a touch puts all foods at your fingertips in the 10-cubic-foot refrigerator section and in the 5-cubic-foot freezer.

A touch of your toe opens the Magnetic Safety Door on the refrigerator. Since this door has no latch, it helps protect children from the danger of being locked inside.

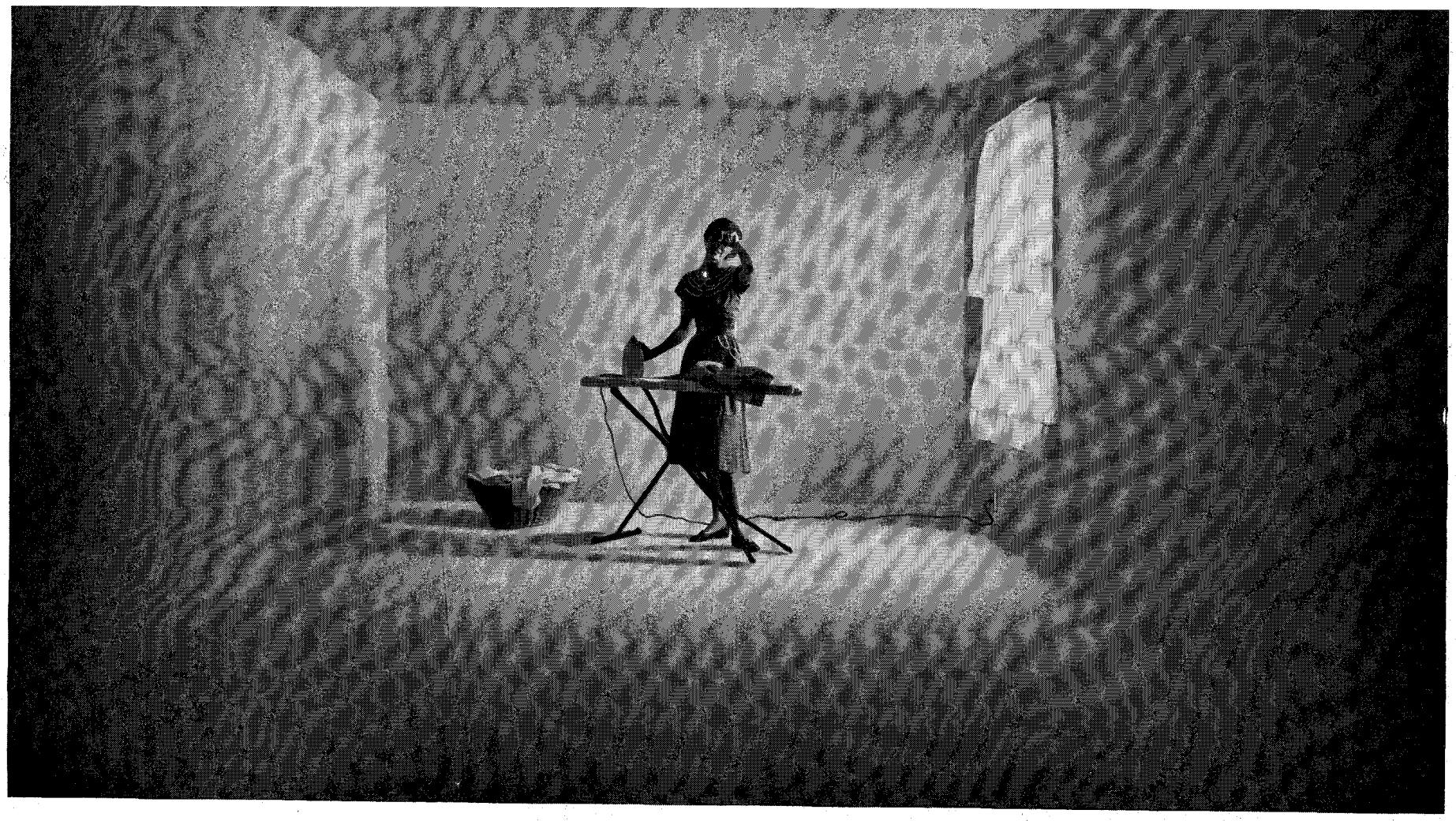
See it at your G-E dealer's. Ask about his easy terms and generous trade-in allowance. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville1, Kentucky.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

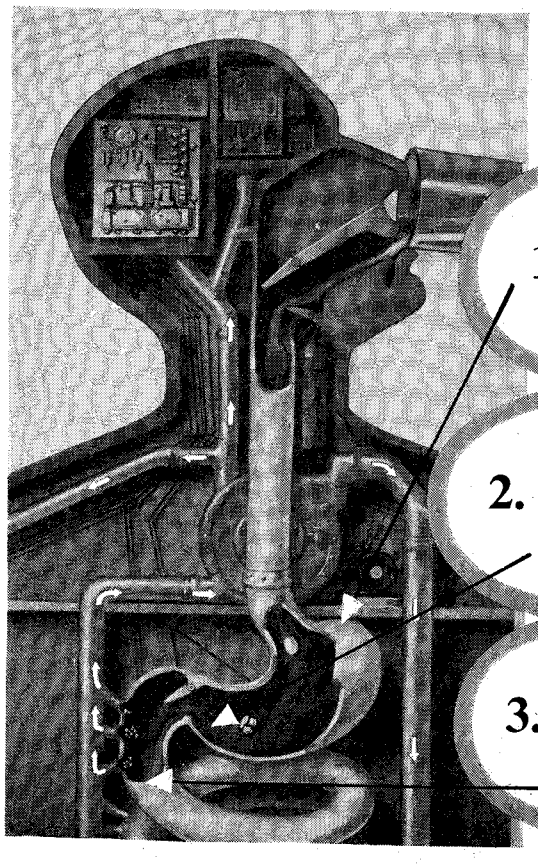
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pain? Headache? Cold Miseries? Muscular Aches?



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

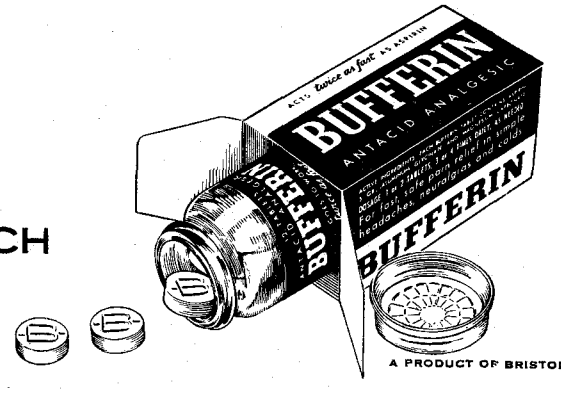
2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

BUFFERIN®

acts twice as fast as aspirin!

WON'T UPSET YOUR STOMACH



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some spark plugs are designed for high speeds, some spark plugs are designed for low speeds, but . . .

AUTO-LITE POWER TIP "fires up" Ford Motor Company cars at all speeds!

The first spark plug ignition-engineered for today's engines* and today's driving

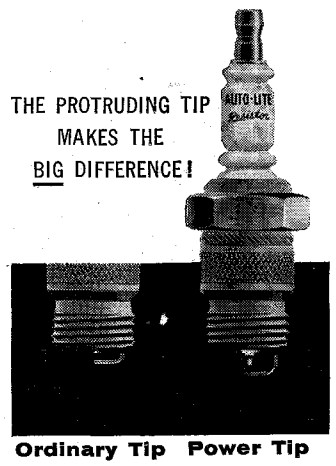
Today's higher-horsepower engines and today's stop-and-go driving demand *more* from spark plugs and Power Tip *gives* more! Performance tests prove that Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs with Power Tip "fire up" Ford, Mercury, Lincoln, Continental and Thunderbird engines* at *all* speeds! Here's why . . .

At *low* speeds, the projecting spark plug tip . . . the Power Tip . . . gets hot *fast*, operates hotter at low speeds to burn away fouling deposits which impair engine performance in city driving. At *high* speeds, the Power Tip is actually cooled by the richer air-fuel mixture to check costly and dangerous high-speed pre-ignition caused by overheated spark plugs.

For *your* car, insist on the spark plug made especially for today's higher-horsepower engines* and today's turnpike and traffic driving extremes—Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug with Power Tip!

Auto-Lite makes a complete line of spark plugs, including Standard, Resistor, Small-Engine, Aircraft, Transport, and Diesel-Starting.

*Power Tip is ignition-engineered for overhead-valve V-8 engines and for most overhead-valve 6-cylinder engines in all these cars: Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Chrysler, De Soto, Dodge, Plymouth, Ford, Hudson, Imperial, Lincoln, Mercury, Nash, Oldsmobile, Packard, Pontiac, Rambler, Studebaker.



Ordinary Tip Power Tip

AUTO-LITE® RESISTOR SPARK PLUG WITH POWER TIP

Auto-Lite manufactures over 400 products, including Spark Plugs, Batteries, Wire and Cable, and Automotive Electrical Systems . . . sold throughout the United States and Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY — CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* — Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* — Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*

Associate Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr.

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* — William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* — Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Editorial Assistants: Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull

IN THIS ISSUE

May 18, 1957 — *Vol. 229, No. 46*

4 Short Stories

Dream Man . . . . . *Bill Doyle* 26
Killer at Large . . . . . *Thomas Walsh* 30
Saddle Brothers . . . . . *John Reese* 34
Bitter Bargain . . . . . *Robert Craig* 37

9 Articles

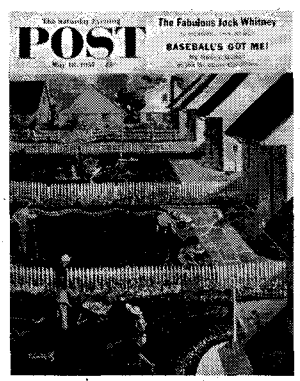
The Fabulous Jock Whitney (First of three articles) . . . *Richard Thruelsen* 23
The Face of America: Carnival Down South . . . *Photograph by Bill Shrout* 28
Baseball's Got Me! . . . . . *August A. Busch, Jr., as told to Milton Gross* 31
The Case of Colonel Nickerson . . . . . *Clay Blair, Jr.* 32
Swindler in the Statehouse (Third of four articles) . . . *Robert M. Yoder* 36
How Do We Feel This Morning? . . . . . *Corey Ford* 38
Please Pass the Ham . . . . . *Rufus Jarman* 40
The Stars Rise Here . . . . . *Maurice Zolotow* 44
I Used to be Blind . . . . . *R. P. Muller* 49

2 Serials

Admiral Hornblower (Second of three parts) . . . . . *C. S. Forester* 42
No Blade of Grass (Fourth of seven parts) . . . . . *John Christopher* 51

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 46
Verse 58, 73, 82, 92, 105
Keeping Posted 132



THE COVER

Let's not allow Thornton Utz to start a hassle about whether people should nourish their back yards or let their back yards nourish them. Some fellows, like Sam Sacroiliac and Pete Moss there, find creative joy in waving a magic wand (such as a shovel) and having the eager earth leap into exquisite beauty, eventually. The tastes of other guys, like Joe Supine, are simpler, or subtler: to misquote Omar Khayyám, "A jug of liquid, a cake of ice, and Thou, O TV set, beside me singing in the Wilderness of crabgrass—it were Paradise enow!" Or if the TV isn't singing, probably the local ball team is leading 16–1. So will Joe never know the joy of creative backyarding? Listen, he's making so much joy for himself that his friends can't concentrate on their own joys.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1957 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S., payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 22–57 or November 30, 1957; 48–58 or May 31, 1958.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Morton S. Bailey, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 222 — The greatest star of the screen!

We've just discovered the delightful difference between a desert island and a desert island paradise—Ava Gardner!

★ ★ ★ ★

When a gal as gorgeous as Ava is shipwrecked on a South Seas island with two men as observant as Stewart Granger and David Niven, the lucky isle can't help turning into a paradise.

★ ★ ★ ★

And it's a cinch to become less deserted.

★ ★ ★ ★

Such is the focal situation in "The Little Hut" as presented by M-G-M.

★ ★ ★ ★

A smart, tart and romantic film has been made from a sophisticated stage comedy.

★ ★ ★ ★

The landscapes—which include generous views of Ava in fetching island attire—are in blushing and beautiful Eastman Color.

★ ★ ★ ★

At the fun-flying start, Susan (Ava) has been married to Philip (Granger) for six exciting, but lately exasperating, years.

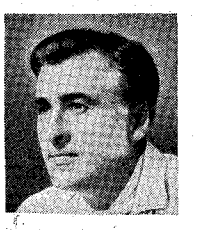
★ ★ ★ ★

Hoping to recapture past rapture, neglected Susan suggests a second honeymoon on their palatial yacht.

★ ★ ★ ★

Philip insists that Henry (Niven) accompany them. Henry is his best friend and was once Susan's second-best suitor.

★ ★ ★ ★

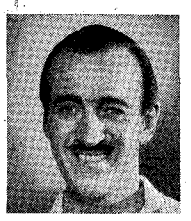


Does a woman like Susan ever really throw anything—or anybody—away?

★ ★ ★ ★

This witty screenplay by F. Hugh Herbert ("The Moon Is Blue") would suggest not.

★ ★ ★ ★



When shipwreck strikes, the otherwise hapless Henry comes in handy—to make her cool husband jealous, repentant and, as it develops, considerably more attentive.

★ ★ ★ ★

An auspicious American debut is made by Walter Chiari as a most explosive surprise island visitor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Scenarist Herbert, co-producing with director Mark Robson, based the brisk romantics on Nancy Mitford's adaptation of the Paris eyebrow-raiser by André Roussin. It's a Herbson S. A. production.

★ ★ ★ ★

We heartily endorse "The Little Hut".

★ ★ ★ ★

And if you are hard to please, two on the isle with Ava and her assorted suitors are just the tickets for you!

—*Lea*

WIN AN ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC!
Enter "The Little Hut" giveaway contest. Get your entry blank from your favorite movie theatre, travel bureau or luggage dealer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More than anything else, a KitchenAid dishwasher brings you the gift of *time*: time to be a part of things—family fun and friends-a-calling—knowing that, in your kitchen, all is well.

Indeed, your dishes could not be in better care. Your KitchenAid is by Hobart—another way of saying it's *the finest made*. But see the evidence: The easy-rolling cushion-coated racks that take the guess out of loading. The revolving power wash system that leaves your tableware *hospital-clean*. The separate electric hot air blower that dries even fine crystal with a hold-to-the-light gleam.

Yet—wonder of convenience—Hobart offers all these features in *standard cabinet width*. You'll find a model to go with your kitchen as surely as it goes with your way of life. Be sure to see the food mixer and electric coffee mill—they're KitchenAid, too!

See the new KitchenAid! Write The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Dept. KQ, Troy, Ohio. In Canada write: 175 George Street, Toronto 2.

time for a KitchenAid®

The Finest Made... by Hobart

The World's Largest Manufacturer of Food, Kitchen and Dishwashing Machines

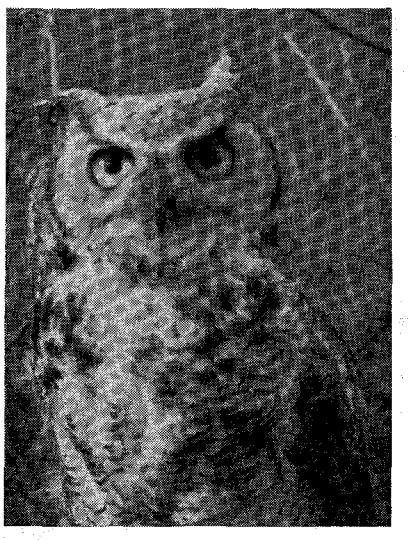
Letters

Wonderful Pals

Dear Sirs:

My husband and I read with amused interest and a little nostalgia the article PALS OF MY CHILDHOOD by Farley Mowat in your April 13th issue. It happens that my husband was a next door neighbor of the Mowat family on Spadina Crescent in Saskatoon during the reign of the owls, Wol and Weeps, and the "underdog" Mutt, who, we remember, was classed as a "Prince Albert Spaniel." A brief look through an old

snapshot album turned up the enclosed portrait of one of the owls and a casual shot of Farley at about the same time. We thought they might be of interest



to your readers. I myself knew Farley, and remember increasing his menagerie once by a gift of two guinea pigs.

MRS. MUNRO MURRAY
Saskatoon, Sask.

Dear Sirs:

I read it aloud to my husband, who has been ill and whose sight has grown poor. It was worth a year's subscription to see tears of laughter pour down his face, for I cannot remember how long a time it is since he really laughed.

MRS. WM. L. COGGIN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

PALS OF MY CHILDHOOD has the qualities of a literary classic. I am a substitute teacher (from 1st grade through high school). I am saving this story to read to as many children as I can. In our schools we introduce our standbys of American humor such as Mark Twain and O. Henry in the 7th grade. Mowat's story should certainly be included.

MRS. E. E. CARRIER
The Dalles, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

It is pure delight.

ALFRED BALL
Waltham, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Housebreaking a great horned owl certainly gives a person a purpose in life.

CLARENCE SPRINGSTUN
Morrisonville, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I don't know when I've read anything so outrageously funny that it brought tears to my eyes. . . .

PALS OF MY CHILDHOOD herewith enters my archives, to be read again whenever the going gets rough.

FREDERICK BORG
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Having had a screech owl as an engaging pet for three years during my childhood, I was happy that such an articulate person as Mr. Mowat could put into words the personalities and completely individual characteristics of owls such as Wol and Weeps.

The vast multitude of people who have never enjoyed an owl's companionship can never fully appreciate what they've missed—but Mr. Mowat gives them an excellent idea.

MRS. BENJAMIN BUTLER
Farmington, Me.

Dear Sirs:

A wonderful, warm and human story that inspires gratitude for the renewed confidence it gives in one's fellow beings—light reading, perhaps, but how heartening. I, for one, find the world a better place to live in for having read this story. I am deeply grateful to Mr. Mowat and to you.

S. DRINKWATER
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

That narrative is written with kindness and subtle understanding. I've never read anything quite like it.

CHET SCHWARZKOPF
Eureka, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I certainly wish you would have more stories about pets and the clever, stupid, wonderful, heroic things that they do!

MRS. D. A. CLEAVELAND
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I'll always carry with me a mental picture of the rumble-seat sketch.

GRACE WILKINSON
San Jose, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I laughed until I cried and then cried in earnest at the end.

MRS. MARY E. HOPE
Los Altos, Cal.

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAVE YOU MET YOUR *Man with the Plan?*

Arthur J. Anderson, *Boston, Mass.*
Allen H. Chatterton, Sr., *Pawtucket, R. I.*
Wallace Wilson, Jr., *Joplin, Mo.*
Fagan H. Simonton, *Wilmington, Del.*
Frank A. Brown, *Rome, Ga.*
A. Gardner Finn, *Santa Cruz, Calif.*
Carl R. Guilkey, *Independence, Kan.*
Edward W. Zimmerman, *Oakdale, Calif.*
James E. Dixon, *Fargo, N. D.*
R. V. Hood, *Duluth, Minn.*
Herbert H. Eber, *Newark, N. J.*
Frank W. Hazelbaker, *Dillon, Mont.*
Victor Braegger, *San Juan, Puerto Rico*
John W. Bowers, Jr., *Enid, Okla.*
George LaMair, *Des Moines, Ia.*
E. L. Wingfield, *Columbia, S. C.*
Dan Harmon, Jr., *Oshkosh, Wis.*
John D. Bailey, *St. Augustine, Fla.*
Norman F. Penny, *Mineola, N. Y.*
Frank E. Holley, *Little Rock, Ark.*
John Wimberly, *Kingsport, Tenn.*
Paul Gordon, *Grand Island, Neb.*
M. O. Lackey, *Hampton, Va.*
John C. McDowell, Jr., *Chambersburg, Pa.*
John Mead, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
Milton K. Gammons, *Palmer, Mass.*
Paul Chenault, *Frankfort, Ky.*
Jerry Hay, *Honolulu, Hawaii*
Ralph F. Koch, *Sandusky, Ohio*
Jennings M. Bryan, *Burlington, N. C.*
James F. Mackintosh, *Claremont, N. H.*
William D. Sanborn, *Denver, Colo.*
William L. Graham, *Detroit, Mich.*
Arthur M. Mead, *Montgomery, Ala.*
Eugene Peresich, Sr., *Biloxi, Miss.*
E. J. Seymour, *Munroe, La.*
H. Gabriel Murphy, *Washington, D. C.*
Willard D. Cobb, *Brattleboro, Vt.*
Hal Willson, *San Francisco, Calif.*
Frederick E. Bauer, *New Haven, Conn.*
Marion Sanford, *Lubbock, Tex.*
Alvin S. Keys, *Springfield, Ill.*
Robert H. Wheeler, *Towson, Md.*
Ed Murray, *Cheyenne, Wyo.*

His picture may be among those you see.* He is an independent insurance agent or broker representing you, and placing your insurance with one of the well-known Employers' Group of Insurance Companies. He is able to provide you with maximum insurance service, and a complete, personalized "plan of protection" for your home or business. Write us for the name of "The Man With The Plan" nearest you.

**These photographs are representative of the more than 10,000 Employers' Group agents and brokers throughout the United States and possessions.*

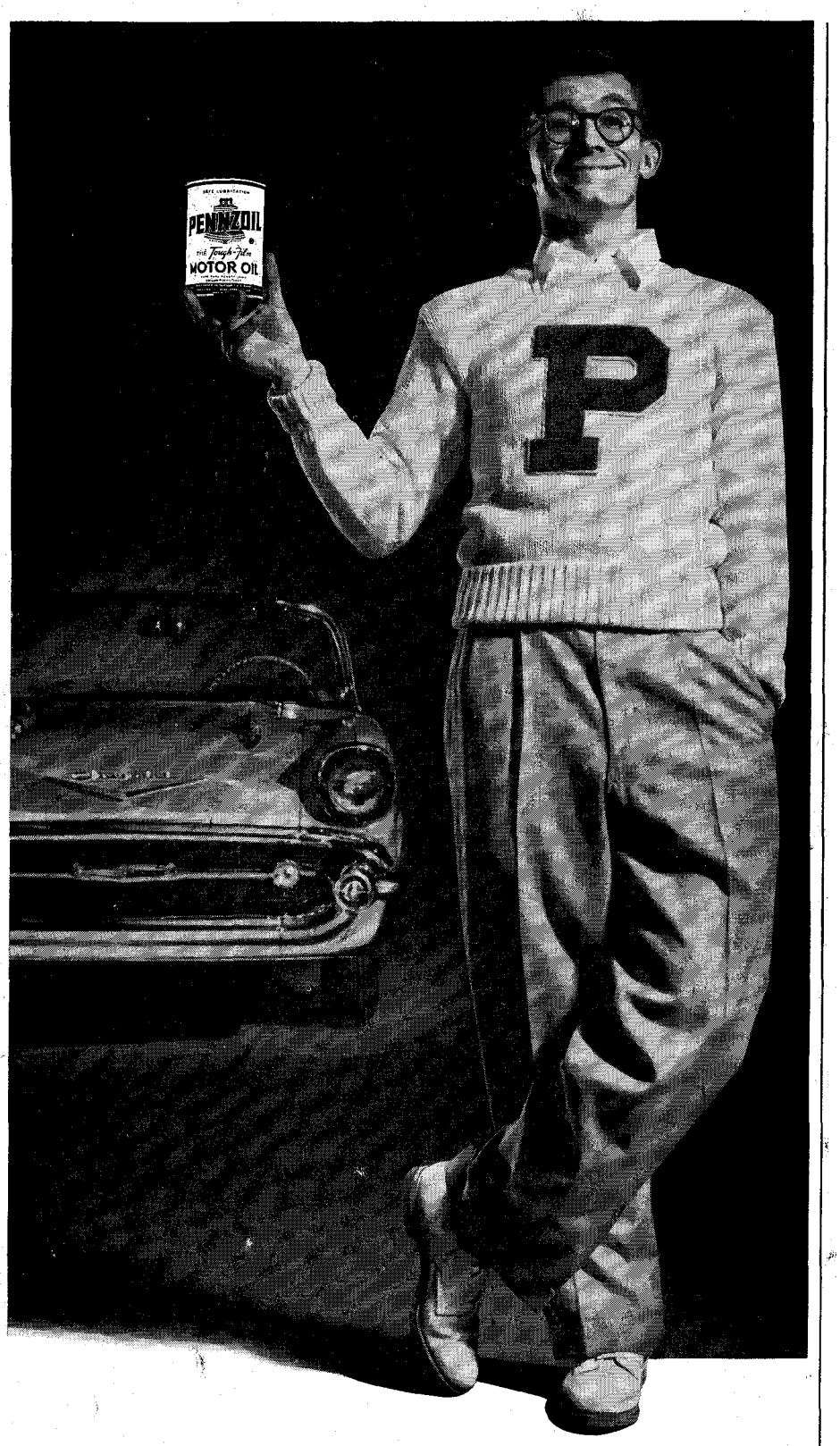
THE Employers' Group
OF INSURANCE EG COMPANIES

Fire, Casualty and Marine Insurance, Fidelity and Surety Bonds

110 MILK STREET, BOSTON 7, MASSACHUSETTS

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ASSURANCE CORP. LTD. • THE EMPLOYERS' FIRE INSURANCE CO. • AMERICAN EMPLOYERS' INSURANCE CO. • THE HALIFAX INSURANCE CO. OF MASSACHUSETTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



So quiet, you can hear a ping drop!

Precision is the secret of today's powerful, yet quiet-running engines. And the secret of preserving that quiet power is to protect those carefully fitted parts against harmful deposits. That's Pennzoil's specialty.

Pennzoil is 100% Pennsylvania motor oil blended with an exclusive, permanently active ingredient, Z-7 — a lasting combination of protective film strength and dispersant quality that keeps your engine powerfully clean and quiet *for keeps.*

Ask for Pennzoil with Z-7, The Tough-Film® motor oil, by name at your favorite dealer.

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL®
Safe Lubrication
Find Your Nearest Dealer In The Yellow Pages

IN EVERY STATE, AT DEALERS WHO care FOR YOUR CAR
AND IN CANADA AT B/A DEALERS

Sound your Z . . . insist on Pennzoil

MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN., PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

● *Our thanks to these and the 104 other readers who have written to commend* PALS OF MY CHILDHOOD. *It will appear in Mowat's new book, The Dog Who Wouldn't Be, mostly about the owls' chum, Mutt, to be published in August by Little, Brown & Co.—ED.*

Locomotive Race

Dear Sirs:

We in South Dakota were delighted with your story of the old time narrow gauge railroad, RECORD RUN in the April 13th issue because a similar narrow gauge railroad, the Black Hills Central, has been incorporated here and will be in operation from Hill City to Oblivion, near Mt. Rushmore, this summer.

They have imported an old diamond-stacked steam locomotive, "Klondike Casey," from the White Pass & Yukon Route in Alaska to haul their 1880 period coaches and open observation cars. . . .

Conceived as a working monument to the pioneer railroads that opened the American West, and to keep one last steam road in operation for boys of all ages, the road is being built with one-dollar contributions acknowledged with an inscribed Founders' Certificate. Astonishingly, the demand for this recognition has come from individuals and firms throughout the United States and Canada—and from seven foreign countries.

GOVERNOR JOE FOSS
Pierre, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

Improbable. impossible, fantastic, insane, who do you think you're kidding?—wonderful and delicious!!

Am binding same for future rereading, re-rereading et cetera.

J. E. GELWICKS
Flushing, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Could it be real or was someone bright enough to dream it up? . . .

I'm a great reader, read my Post from cover to cover, but I don't remember ever laughing so hard or so long over any one thing in my life!

LELA MORRIS
Cambridge, Ohio

How Much Sleep?

Dear Sirs:

Would like to commend Mr. Yoder on his article So YOU THINK YOU NEED EIGHT HOURS' SLEEP, April 6. He is so right in . . . that many people get along very well on very little sleep because they find a lot to interest them—good reason to stay awake. Too often people sleep because of a state of ennui and nothing better to do. This is not true for a college student. . . .

The only part of the superb article that I question is when Doctor Kleitman states, ". . . a great many people incur a sleep debt during the week and pay it off on the weekend. Young people do this the best." This, to me, is not plausible, for it seems that as soon as the last class on Friday ends, we forget naps, drop all study schedules, and somehow spend the next two days exhausting ourselves to a point when we almost welcome "Blue Monday" since we can return to a planned schedule, daily nap and organized life.

ETHEL B. CARNELL
Slingerlands, N.Y.

Silent World

Dear Sirs:

MY DAUGHTER'S SILENT WORLD [April 13] . . . caught my attention . . . because I myself am totally deaf. I feel I should write this letter to you so that mothers of young deaf children need not worry about their future with the hearing world as long as they get the proper speech and lip-reading training. . . .

I was sent to Central Institute for the deaf here in St. Louis. . . . After eleven years of speech and lip reading and formal grammar-school training, I graduated. . . . Now I am attending Washington University here as an engineering freshman. . . .

My own parents saw me for only three or four months per year, but we are still very close.

DOUGLASS B. BULLARD, JR.
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

The story is well told. However, let's not disillusion parents of deaf children. . . .

A deaf child with two and a half years of schooling *cannot* "tell us everything—even things that happened long ago in nursery school."

MRS. ISAIAH SCHEELINE, JR.
Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Double-Barreled Gripe

Dear Sirs:

I was very disappointed in the novelette in the April 6th issue, THE BUSINESS OF LOVE. It was so unlike any of the splendid stories that one looks for that I am wondering if many others found it as stupidly silly as I did.

The so-called "clever" dialogue, the mad meetings at the zoo, the usual misunderstandings, all added up to a story that was far from the high standards that one finds in the Post.

While I am annoyed at this, I am still more so at the illustrations for THE LADY [by Conrad Richter]; if the heroine is beautiful, she is certainly not pictured as such in Earl Mayan's drawings.

MRS. ROLLIN C. SMITH
Los Angeles, Cal.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

23–Eugene Kammerman. • 24–From the private collection of John Hay Whitney. 25–Frank Ross, two from Wide World. • 26, 27–Peter Stevens. • 28, 29–Bill Shrout. 30–Perry Peterson. • 31–Bill Shrout. • 32–Wide World, George Burns, International. 33–U. S. Air Force, U. S. Navy, North American Aviation, Inc., two from U. S. Army; U. S. Navy. • 34, 35–Ken Riley. • 36–Two from Illinois State Penitentiary; Chicago Daily News. • 37–Sam Bates. • 38, 39–Larry Fried. • 40, 41–George Lazarnick. • 42, 43–Ken Riley. • 44–Hans Knopf. • 45–Hans Knopf, Globe, Warner Brothers. • 49–Russell Melcher. • 51–Earl Mayan. • 86–Culver, Hans Knopf. • 114–From the private collection of John Hay Whitney. • 128–Bill Shrout. • 132–Anonymous, Ollie Atkins, anonymous, Gene Lester.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where today? Fishing, picnicking or just fun!

EVEN LOOKING GIVES YOU A LIFT...

"Sweetest-running Johnsons ever!"

A new world begins anywhere there's a water's edge . . . but it can be explored only by *boat!* For 1957, you can choose from 9 of the sweetest-running Johnsons ever built. Smallest is the sturdy 3 hp Sea-Horse that takes you wherever a boat will float. Newest and mightiest is the 35 hp Golden Javelin, ultimate in outboards.

Actually, the whole line's loaded with dependability features. There's even easier manual starting on all models, plus 12-volt electric for both the new 18 and 35 hp classes. What's more a new slip-clutch ends drive pin worries. See your Johnson dealer now. He's listed under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone book. **FREE!** 1957 Sea-Horse catalog, write: Johnson Motors, 117 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill.

Division of Outboard Marine Corp. In Canada: manufactured by Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ont.

A million Sea-Horse owners will tell you *JOHNSON KNOWS BEST*

FOR '57—A WIDE AND WONDERFUL CHOICE!

(From $155 to $625)

Golden Javelin*, Sea-Horse 35*, Sea-Horse 35, Sea-Horse 18*, Sea-Horse 18, Sea-Horse 10, Sea-Horse 7½, Sea-Horse 5½, Sea-Horse 3. Nine models in all.

*12-volt electric starting (new quick-charging generator available as accessory on first two models). Prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change. OBC certified brake hp at 4000 rpm (18s and 35s at 4500)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

esigned to

Officials being shown safety features of the new General Dual 90 which was tested on the Ohio Turnpike.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than any tire ever built!

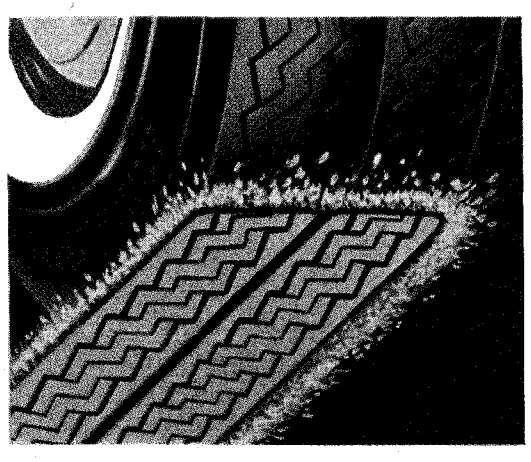
Two Treads and it's made of NYGEN

Sustained high-speed driving—such as millions of people are now doing on the new super-highways of the nation—call for the utmost in tire strength and safety.

The General Dual 90 has everything it takes to protect you. It will probably last as long as you keep your car. It will give you a better ride, better stability and astonishingly quick, safe stops.

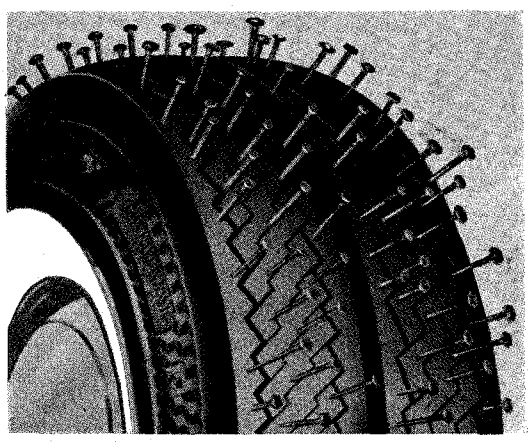
The need for all this extra safe mileage is why General designed the Dual 90 . . . the tire with two treads.

THE OHIO TURNPIKE, with its 241.3 miles of broad straightaway and sweeping curves, is a key link in the new "no stoplight route" between New York City and Chicago . . . a total distance of 826 miles. Nearly 10-million vehicles last year discovered its advantages in time saving and safety and a 20 per cent increase in tourist travel is anticipated this summer.



QUICKER STOPS. When brakes are applied, twin-treads grip and "squeegee" instantly. "Windshield wiper" action-traction goes to work across entire width of both treads.

NO FLATS FROM PUNCTURES. Not merely "puncture-resistant," the Dual 90 permanently seals as it rolls. No repair needed when puncturing object is removed.



GENERAL DUAL 90

AMERICA'S FIRST DUAL-TREAD TIRE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Red Spying Isn't a Part-Time Occupation

The operation of the Soviet spy apparatus in the United States and other countries is a continuing process. It is carried on through scores, probably hundreds, of channels, including Soviet diplomatic officials and the bureaucracy of the United Nations. And yet every time a new set of Communist agents is picked up by the FBI, the news is greeted with astonishment—as if a phenomenon, dormant since the exposure of Alger Hiss, had suddenly and unexpectedly broken out in a new place. Actually, as the FBI reported after the arrest of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Soble and Jacob Albam late in January, "the upper members of the espionage group are not at the present time identifiable."

Along with our general ignorance of Soviet espionage is an interest in the punishment of individual members of this complicated spy net somewhat out of proportion to concern for the best means of crippling its operation. There is talk of the death penalty which was meted out to the Rosenbergs. This would doubtless satisfy the natural angry impulses of many people, but there are several arguments against it. One is, of course, that opposition to the death penalty has risen among millions of people who formerly accepted it as a necessity. The execution of the Rosenbergs disposed of that miserable pair, but it aroused opposition to American counterespionage efforts among humanitarians and others who might otherwise have taken a different attitude.

It must also be remembered that the United States has journalists, consular officials and others in Iron Curtain countries who would undoubtedly be accused of spying, as has happened in the past, if the Communist authorities decided to retaliate.

The intelligent American will be less interested in the fate of individual espionage agents than in the operation of the Red apparatus, how it recruits its operators and who is at the top. The Senate's Internal Security Committee's investigations of Soviet activity in the United States have turned up fascinating information on the ramification of Red espionage. It has been known for years that Soviet spies have worked out of the Russian embassies in Washington and Ottawa. From time to time a so-called diplomat leaves our shores when things get too hot for comfort, as Vassili M. Zubilin seems to have done. One or two have even been ordered to leave. But we may be sure that the ranks are soon closed and the information flows back to Moscow with little interruption of service.

The problem is to get to the root of the evil, which involves exercising some control over the type of diplomats we receive from Soviet-dominated countries and the U.S.S.R.

Are We Extracting the Excitement From the American Story?

By W. HARWOOD HUFFCUT

"When plunged into a Communist indoctrination mill, the average American P.O.W. was under a serious handicap. . . . He had to tell what he knew about American politics and American history. And many times the Chinese or Korean instructors knew more about these subjects than he did. . . .

"They were unprepared to give the commissars an argument. . . . They couldn't answer the arguments in favor of Communism with arguments in favor of Americanism, because they knew very little about their America."

Before the reader dismisses this excerpt from last year's Defense Department's Prisoner of War Report as descriptive of exceptional cases, he should consider a recent survey of popular understanding of the Bill of Rights. According to this study, one third of the Americans interviewed did not know what the Bill of Rights was.

All this points inescapably to our failure to inculcate in a significant segment of our people the basic elements of American history, philosophy of government and its moral and spiritual foundations. Nowhere else in the world are more money and words devoted to education than here in the United States. Courses in American history and government are available to all. Why, therefore, do so many Americans know so little about their country?

One answer must lie in the fact that in 1942, when the P.O.W.'s mentioned above were in school, 72 per cent of our colleges and universities did not require United States history for admission! The basic answer is found in the P.O.W. report itself: "At home they thought of politics as dry editorials or uninteresting speeches, dull as ditchwater."

If politics and government are as "dull as ditchwater" to the average American, it is because we have made it so. Consciously and successfully we have squeezed all the heart and soul out of our teaching and preaching of American history. Only the mental pulp remains. It is fashionable to look down our collective noses at the emotional approach.

We have drained American history and government dry of the emotion and excitement of outstanding personalities in action. As students in school and as adults in our communities we have heard about America with our ears, but not with our hearts.

It is high time that the leaders and teachers of the American Way put some warm humanity and emotional appeal into their instruction. It is time to make our history and our traditions glow and throb again.

American democracy was born out of strong emotion and deep convictions. The men who mutually pledged to one another their lives, fortunes and sacred honor were exciting and intense. American democracy can survive only among a people who are equally intense in their devotion to their heritage.

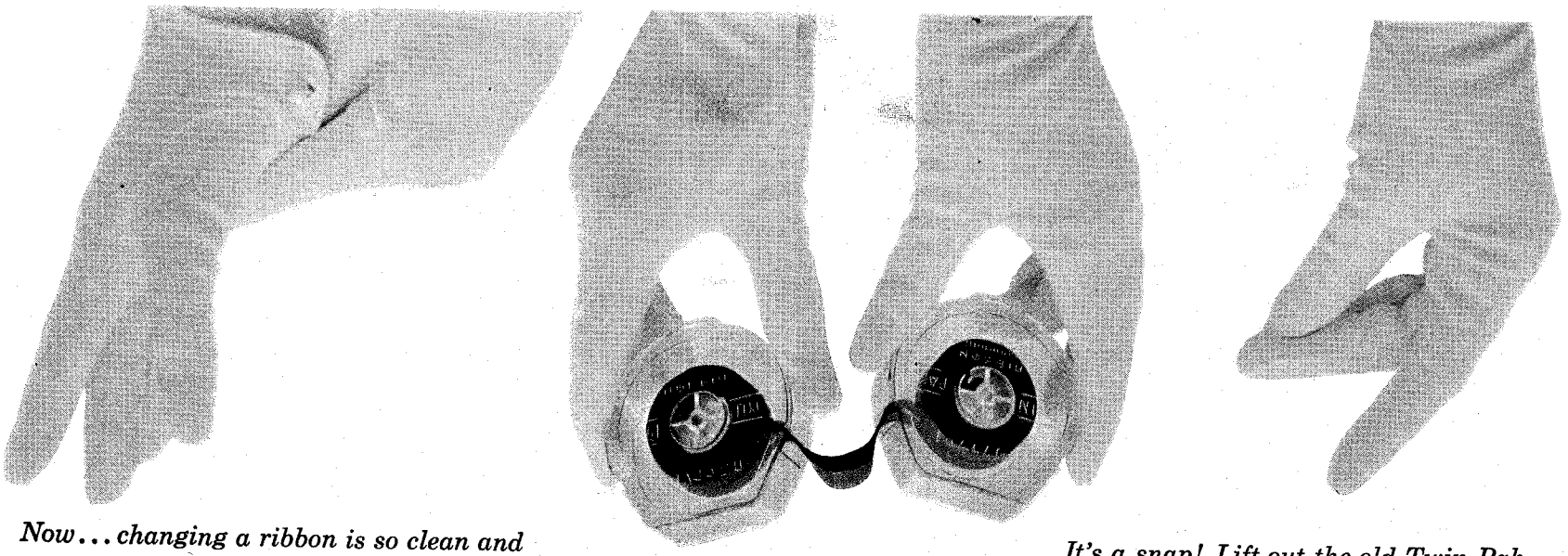
Russian Science Turned About to Get Hybrid Corn

Russia's bountiful grain harvest of 1956, 20 per cent above 1955, included the yield from a thousand tons of hybrid corn seed shipped from the United States. This was the first hybrid corn seed ever grown in Russia, and its purchase and use underscores the folly of Stalin's fantastic liquidation of his country's geneticists, who had recommended hybrid corn and the techniques that produce it.

In 1939 N. T. Valivov, head of the Russian Institute of Plant Industry, dared to tell a conference of plant breeders that hybrid corn had increased American yields by 20 per cent, and Russia should use it. He was removed from office, imprisoned the following year, and died in 1942 in a Siberian concentration camp. By 1949 most Russian geneticists had either recanted or disappeared, and plant-breeding work was in control of T. Lysenko, who had led the fight against them. For sixteen years, 1939 to 1955, hybrid seed corn from the United States was rejected by Russia, which thus was deprived of increased harvests sorely needed.

Russia's retreat from Stalin's line on the plant-improvement front focuses attention upon the new science, which holds that every cell in every living thing contains thousands of genes, inherited and immortal, which control the nature of the being they inhabit. If the Russian people eat better because their bosses have given up the effort to cram Nature into the Marxist ideological mold, perhaps the lesson will spread to those engaged in other fields of endeavor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Now... changing a ribbon is so clean and easy you can do it with white gloves on!

New Royal Twin-Pak ribbon comes rolled in two cases. Nothing to wind! Nothing to thread!

It's a snap! Lift out the old Twin-Pak... drop in the new. No more smudgy fingers!

ROYAL announces a brilliant new typewriter!

Exclusive features include Twin-Pak, the clean and easy ribbon changer that takes the dirty work out of office typing

Never before has a standard office typewriter offered you such brilliant typing speed and convenience... with such brilliant-looking results.

New Twin-Pak even makes ribbon changing a "cinch." You do it in seconds and never touch the ribbon. So no more smudgy fingers.

And Royal's new "brilliant action" is almost unbelievable. Light as a whisper... fleet as a breeze. Keys have a faster, more comfortable "feel" because the touch is lighter, tailored to the length and strength of your fingers.

And try that new carriage return... but *lightly!* See how it whips back at your lightest touch...because it works *for* you instead of against you.

Fact is, everything's easier on this brilliant new Royal Typewriter. Paper always goes in straight and square. Won't cock when you flip the paper release. There's an Easy Out Cylinder...quieter action...plus interchangeable Type Bars as optional equipment.

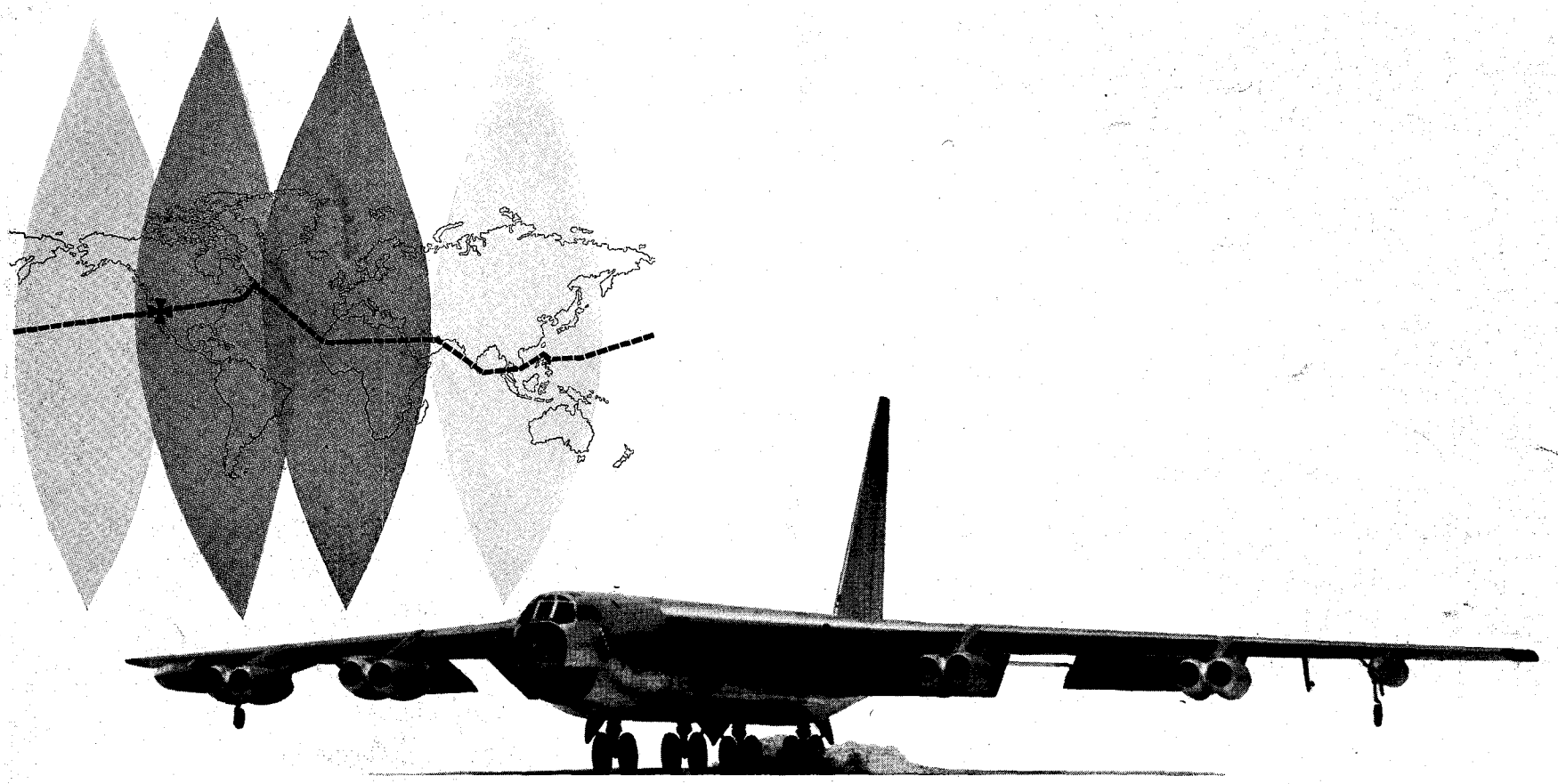
A famous color stylist created those lovely Royaltone hues to banish eye glare, brighten up your typing. In Cameo Pink, Sea Blue, Willow Green, Sandstone or Pearl Gray.

INTERESTED?

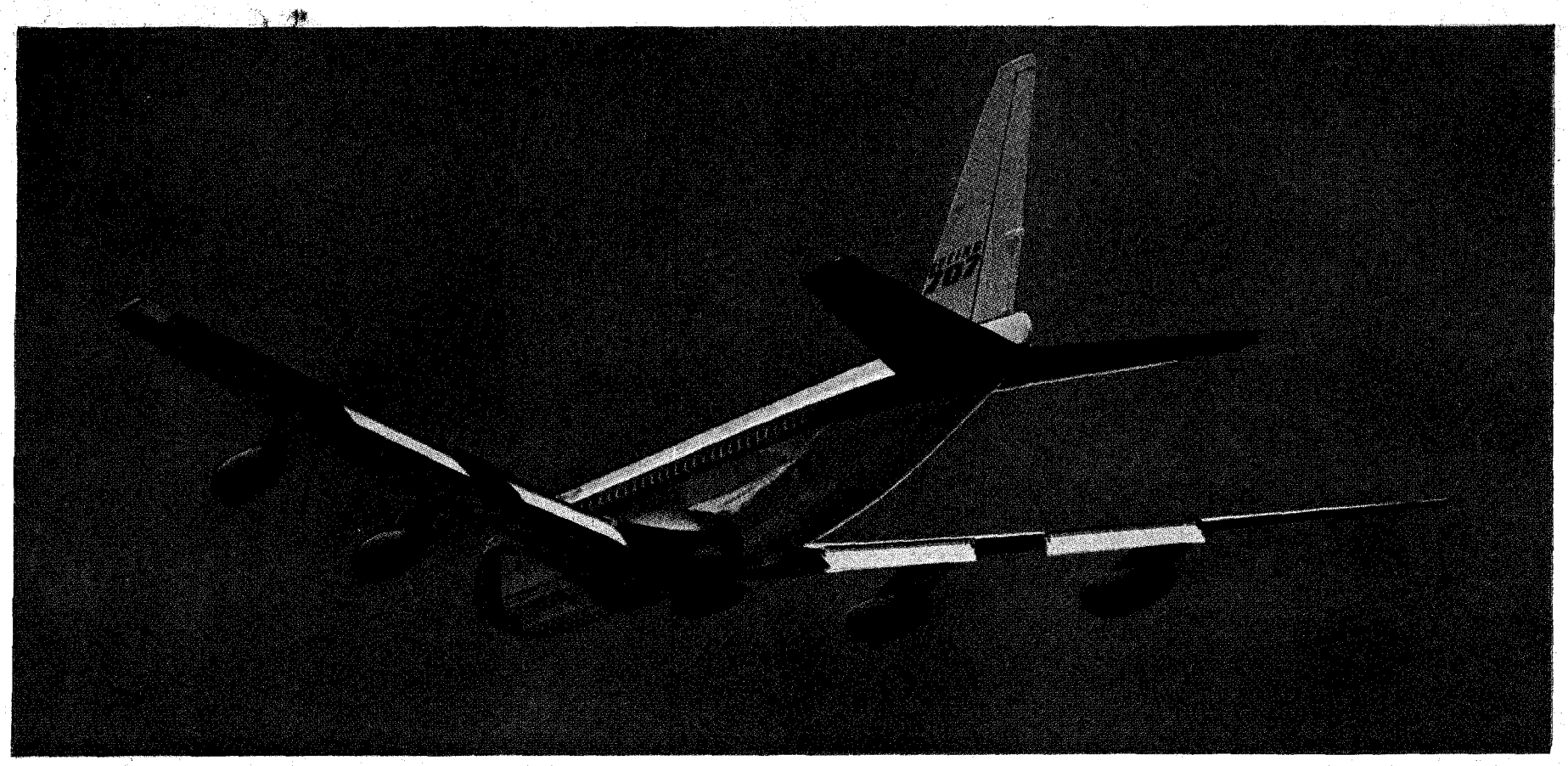
Drop a hint to your boss. Tell him this new Royal does more work... better-looking work... faster. Then prove it to him. Call in your Royal Representative for a free office trial.

Product of Royal McBee Corporation, world's largest manufacturer of typewriters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Around the world, nonstop, in 45 hours, 19 minutes. Air Force makes history, flying swift, dependable B-52 Jets—by Boeing.

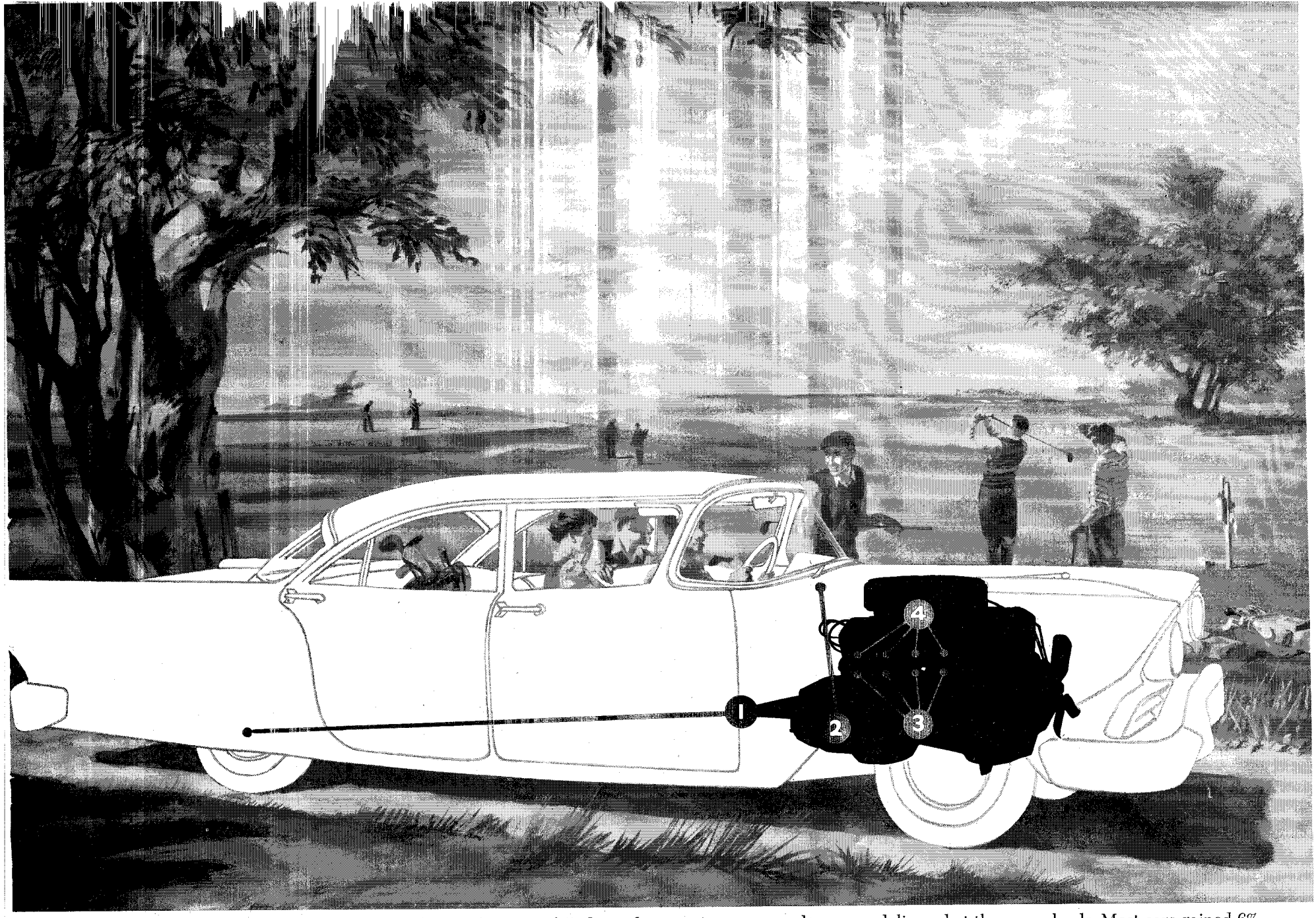


The Boeing 707—America's first jetliner—will bring you equally proved performance on domestic and world routes.*

BOEING 707

*AIR FRANCE • AIR INDIA • AMERICAN
B.O.A.C. • BRANIFF • CONTINENTAL • LUFTHANSA
PAN AMERICAN • QANTAS • SABENA • TWA

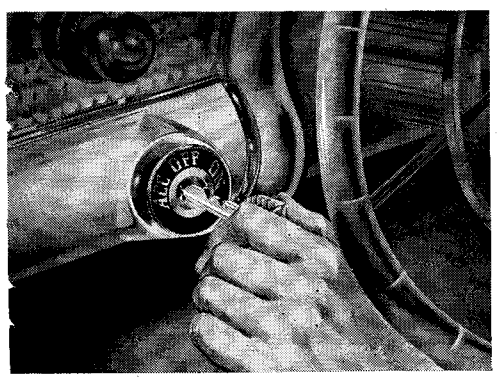
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



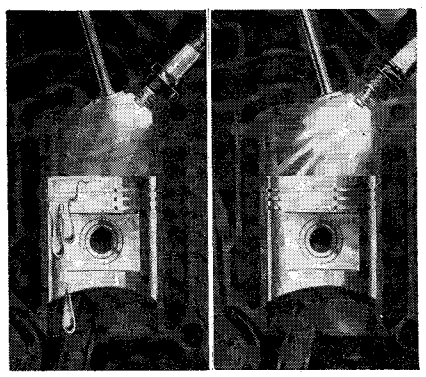
1 More road horsepower—Better hill climb, faster get-away, surer pick-up for safe passing . . . you can get them all with a new set of 5-rib Champions! Independent engineers proved new Champions give cars of all makes an *immediate* boost in road horsepower—the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels. Most cars gained 6% to 31%! No wonder 9 out of 10 racing drivers—men who really know cars—insist on Champions!

If you haven't changed your plugs in about 10,000 miles—

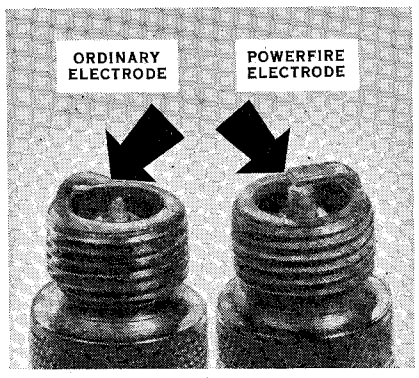
You can make your car 4 ways newer with Champion spark plugs



2 Quicker starts—Your engine starts in a hurry . . . so you save time and battery wear. Tests with cars whose plugs had gone about 10,000 miles showed new 5-rib Champions cut starting time by as much as 71%—with an average of 39%.



3 Less engine wear—Old plugs misfire (left) . . . dilute engine oil with raw gasoline. New full-firing Champions (right) burn all the gas . . . protect your oil from dilution, help you avoid costly repairs. *At every oil change, ask for a spark plug check!*



4 Lower cost-per-mile—As you see above, Champion's great new Powerfire electrode stands up better than ordinary types under identical use. You get top power and gas economy for life of plug. Insist on 5-rib Champions!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 25th in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide America's Children to a Better Future

Should your child make a career in the Armed Forces?

Members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff prepare for a regular meeting. L to R: Adm. Arleigh A. Burke, Chief of Naval Operations; Gen. Nathan F. Twining, Chief of Staff, U. S. Air Force; Adm. Arthur W. Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, Chief of Staff, U. S. Army; and Gen. Randolph McC. Pate, Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps.

by Admiral Arthur W. Radford

Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff

(As told to Donald Robinson)

IT HAS taken real men—with courage, initiative and dedication—to keep the United States free. There was John Paul Jones who wouldn't surrender though his ship was sinking beneath him. "I have not yet begun to fight," he declared. There was that tough Virginia frontiersman, Daniel Morgan. He rallied his handful of raw militiamen after everything seemed lost at the Battle of Cowpens and smashed the most dreaded cavalry unit in the British Army. There were Captain Meriwether Lewis and Lieutenant William Clark, the doughty explorers who dared the wilderness to blaze a path to the Pacific. There was Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan. In the face of serious obstacles, he developed new concepts of naval warfare that helped guide the United States to preeminence at sea.

Brave, able and patriotic men like these have been the backbone of our Armed Forces since the founding of the Republic.

They still are.

I know of a Navy pilot in World War II who found himself alone in the Pacific skies against nine enemy planes. He didn't make a run for safety. Instead, he attacked the nine enemy planes single handed and shot down five of them, thereby saving his carrier from probable destruction. I know of Army men and Air Force fliers in Korea who fought beyond the limits of human endurance. Short of guns, ammunition, even food, a few thousands of them in the Pusan beachhead stood off the entire weight of the North Korean invasion army. And think of the Marines who were surrounded by the Chinese Reds at Chosin Reservoir. In sub-zero weather, they battled clear of the Communist trap although they were outnumbered by five to one.

"Retreat, hell!", their commander said at the time. "We're just attacking in a new direction."

Nor is it only the men of the Armed Forces who have served this country so well. The women of the Armed Forces have performed as gallantly. I am reminded of the tiny—she was scarcely five feet tall—WAC supply sergeant who pulled a husky soldier out of a pool of burning gasoline in North Africa and smothered his flaming clothing with her own body. There have been many like her.

It is a magnificent tradition that the men and women of the Armed Forces have established. For 181 years, they have been the bulwark of the nation.

Those of us who belong to the Armed Forces derive an intense inner satisfaction from carrying on this tradition and adding to it. To our minds, military service in defense of our country and the cause of democracy is one of the most honorable professions possible for an American.

It is also, we believe, one of the most constructive. Though our prime concern in the Armed Forces is preparing for war, our chief mission is to prevent war.

Can there be a more worth-while objective?

The Armed Forces serve the country in other ways, too—big ways. Army engineers built many of our largest dams and flood control systems. Army and Navy doctors pioneered in the use of penicillin, sulfa drugs and blood plasma. Some of our most important navigational aids were perfected by Navy scientists. Radar, for example. And loran.

All of the Services work closely with civilian scientists to expand human knowledge. At this very moment, the Navy has an expedition down near the South Pole, probing the Antarctic icelands. The Air Force and the Navy both are actively exploring outer space.

As you can see, there is more to military service than combat. It is an exciting, challenging profession with something in it to interest virtually every person.

What are the advantages to a military career?

Many, I believe. It offers adventure, the physical fitness that comes from an outdoor life, the magic stimulus of travel to far-off places. Many a military person who scoffed at the old cliché, "Travel is broadening," has changed his outlook after the wonderful things he's seen all around the world.

A military career brings you the comradeship of the finest men and women in America. Service friendships are renowned for their long-lasting loyalty and devotion. They lift military life out of the ordinary.

Best of all, the Services afford young men and women excellent opportunities to better themselves, so that they can meet the needs of modern technology.

A Navy bluejacket can learn one of more than sixty skills in aviation, electronics, engineering, ordnance, photography, music and other spheres. The Army maintains fifty-five different schools, teaching soldiers everything from cryptography and cooking to the latest infantry tactics and the operation of guided missiles. Air Force and Marine training is just as extensive.

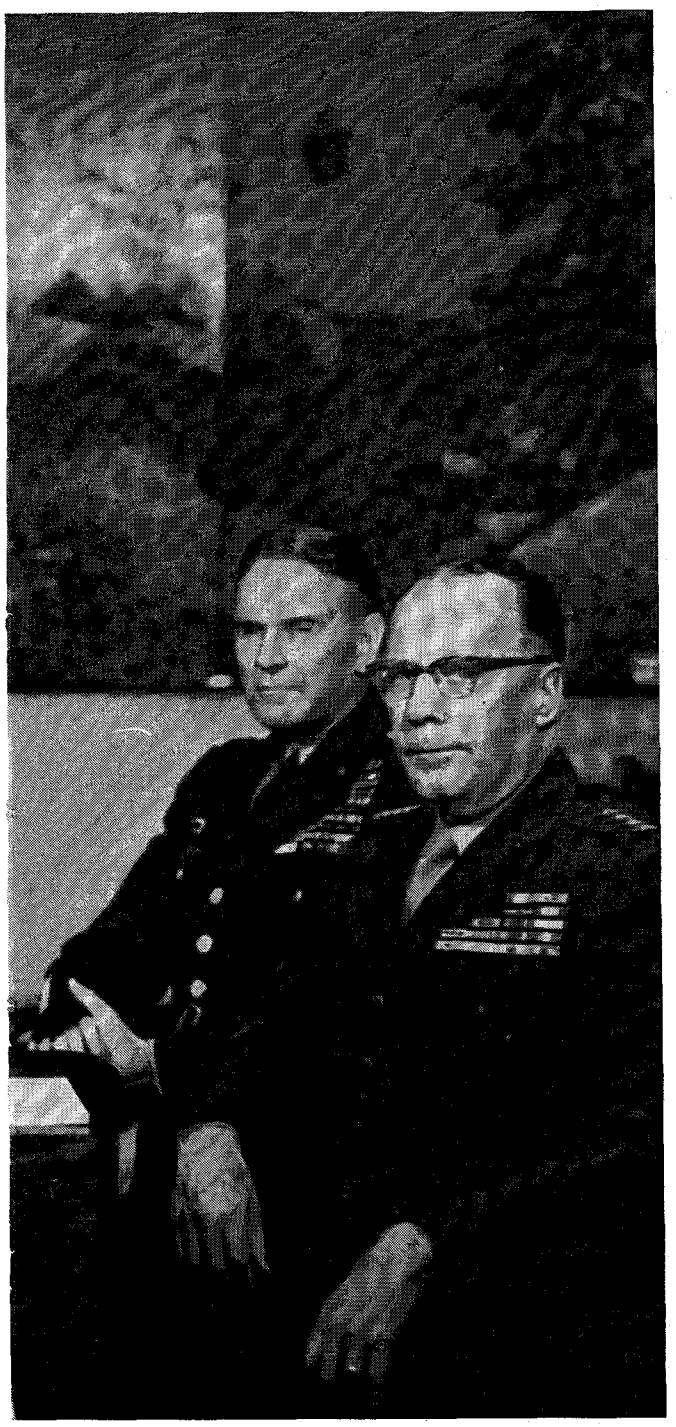
Girls in the Army's WACS, the Navy's WAVES, the Air Force's WAFS, and the Women Marines have equal opportunities. They can become meteorologists, control tower operators, X-ray technicians, intelligence specialists, laboratory workers. Or dozens of other things.

"I never knew how much there was to learn," a girl wrote the Defense Department recently, "until I saw how much the Services were willing to teach me."

The career officer has available to him some of the most outstanding military schools in the world to help him improve his professional qualifications.

There are yet other advantages to a career in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Armed Forces. You do not have to worry about seasonal lay-offs. Medical care for you and your dependents is provided. And your future is protected. You are guaranteed a retirement income after twenty years' service.

What are the possibilities for advancement?

They are good. This holds for officers and enlisted personnel alike.

At last count, there were 350,000 officers and warrant officers, and 2,430,000 enlisted personnel in the Armed Forces. Forty-five percent of them have been in the Service less than two years. Only one-fifth have been in for ten years or more.

That means that the upper grades, both in the commissioned and enlisted ranks, are not overloaded with old-timers. It means that young men with ability and initiative can look forward to steady sailing up the promotion scale. There is no dead end in military life. It compares favorably with almost any civilian field in its scope for individual advancement.

Much as I love Service life, I admit that it does have a number of drawbacks. You are sometimes separated from your family for long intervals. We have been trying, as best we can, to cut down on these separations, but the demands of the Service occasionally make them unavoidable.

It is also true that considerable moving about is necessary in the Service. Just as you are settling down in a new home, orders may arrive transferring you. This can cause serious interruptions in your family life, and partings from old friends. Still, you become accustomed to it. Many families even enjoy the changes of scene, especially since most of our military installations have their own happy community aspects.

Furthermore, military families often have an opportunity to serve together in fascinating foreign lands. They get to know foreign friends, foreign customs, foreign languages. They act as unofficial American "ambassadors"—and, incidentally, do a splendid job of it.

Some people claim that the discipline in the Services is a drawback. Personally, I have never regarded it as such. We are all subject to discipline of some kind. There is a discipline in the home, the school, the church and in business. As a matter of fact, good discipline, equitably administered, can make life easier rather than harder. I found that out forty-five years ago as a midshipman at the United States Naval Academy.

Some feel it a drawback that the men of the Armed Forces may, one day, have to risk their lives for their country. I disagree with them.

To my way of thinking, this is not a drawback but a privilege. In a democracy like ours, every able-bodied man is expected to bear arms and risk his life, if need be, in defense of his country.

I cannot say that anyone will become wealthy on Service pay. No one ever has. However, I can say this. Military pay rates are established by law and legislators are conscientious about providing enough for the decencies of life. Service men are certainly able to support their families and educate their children. In this connection, the "fringe benefits" that Service men and women receive over and beyond their pay cannot be forgotten. In addition to medical care, vacations and pensions, these benefits include certain insurance coverage, disability payments, legal assistance, and the use of commissaries and post exchanges. Such items mount up.

All young people can profit from military training but, naturally, not everyone is suited to a military career. Only the right type of boys and girls can make a success and a happy life in the Armed Forces.

I have given this subject much deliberation. In my opinion, such boys and girls must first have a genuine interest in matters military. They must be loyal to their country, be proud of its history, and feel a duty to its future.

Secondly, it is essential that such boys and girls have a high degree of adaptability, be able to adjust to changing circumstances. Third, they must get along with other people. Fourth, they must want to be leaders, and have a keen sense of responsibility. Fifth, they should be amenable to discipline. This does not mean that they cannot think for themselves. The Services encourage individuality and original thought. But the unruly lad who delights in rebellion against constituted authority will not prosper.

A sixth requirement is a quick, agile mind. A facility for mathematics would be especially helpful. Seventh is a liking for adventure. Eighth is, understandably, good health.

How do boys and girls resolve upon which Service to join?

I would suggest that they read everything they can on all four of the Services, that they question veterans and, if possible, that they talk with men and women now on active duty. Each Service has its own mission, its own traditions, and its own attractions.

No prior training is required of boys and girls interested in a career in the enlisted ranks. They can sign up for periods ranging from two to six years, and obtain their training while they draw their pay.

A boy with the ambition to become an officer can seek an appointment to the U. S. Military Academy, the U. S. Naval Academy or the U. S. Air Force Academy. He can, if he wishes, apply for pilot training in the Air Force, the Navy or the Marines. Or he can win a commission in a variety of other ways. Training programs range from a few weeks to four years. A girl, with the proper qualifications, can obtain a commission in the women's Service in as little as eight weeks.

To any boy or girl who decides on a career in the Armed Forces, I would say, "Continue your civilian education as long as you can. The more your schooling, the better you'll do in the Services."

I would particularly emphasize this to boys and girls who want to become officers. Today, a college background is virtually a pre-requisite for most officer training schools.

To parents and teachers I would add this. For any career, education begins in the family and is continued in the church and the school. It is up to you to instill in children an understanding both of the rights and responsibilities of a citizen. Teaching them to recite the Bill of Rights from memory is not enough, for you could teach a parrot to do that. Rather, teach them to understand its meaning. Give them a "Bill of Responsibilities" to go along with the "Bill of Rights" and inculcate them with a spirit of service. Then you can be sure that they will shoulder their share of responsibility to our nation.

Democracy, patriotism, discipline, courage, professional competence, honor and integrity, logic and common sense, patience, loyalty and faith . . . these are the guiding principles in the Service man's creed. I hope they will be guideposts for your children, too, whether in military service or civilian life.

Today, the United States is confronted with the menace of militant international Communism. This danger is apt to continue for long years to come. Only by remaining strong can we preserve our freedoms. Your son and your daughter can help us stay strong. And free.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Armed Forces is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science *and* Librarianship. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

NEW YORK LIFE
Insurance Company
51 Madison Ave., Dept. 25-P, New York 10, N. Y.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know
Copyright 1957, New York Life Insurance Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

9 ideas for improving your home from your GOLD BOND dealer

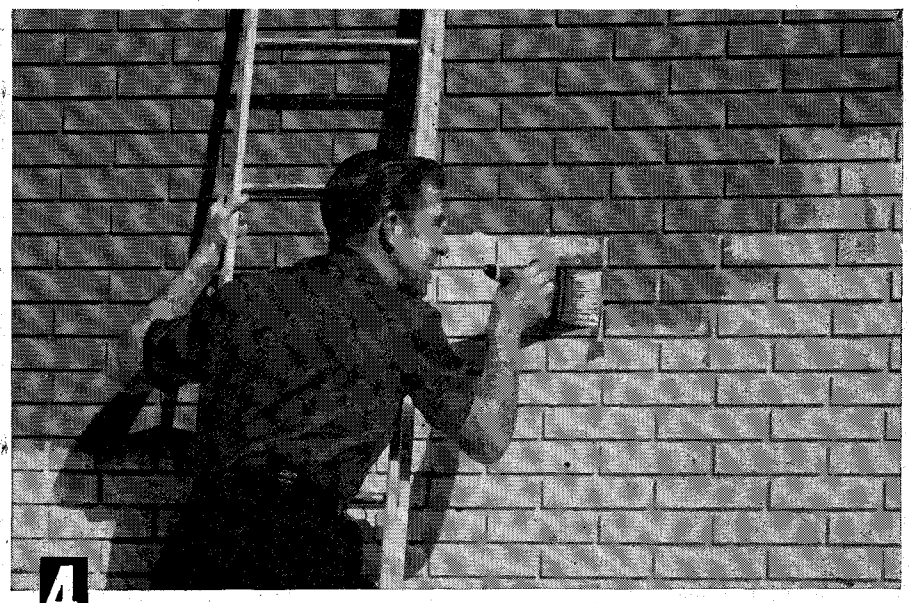
Look at these ideas—fresh ideas, new ideas—everything from a wondrously easy-to-use latex *enamel* for your kitchen, to a complete plan for remodeling your attic.

No matter what your "project," you'll find it easy and economical when you use Gold Bond® Building Products. That's because *they're made together to work together.* The job gets done faster . . . and better.

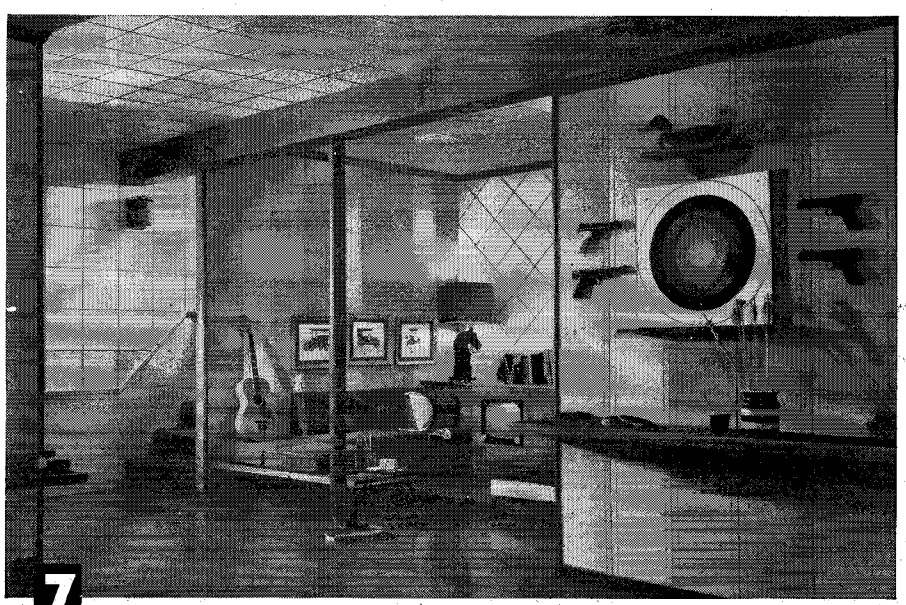
Right now is the time to get started! And you'll find the Gold Bond dealer in your area ready and glad to give you helpful information, even lend a hand in working out an easy payment plan.

To get free plans for building the attic or basement rooms shown here, or for adding an *extra* room, write to us:
National Gypsum Company, Buffalo 2, New York

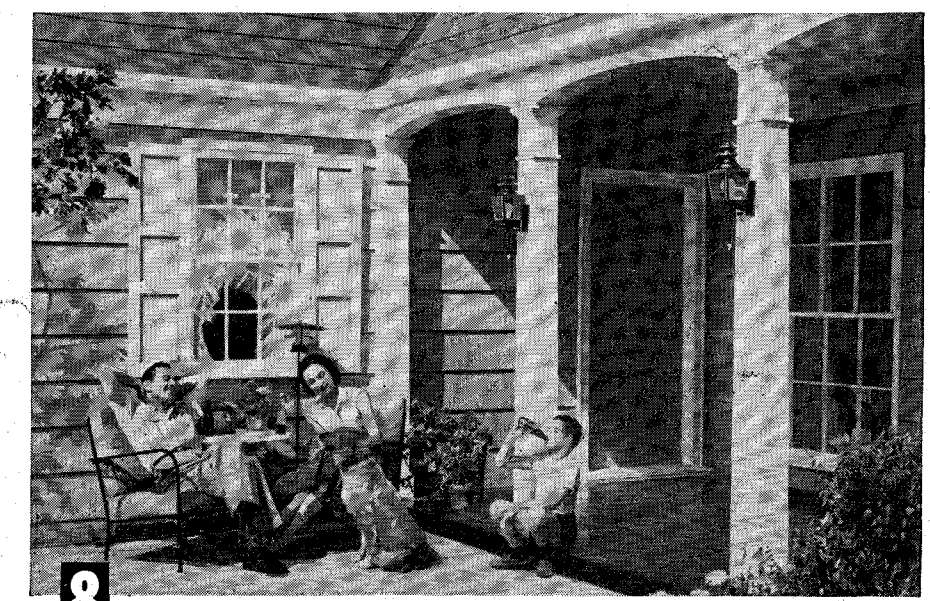
3 Put Twinsulation® in your attic — make your whole house up to 15° cooler this summer. Actually a two-in-one insulating blanket (rock wool to *block* heat, aluminum to *reflect* heat), Twinsulation gives you year-round comfort. Cuts winter fuel costs, too. Easy to install: just staple blankets between rafters and studs or lay between floor joists. You can do your attic in an afternoon. Your Gold Bond dealer will gladly show you how, even lend you a stapler.



4 Gold Bond Exterior Velvet makes it easy to do exterior painting. Why do things the old-fashioned, hard way? If the exterior of your home is made of concrete, brick, asbestos, cement or stucco, you can roll or brush on Exterior Velvet quickly, easily. It won't lap, streak or pile up . . . dries shower-resistant in two hours. Can be washed clean again and again. Choose from 14 pastel shades (plus white). No muss, either — your brush and roller wash clean in warm, soapy water.

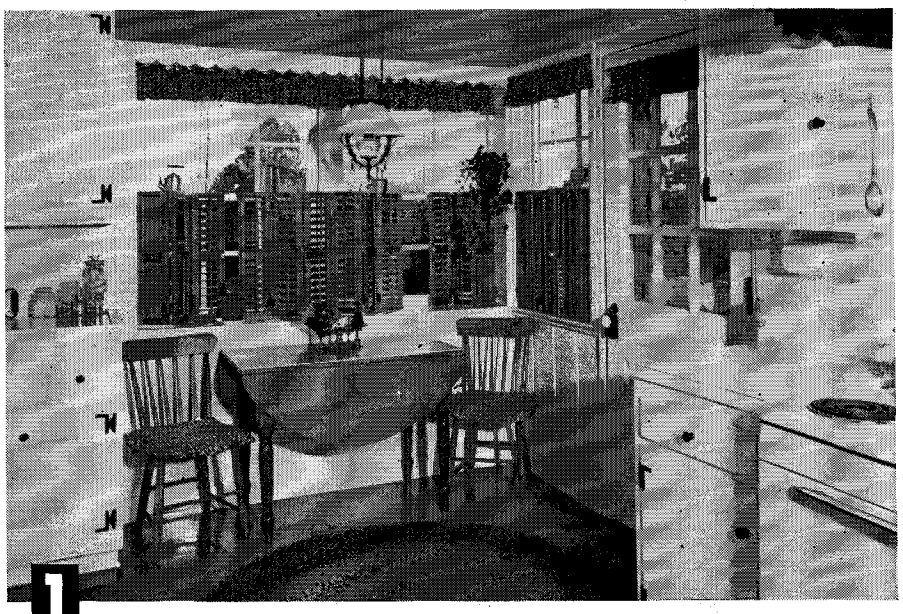


7 Turn your basement into a sound-conditioned playroom. Gold Bond Acoustamatic Tiles on the ceiling, Insulation Planks and Tiles on the walls decorate, soak up noise. Simply staple them to wood strips that are nailed over old walls or ceilings. Planks and Tiles are factory-coated in flame-resistant ivory or random assortment of four harmonizing pastels — no painting needed (unless you want a particular color). Write for free folder "How to Remodel Your Basement."



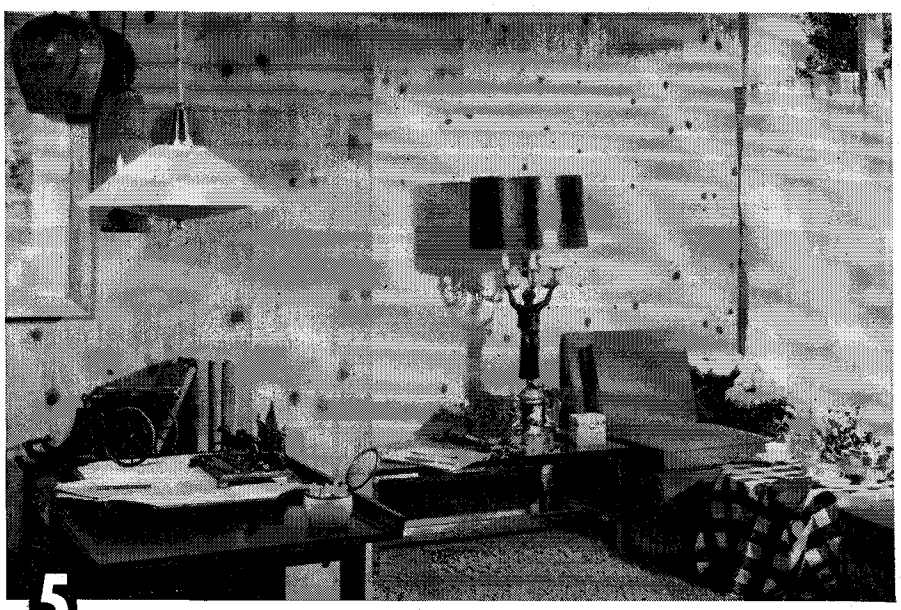
8 Make your home look new again with Gold Bond Siding. Now, once and for all, cover your house with siding that *stays* smart-looking, *stays* fresh-looking, *never* needs painting for preservation. A combination of asbestos and cement, Gold Bond Siding is durable and firesafe. Its exclusive "Surfaseal" Finish locks color *in,* sheds dirt and grime. Choose from many handsome textures and modern colors to make yours the beautiful home you've always dreamed of.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

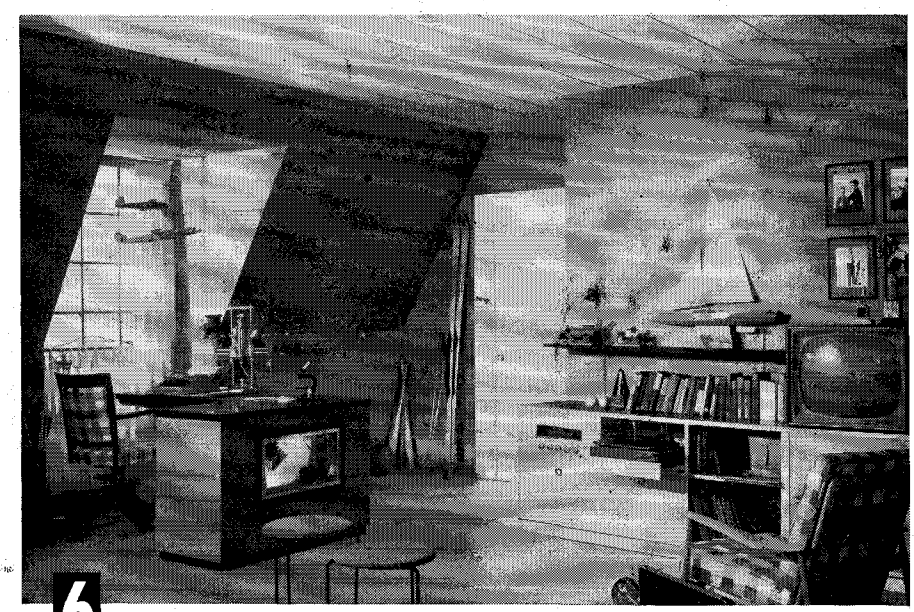


1 **Brighten your kitchen with Gold Bond Velvet Latex Enamel.** Here's a paint that's almost too good to be true. A washable, semi-gloss enamel for kitchen and bathroom walls . . . for all woodwork . . . and it's made with latex! Velvet Enamel flows on easily with brush or roller, dries in minutes. *Your painting tools wash clean in warm, soapy water.* This completely new enamel is now ready for you in 16 exciting colors that precisely match Velvet Flat Latex Paint.

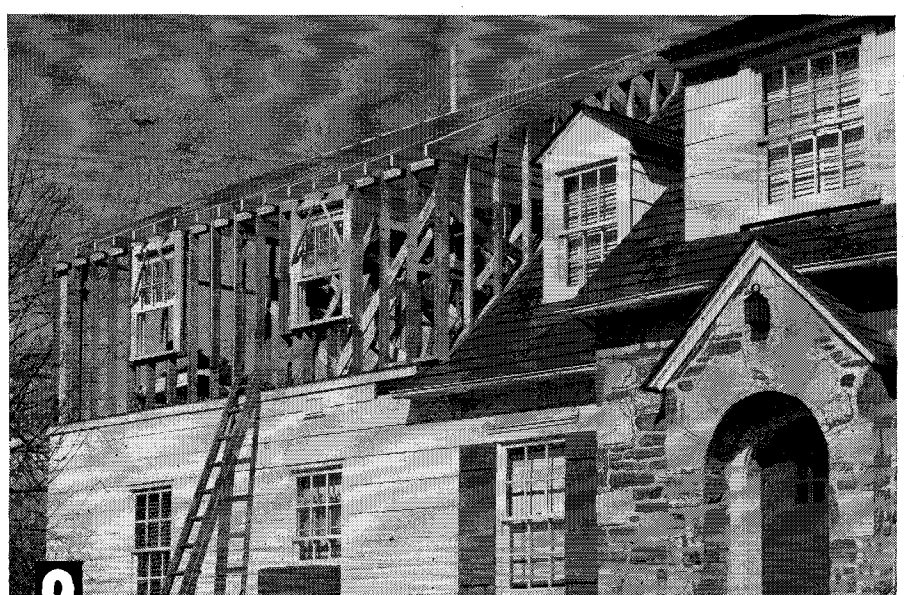
2 **Build this cozy patio for less than $100.** Let your family enjoy outdoor living *in privacy*. Corrugated panels of Gold Bond "Economy 250" make distinctive and beautiful screens, give you an outdoor "room" at remarkably low cost. Made of asbestos and cement, "Economy 250" panels are rugged as stone, yet they're lightweight, easy to work with. Frame them in wood, anchor them in the ground, then paint 'em brightly with Gold Bond Exterior Velvet.



5 **Enjoy the luxury look of fine wood paneling — at a fraction of the cost.** Now you can get Gold Bond Gypsum Grainboard in four beautiful new "Decorator Panels," as well as traditional Knotty Pine. Wonderful for "accent" walls or complete rooms. Panel an 8 x 16-foot wall for approximately $14. Do an entire 10 x 14-foot room for about $43. Grainboard is easy to put up . . . even over your present walls. Matching "Kolorpins" make nailing practically invisible.



6 **Expand into the attic to give your boy a room of his own.** It's easy with Gold Bond Products. Panels of Gypsum Wallboard cover large areas fast. Saw them like wood, or score with a knife, and snap. Special Tape Joint Treatment conceals joints completely. Interlocking edges on factory-painted Insulation Tiles make it a cinch to install the ceiling. Finish walls with quick-drying Gold Bond Velvet Latex Paint — and move your boy right in.



9 **Raise the roof on your house for that extra room you need . . . bedroom, playroom or den.** You'll not only get the comfort you've been dreaming of, you'll improve the looks of your house, even increase its value. Gold Bond Building Products help you do the job quickly, economically. They're designed to work together. You'll find them at lumber and building material dealers everywhere east of the Rockies. Velvet Paints also available at better paint stores.

OPERATION Better Your Living HOME IMPROVEMENT

This is the year for home improvement

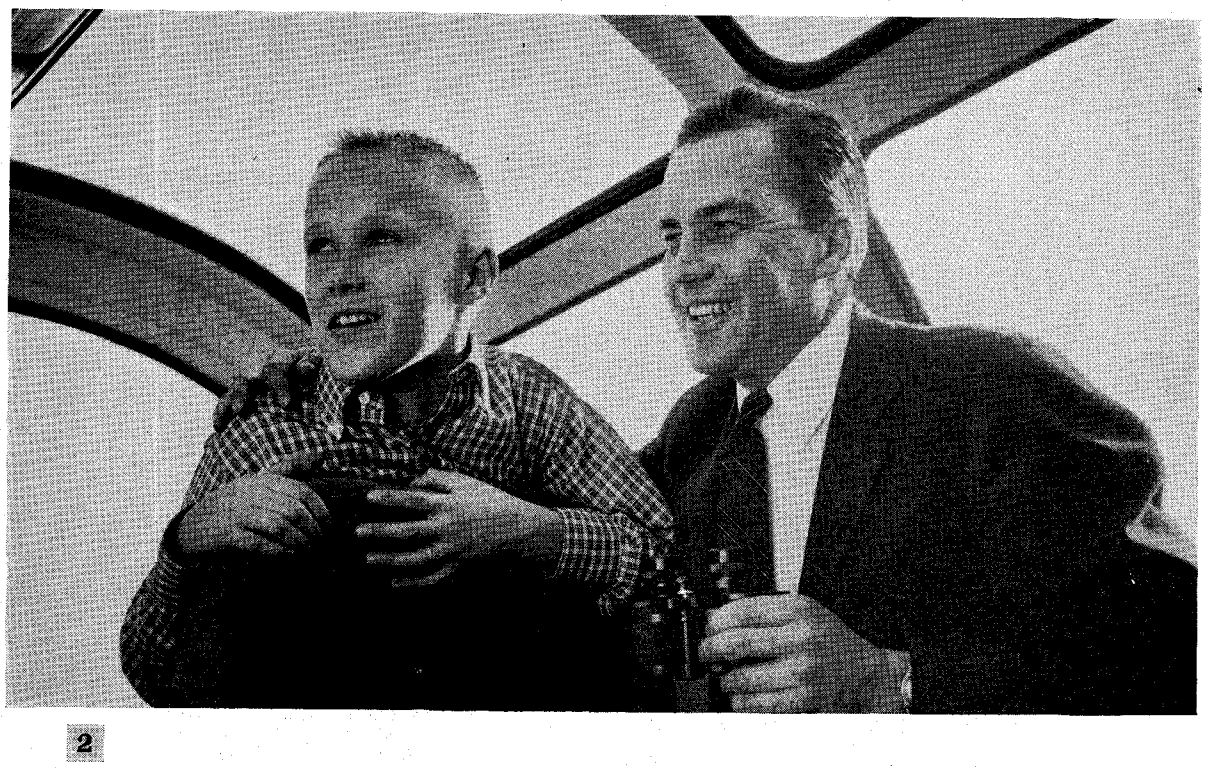
Gold Bond

BUILDING PRODUCTS

NATIONAL GYPSUM COMPANY

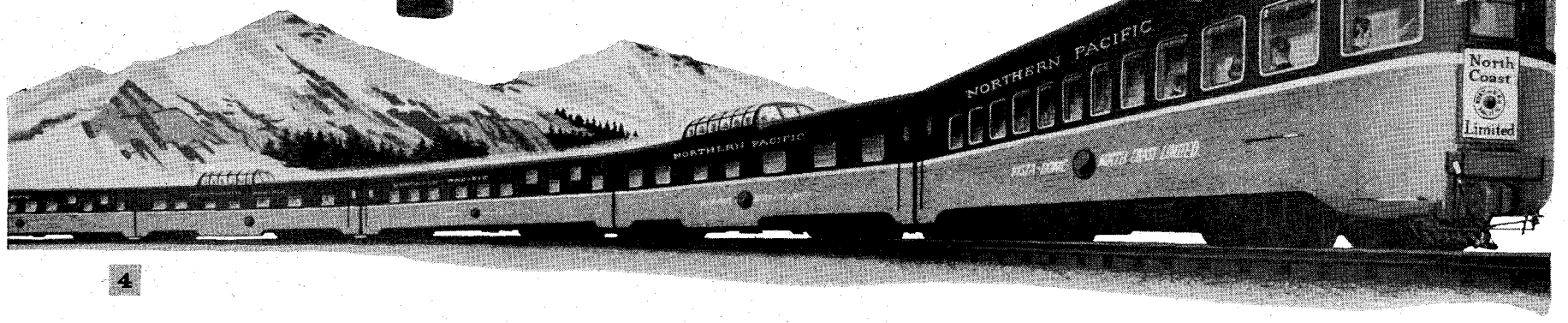
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1



2

3



4

Western hospitality starts here!

You'll feel wonderfully welcome the moment you step aboard the Vista-Dome North Coast Limited . . . because Northern Pacific's famous train offers you so many extras that make traveling a pleasure.

1 A friendly Stewardess-Nurse always at your service . . . ready to answer your questions and make your trip more comfortable.

2 Four Vista-Domes give you a sky-wide view of western scenery. No wonder passengers agree, "The view is terrific on Northern Pacific!"

3 Traveller's Rest, an incomparable new buffet-lounge serving beverages and budget meals. In the dining car enjoy famous Northern Pacific food and luxury service.

4 Scenic route through the beautiful Pacific Northwest with convenient California connections. Northern Pacific offers low family fares, too.

For free, illustrated booklet, "Northwest Adventure", write to G. W. Rodine, 303 Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

CHICAGO • TWIN CITIES
SPOKANE • TACOMA
PORTLAND • SEATTLE

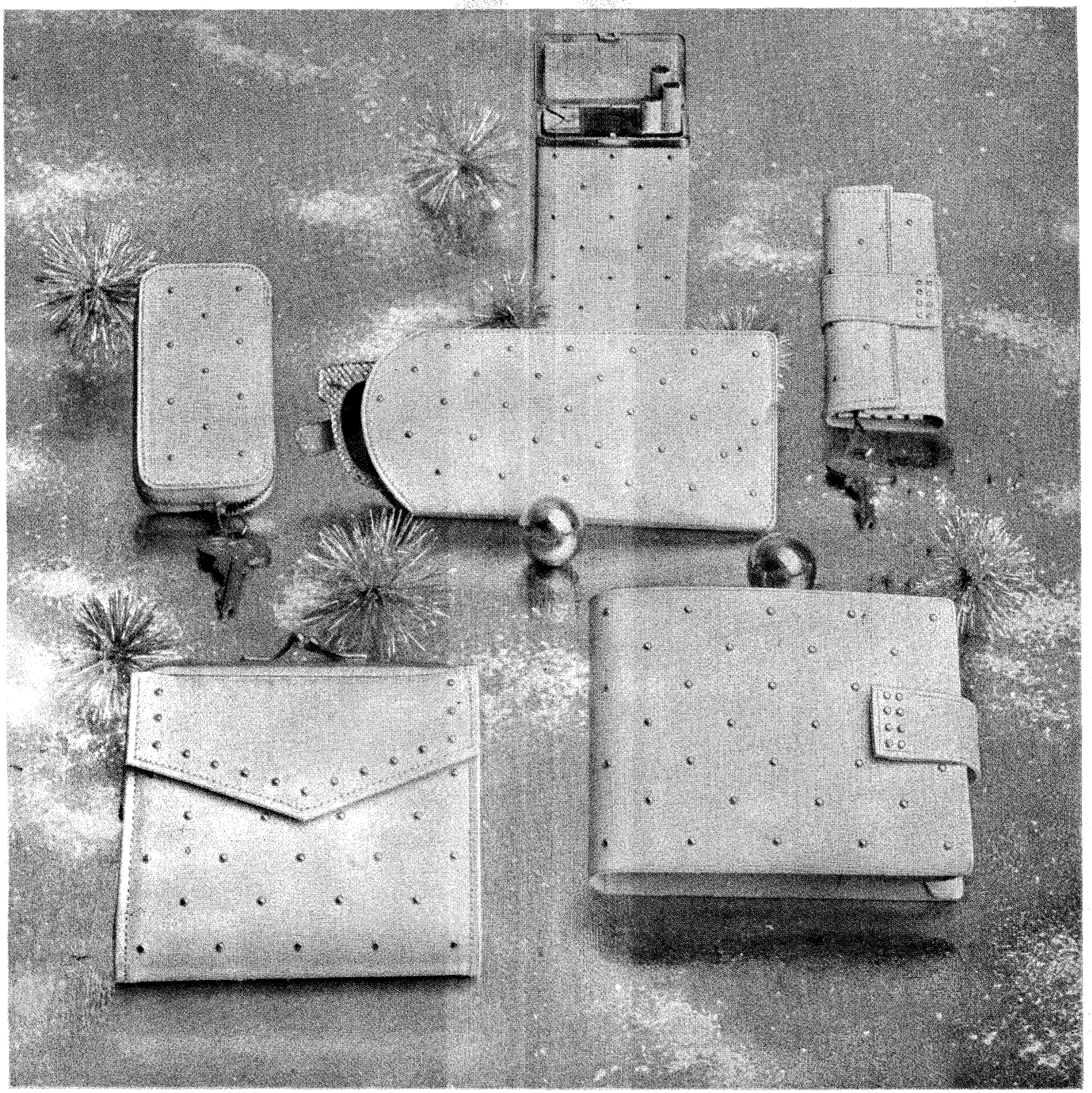
VISTA-DOME

NORTH COAST LIMITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

May 18, 1957

PRINCESS GARDNER® Persian Princess



Match up a Persian Princess Gift Ensemble...*Just for Her!*

An exquisite set of precious, personal leathers . . . ensembled for her handbag. Start with the Registrar®* billfold or Continental French purse then . . . think. Does she smoke, wear glasses, carry keys? . . . Match up the answers with a gift set, selected from the list at the right!

ALL IN GAHNA POLISHED COWHIDE, AGLOW WITH "JEWELS"

Persian Princess Registrar®* . . . $5**	Persian Princess Button-Style Key Gard $3.95**
Persian Princess Continental . . . $5**	Persian Princess Zipper-Style Key Gard $2.95**
Persian Princess Eye-Glass Case . $2.95	Persian Princess King-Size Cigarette Case $3.95

Persian Princess Lighter (not illustrated) $2.50

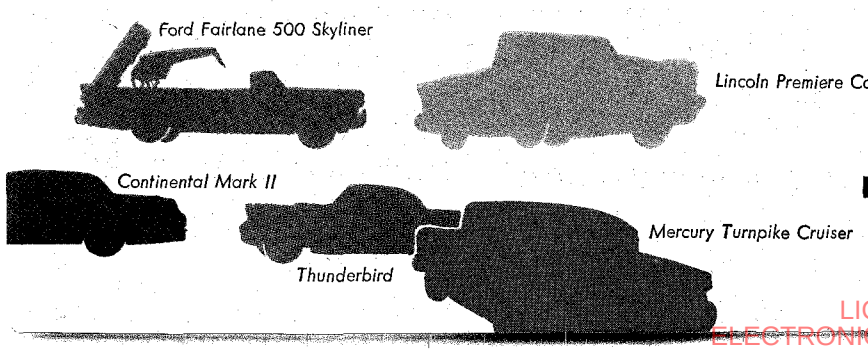
***Get your money's worth for your money...give* PRINCESS GARDNER**

**Protected by an "Invisible Stitch"®* ***Plus Tax* Prince Gardner Company, 1234 S. Kings Highway, St. Louis, Missouri

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fashion Explosion:

the Ford Family of Fine Cars



FORD • THUNDERBIRD • MERCURY
LINCOLN • CONTINENTAL MARK II

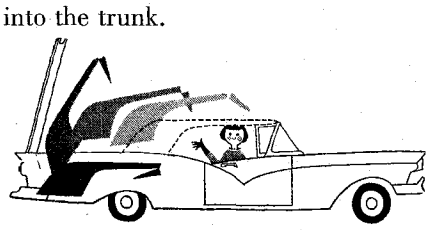
- **New Fashions in Cars**
- **The Disappearing Steel Top**
- **Super-cars for the Superhighway**

Dogwood trees are in blossom, bonnets in full bloom—and our Ford Family of Fine Cars is a riot of the brightest colors and styles this side of the Easter Parade. Yes, the colors are a bit brighter here in our Family, the beauty is a bit bolder. For, with 54 years of car-making behind us, we're still the young-minded ones in the business. We're not afraid to give you the high style, the spanking newness, the unusual

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the daring touches you want.

NEW FASHION FIRSTS—There are whole show windows of Fashion "Firsts" in our Family. For instance, the Ford Fairlane 500 Skyliner, top left—the one and only car with an all-steel top that disappears automatically into the trunk.



Another shining first . . . Mercury's Turnpike Cruiser, lower right, the most dramatic expression of Mercury's Dream-Car Design — with 7 features found in no other car. To mention just one: note the back window . . . it slides out of sight at a touch of a button.

NEW FASHION LOOK . . . SIDE VIEW—The silhouette this year is level, long, dynamic . . . in Ford, Thunderbird, Mercury, Lincoln and Continental. Slim, strong roof tops and thinner corner posts give you an airier feeling and more visibility, too. There's a sweeping new, low look throughout the line—yet more headroom inside, thanks to our unique chassis engineering.

NEW FASHION LOOK . . . FRONT—Swing to the front of our Family and you'll see more of what we mean by doing something daring. For here is where our young-minded stylists burst forth with the boldest of high-fashion ideas.

The wide, low hoods—low as a deep knee-bend; the generous wrap of windshield, reminding you of an airport control tower, and tinted like one at your option. Or take a look at the massive, deep-sectioned bumper-grilles —as functional as they are beautiful.

FAMILY CONCLUSION—There can be only one. If you hate the old and bulbous, if you have an eye—and a longing—for the new, exciting car fashions, there's just one place to go . . . your nearest Ford, Thunderbird, Mercury, Lincoln or Continental dealer.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
THE AMERICAN ROAD, DEARBORN, MICH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

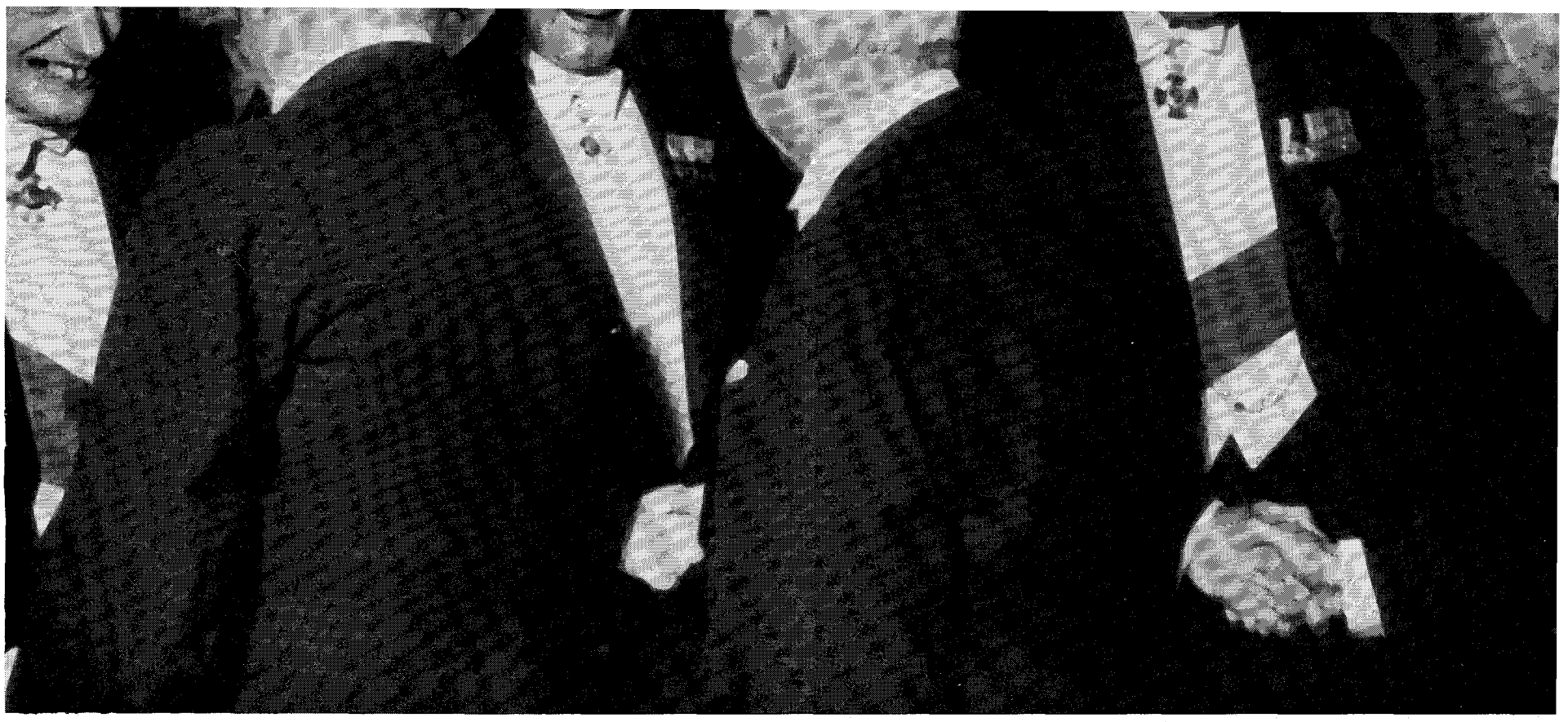
Seems almost everyone knows the good word for WINSTON

AND THE WORD IS "TASTE"...*good* taste! See if you don't think that Winston is the best-tasting cigarette you've ever smoked! Part of the reason is the exclusive snow-white filter, carefully made to let you enjoy Winston's rich, full flavor. It's no wonder, really, that Winston is America's best-selling filter cigarette—and by a *wider margin than ever!* Try a pack real soon!

R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

Enjoy WINSTON...with the snow-white filter in the cork-smooth tip!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ambassador at work: John Hay Whitney (with glasses), flanked by Sir Campbell Stuart (left) and Lord Halifax, was exhibited last month to the Pilgrims, a society of distinguished Englishmen devoted to Anglo-American friendship, in Sheffield, England.

The Fabulous Jock Whitney

The intimate story of a tireless American
and his prodigious fortune:
Athlete, movie producer, once a prisoner of war,
now our ambassador to Great Britain.
He has never run out of luck or money . . .

First of Three Parts

By RICHARD THRUELSEN

When the White House announced the appointment of a new ambassador to the Court of St. James's last December twenty-seventh, many news sources identified the choice for this country's No. 1 diplomatic post as a "millionaire-sportsman and Eisenhower bridge partner." This capsular characterization of 52-year-old John Hay ("Jock") Whitney ignores two decades of solid achievement, and one of the most interesting personal histories of our times. For Whitney's life is evidence that America can be a land of unlimited opportunity, even if you have to start at the top.

There is nothing intrinsically wrong with the millionaire-sportsman label which Whitney

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Millionaires and President at play: Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey (left) holds a picnic at his Thomasville, Georgia, plantation. Among the guests: The Eisenhowers, Jock Whitney next to Ike, and Betsey Whitney (right.)

Union of two lines: The Whitneys with their daughter (Jock's by adoption), Sara Roosevelt di Bonaventura (seated, second from right), her pianist husband, Anthony (right), and relatives from both clans. Tony's father (left) is a barber on Manhattan's lower East Side.

finds plastered to every public aspect of his life. He is, indubitably, a millionaire; Samuel C. Park, Jr., a business partner and keeper of the Whitney purse, estimates his employer's wealth as "around $100,000,000, give or take $10,000,000 or so." As a six-goal polo player, a former point-to-point rider, a court tennis player of better-than-average skill, a low-80's golfer, owner of one of the world's most successful racing stables, a horse breeder, a former stroke of the Yale crew, a scholastic football star and heavyweight boxing champion, Whitney would have a hard time dodging the tag of sportsman. And it is true that Whitney plays presidential bridge, though Jock classifies his play as minor league compared to the President's lethal game.

But the picture of Whitney as a wealthy fun lover is misleading. The whole portrait of Jock's fantastically busy life must include his activities as diplomat, politician, art collector, philanthropist, businessman and industrialist, financial entrepreneur, theatrical promoter, movie producer, *bon vivant*, clubman, reluctant socialite, practical humanist, administrator, student of government, and a social being with as mixed a collection of high-flown and low-flying cronies as any American can boast.

What makes John Hay Whitney run (as well as the many directions in which his headlong rush through life has carried him) would be an engrossing study for any psychologist. The motivations and the results also form the warp and the woof of that fantastic dream most of us have brushed by in passing—what would we do with our lives if we had all the money we wanted? On a more substantial and topical basis, the Whitney credo should be of almost urgent significance to every American—for, under the present circumstances, the perceptiveness and abilities of our new ambassador to Great Britain may play a large part in shaping the immediate future of the free western world.

When Whitney arrived in England on February twenty-fourth on his first ambassadorial assignment, he was better equipped to understand the problems of our diplomatic representatives than most political appointees to such posts. As vice-chairman of the Secretary of State's Committee on Personnel in the Department of State—the so-called Wriston Committee—Jock had participated in an extensive study of the administrative problems facing both our State Department and the Foreign Service Corps. Chief among the committee's twenty-four recommendations—all of which were adopted—was that the personnel pools of the State Department and the Foreign Service be merged so that the specialized knowledge of each group could be made available where it was most needed. In concurring with this recommendation Whitney had formed definite convictions concerning the wisdom of appointing nonprofessionals to diplomatic posts.

"The President had mentioned the possibility of such an appointment to me shortly after his heart attack," Whitney recalled recently. "I felt very strongly about the matter, and one of the first things I said to the President when I saw him in New York after his re-election was that I wanted to continue to work for him, but that I wouldn't take any reward—that I felt that important diplomatic posts should not be given to people who were party workers. Unfortunately, the realities of the situation make it difficult for the average career Foreign Service official to support the establishment necessary in a place like London."

The most exigent of these realities is the thirty-room ambassadorial residence in Regent's Park, London. This Georgian mansion, originally built by Barbara Hutton as a town house and later turned over to our Government, requires a staff of at least fifteen servants. Four of them are on the United States payroll. The wages of the rest come out of the ambassador's pocket. Whitney took to London three members of his Greentree, Long Island, estate staff; the rest of the help is being recruited in England. Additionally, Mrs. Isabel Hill, Whitney's private secretary, moved from Jock's New York offices to the ambassadorial offices at 1 Grosvenor Square, and Sam Park, his financial adviser, made a brief trip to England to put his employer's personal accounts on a pound-and-shilling basis.

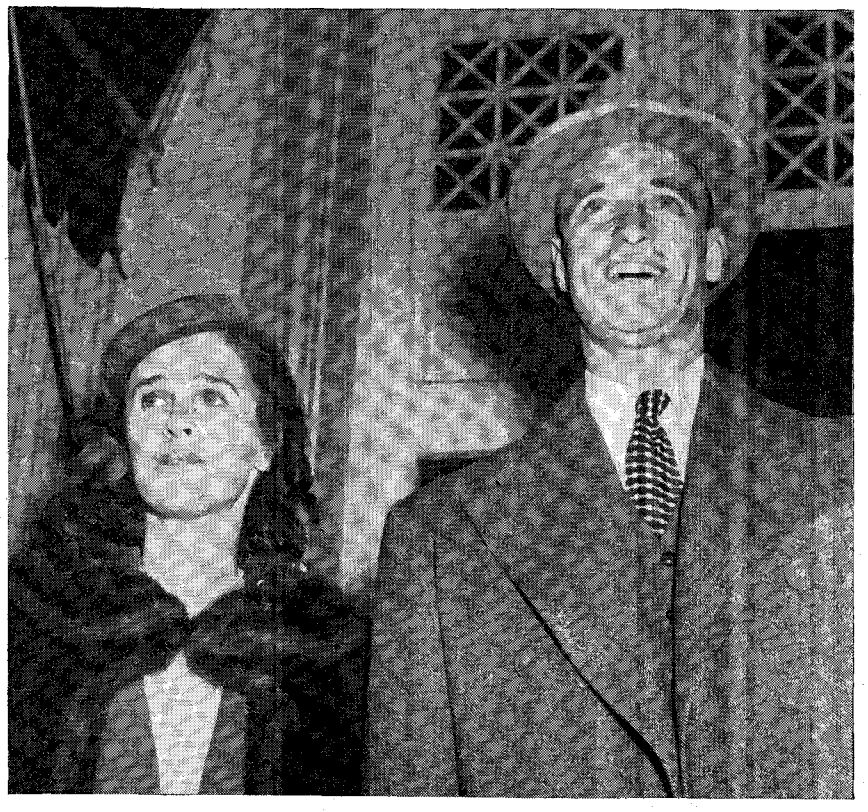
The high cost of being an ambassador in London eats up the envoy's allowance of $12,000 a year in many ways. The State Department supplies an official car and chauffeur for the ambassador. A chauffeur—but no car—is provided for the ambassador's wife. One of Jock's first moves, upon his arrival in England, was to buy a Bentley for his personal use and a second car for his wife, Betsey.

The decoration of the embassy residence is also an item of some consequence, and with this in view Jock shipped forty paintings from his art collection to England. Included in the shipment of (Continued on Page 111)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

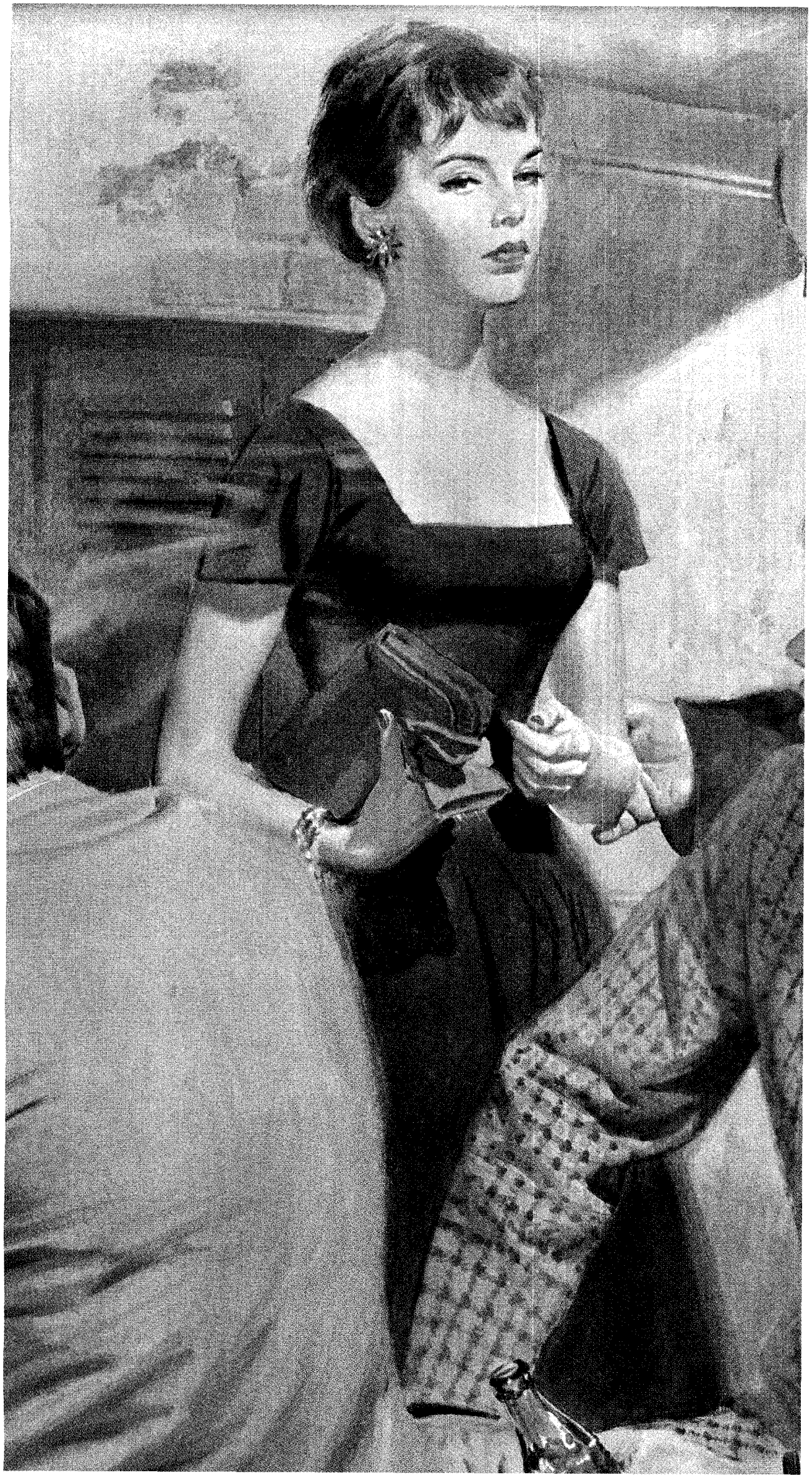
Jock and Betsey Whitney at Greentree, their 700-acre family estate on Long Island. They were married in 1942.

Whitney and his first wife, the former Mary Elizabeth Altemus. In May, 1940, four months after this picture was taken, she obtained a divorce on grounds of desertion.



The former Betsey Cushing with her first husband, James Roosevelt. Betsey's first marriage, like that of her present husband, Jock, lasted ten years, ending in divorce in 1940.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was the absolute idol of Janice's life, and now he was saying the most amazing things to her...

When Jerry Cole reached the mike, his face assumed an expression of torment. As he sang, several thousand girls screamed their approval.

DREAM MAN

By BILL DOYLE

His eyes never left her for an instant. Finally he spoke, with deep, tragic, almost dramatic sincerity: "Sweet baby, I love you."

Janice Thompson was president of the Jerry Cole fan club, Newborough branch, and, because of this, she was one of the first to know of his coming appearance at the Civic Auditorium. She had been playing some of Jerry's latest releases to Susy Myers, over the telephone, and she had promised to call Susy later, when she finished her theorems for Miss O'Meara, but before she even started her homework, the phone rang and this strange voice said, "May I speak to Miss Janice Thompson?"

She knew it wasn't Bert Headley because Bert never played games with telephones. Eliminating the possibility of some fascinating stranger she decided that it must be Vince Logan. Vince was full of childish practical jokes, and Janice decided to give him the full treatment.

"This is Miss Thompson's personal maid," she replied, clipped and aloof, with just the trace of a British accent. "Who is calling?"

There was a moment's pause at the other end of the line. "Howard Gates," the voice returned. "I am looking for a Miss Janice Thompson, who is president of the Jerry Cole fan club. Perhaps I have the wrong Miss Thompson."

Whoever he was, he sounded terribly polite and older. "Oh, no, I'm the president of the fan club," she assured him quickly, wondering if there really was a Howard Gates and what he looked like. Probably super, if he was older and interested in Jerry.

"Are you a fan?" she inquired.

The man at the other end of the phone laughed slightly. "Oh, very definitely," he replied. "As a matter of fact, I have now completed arrangements to have Jerry make a one-night stand at the Civic Auditorium on the eighteenth of next month."

Janice was simply stunned. "You mean Jerry's coming here?" she gasped.

"That's right, Miss Thompson," the man replied. "And I'm looking forward to the assistance of yourself and all the members of your club in helping to make his engagement an outstanding success."

Janice looked wildly around her room. It was as she always remembered it. The built-in dressing table with the notes and invitations stuck in the mirror, the Continental bed with the pink cover, her radio, her record player, the curtains billowing from her window in the April breeze, her panda seated in her bedroom chair, the two autographed pictures of Jerry Cole.

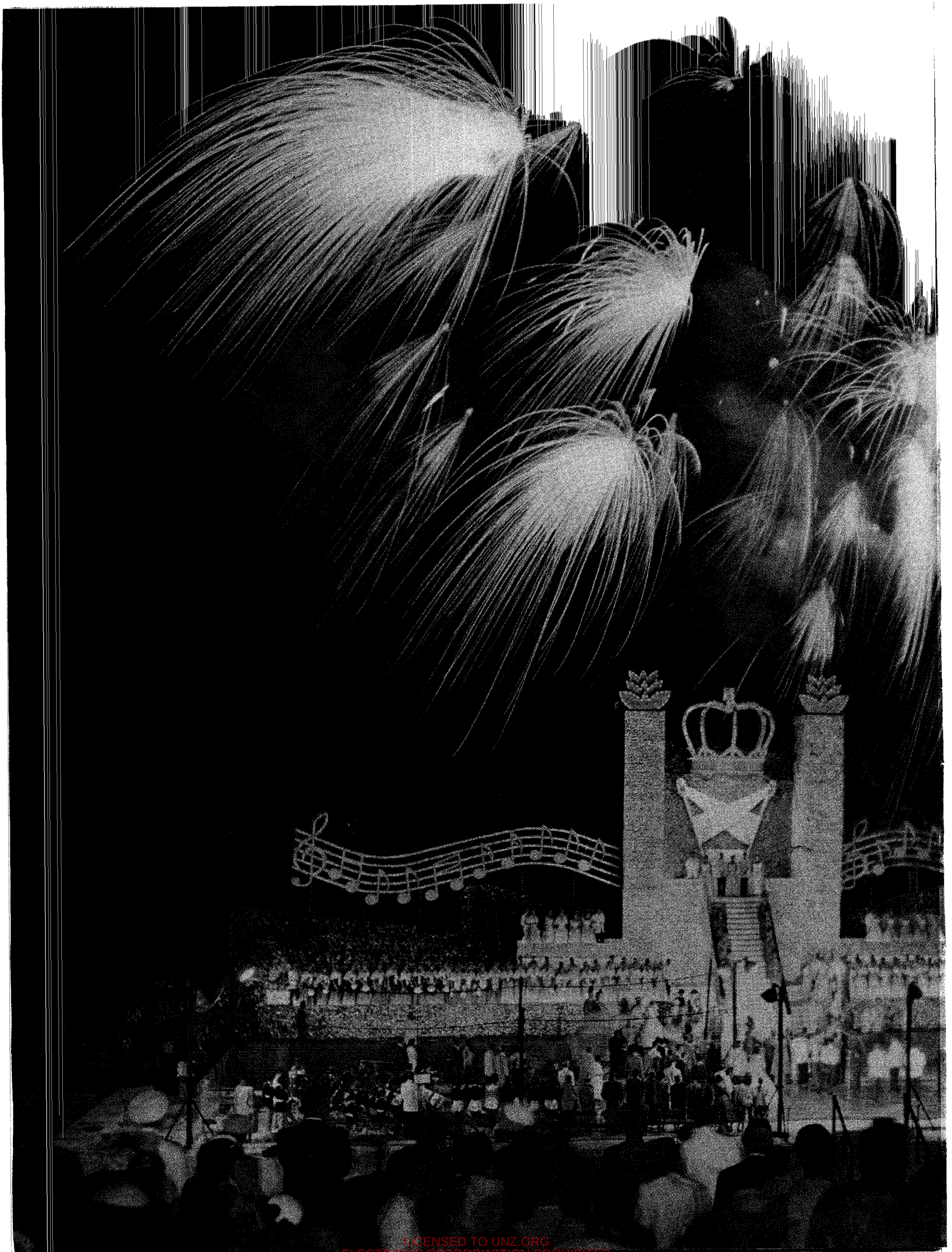
"You mean I can help?" she sighed.

"Sure can," he replied. "Now, Miss Thompson, I might say that Dick Hinds, the disk jockey at WBN, was good enough to tell me of your club, and in case you are wondering who I am, I run the Gates record bars. I'm having my initial advertising released tomorrow, mostly bus and trolley posters, and an announcement in the papers, of course, but I was wondering when we could get together to stimulate some direct advertising through the members of your club, or even direct selling if you're interested."

(Continued on Page 105)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



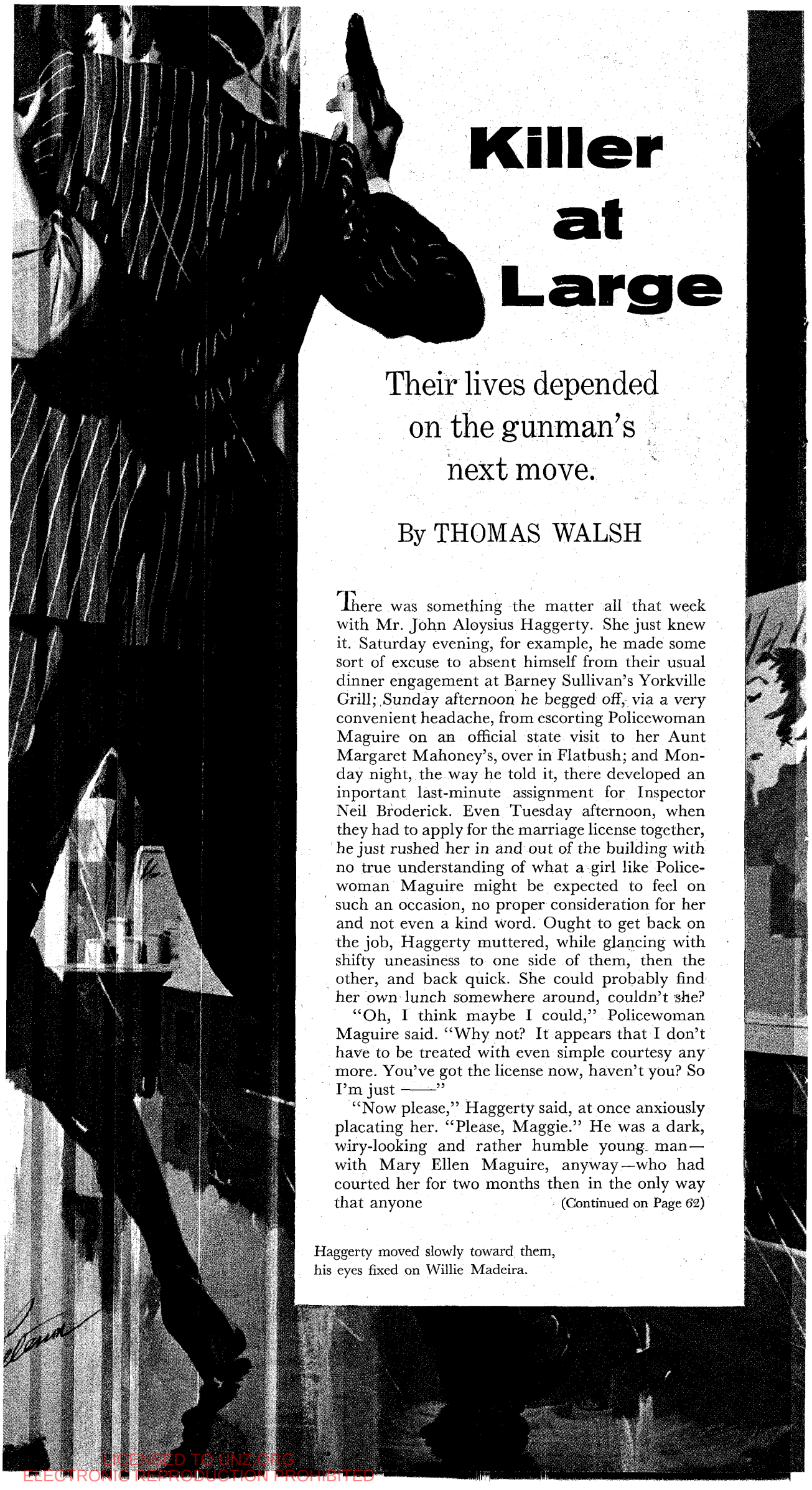
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

Carnival Down South

Southerners are notably fond of cotton and downright foolish about their pretty girls. In Memphis, for example, they go all out to honor King Cotton and cotton queens every May with a colossal carnival. All the beauty and gaiety that the promoters can muster are on hand for a hectic week of parades, fancy balls and fashion shows. Here last year's Cotton Carnival gets off to the traditional colorful start as the $25,000 Royal Barge, bearing the Carnival King, Queen and Royal Court, docks on the bank of the Mississippi. Fireworks blaze, bands blare, lovely ladies abound and 150,000 spectators ogle. This week the 1957 King and Queen, Berry Brooks (merchant of Memphis and big-game hunter), and Lida Wrape (a coed from Southwestern), launch the 23rd annual festival glamorizing cotton as the South's cloth of gold. • Photograph by Bill Shrout

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Killer at Large

Their lives depended on the gunman's next move.

By THOMAS WALSH

There was something the matter all that week with Mr. John Aloysius Haggerty. She just knew it. Saturday evening, for example, he made some sort of excuse to absent himself from their usual dinner engagement at Barney Sullivan's Yorkville Grill; Sunday afternoon he begged off, via a very convenient headache, from escorting Policewoman Maguire on an official state visit to her Aunt Margaret Mahoney's, over in Flatbush; and Monday night, the way he told it, there developed an inportant last-minute assignment for Inspector Neil Broderick. Even Tuesday afternoon, when they had to apply for the marriage license together, he just rushed her in and out of the building with no true understanding of what a girl like Policewoman Maguire might be expected to feel on such an occasion, no proper consideration for her and not even a kind word. Ought to get back on the job, Haggerty muttered, while glancing with shifty uneasiness to one side of them, then the other, and back quick. She could probably find her own lunch somewhere around, couldn't she?

"Oh, I think maybe I could," Policewoman Maguire said. "Why not? It appears that I don't have to be treated with even simple courtesy any more. You've got the license now, haven't you? So I'm just ——"

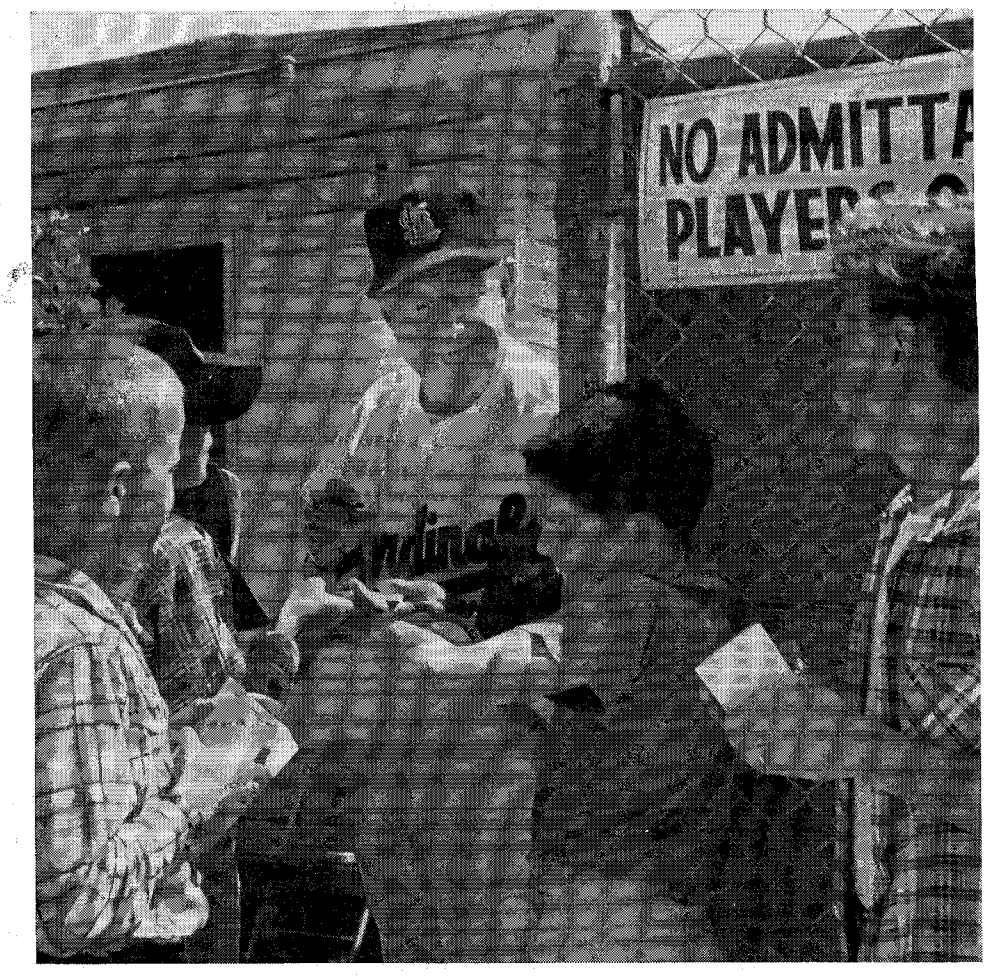
"Now please," Haggerty said, at once anxiously placating her. "Please, Maggie." He was a dark, wiry-looking and rather humble young man—with Mary Ellen Maguire, anyway—who had courted her for two months then in the only way that anyone

(Continued on Page 62)

Haggerty moved slowly toward them, his eyes fixed on Willie Madeira.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The author (left) with veteran Stan Musial—"one player who will never be traded."



Busch obliges young autograph fans. "I'm something of a celebrity now."

Baseball's Got Me!

By AUGUST A. BUSCH, Jr.,
as told to Milton Gross

The Cardinals' owner reveals some of the startling and painful lessons of his unlikely plunge from beer into baseball. Here he tells some front-office secrets that will startle you.

During the last four years I've undergone a costly, confusing and thoroughly enjoyable education in baseball as president of the St. Louis Cardinals. I've found myself involved in everything from running our big team and supporting our farm teams to buying players and signing bonus boys. I've got a right to think I've learned something about this strange, new, wonderful world into which I stumbled almost blindfolded, and I believe I have.

I don't have to be told that the fans don't have much sympathy for a second-division club. They have the right to expect a pennant, and we feel we're getting closer to it. However, in the time since the Anheuser-Busch brewery bought the team in 1953 to keep it in St. Louis, I've been forced to the reluctant conclusion that the hops on the diamond take different bounces from those which go into the vats.

It was all pointed up for me early last season when Frank Lane, our fast-talking, fast-trading general manager, spoke of trying to buy Ernie Banks, the hard-hitting shortstop of the Chicago Cubs. I could see the merit in his plan. In industry, when you're putting together a factory and you need something, you just go out and buy it. I figured that building a team wasn't much different from building a factory, but in a few days (Continued on Page 127)

At the park with his wife, Trudy. "I want to cheer or boo, become ecstatically happy or miserably downcast," he says.

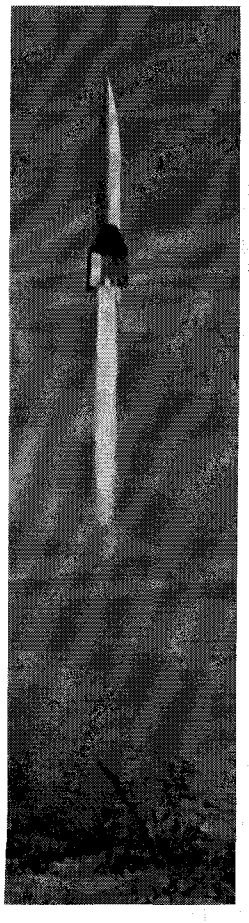
LICENSED TO UNC ORC
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CASE OF COLONEL NICKERSON

By CLAY BLAIR, Jr.

Colonel John C. Nickerson, U.S.A. Some believe he deliberately sought court-martial to win sympathy for the Army's stand in the missiles controversy.

A report on the dramatic events leading up to a strange court-martial. It involves the most fantastic weapons of the H-bomb age.



1944: With the German V-2 rocket (left), the ballistic-missile era got under way. Right: London after a V-2 attack. Nearly 3000 Britons were killed by the V-2 in eight months.

The fantastic pace of modern science has spawned a new, violent controversy in the Armed Forces. It may turn out to be the most sensational flap since the B-36 battle of 1949, when Navy admirals challenged the Air Force concept of strategic bombing. The new conflict has spiraled Secretary of Defense Wilson through the ceiling and has enraged Air Force officers. It is now focused in the case of Army Col. John Charles Nickerson, Jr., who is slated for a general court-martial at Redstone Arsenal, home of the Army's guided-missile development center in Huntsville, Alabama. In the Army itself a few officers become emotionally upset when the name of Nickerson is mentioned. When I visited Redstone Arsenal recently to gather the facts on the case, one high-ranking officer growled, "If you've come to write about that fellow, then you'll get no co-operation at all. He's done more to hurt the Army's missile program than anyone I know."

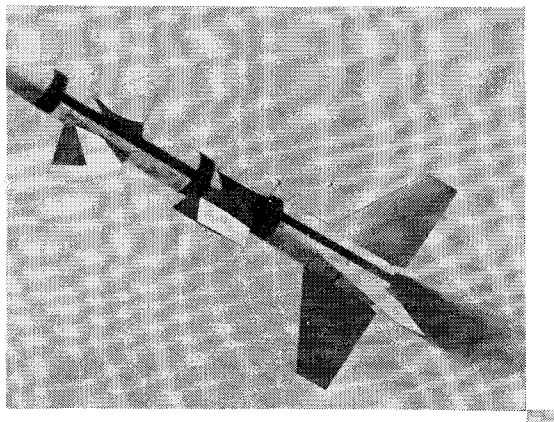
Colonel Nickerson is one of many Army officers who believe the Army is being deliberately shut out of the technological revolution sweeping the armed forces. When Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson recently signed a memorandum that clamped an arbitrary limit of 200 miles on Army ballistic missiles, a move that, in effect, put the Army in a caretaker status for the coming missile revolution, Colonel Nickerson wrote a blistering attack on the Wilson decision.

His paper ultimately fell into the hands of some members of the press and Congress. Not long afterward, spit-and-polish M.P.'s descended on Nickerson's pre-Civil War home at Redstone. Nickerson was arrested; his house was searched; and on March fourth an eighteen-count indictment was brought against him. It charged, among other things, that he had failed to safeguard information that could be used "to the advantage of a foreign nation"; its disclosure could "result in serious damage to the United States." (Continued on Page 97)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

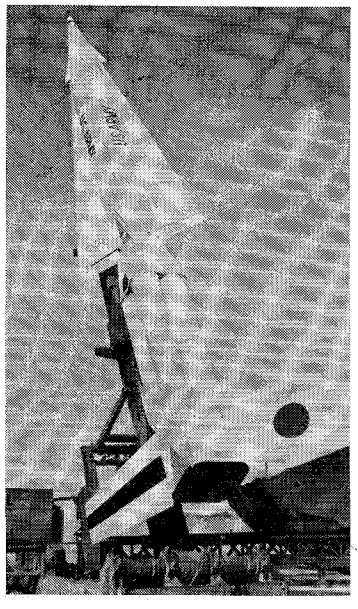
Snark (Air Force): An airplane-type guided missile capable of carrying a nuclear warhead, with a range potential of 5000 miles. It will be used to supplement Strategic Air Command bomber forces.

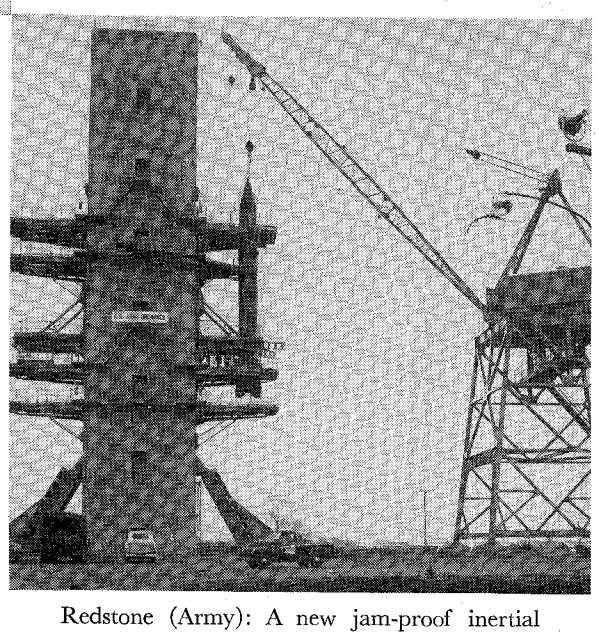
SOME OF THE WEAPONS IN WARFARE'S FRIGHTENING FUTURE



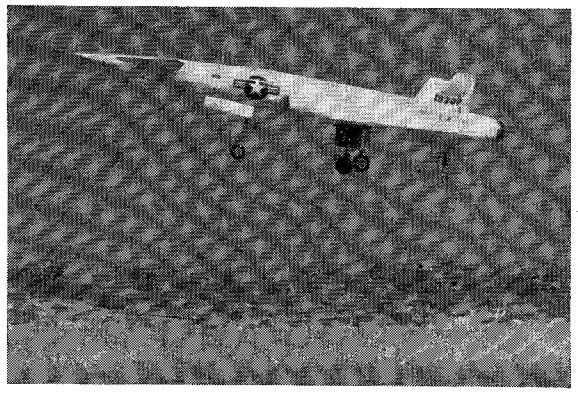
Talos (Army): Navy-developed antiaircraft ram-jet missile.

Nike-Hercules (Army): Antiaircraft rocket with nuclear warhead.



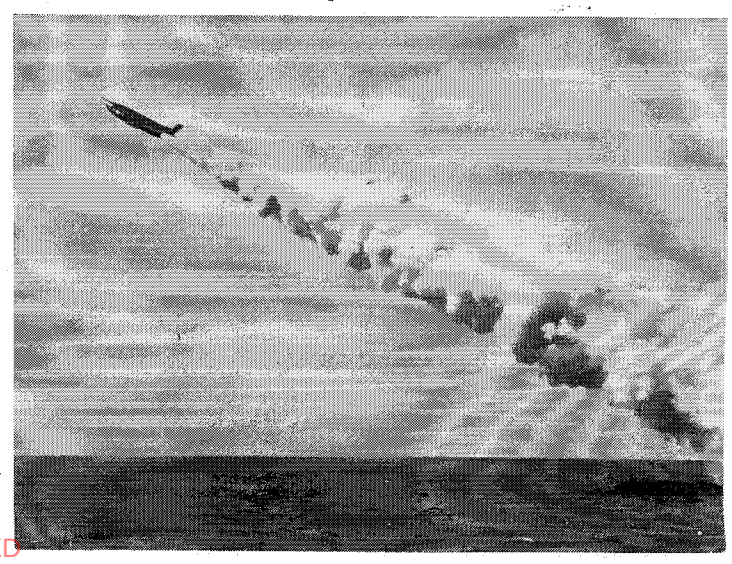


Redstone (Army): A new jam-proof inertial system guides this 200-mile-range missile, developed at the arsenal where Nickerson worked.



X-10 (Air Force): Test vehicle for the Navaho, an intercontinental pilotless bomber, expected to have a 5000-mile range.

Regulus I (Navy): A drone-type missile with a 500-mile range that can be fired from both submarine and surface ships.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saddle Brothers

Ira and Carroll were best friends—until a woman came between them.

By JOHN REESE

It was May before Deputy Sheriff Ira Baird realized that spring had come—had been there, in fact, since March. He was riding down toward Ruth Creek, where, from the edge of open range, he could see the town and the homestead belt, when it came to him that it was spring. He looked around, and sure enough, the prairie was green and fetlock-deep on his horse, and pink with sweet Williams and blooming buffalo peas, with here and there a wild rose.

Ira suddenly felt loose and easy, yet full of fidgets. He turned his horse sharply toward the raw, new railroad branch line north to Coffeyville. "Horse," he said, "you and me are going over to see Charlotte Mentor, by hang!"

Other men might name their horses Tops or Beauty or Ulysses S. Grant, but all the ones Ira had ever owned had been called just plain "Horse." For Ira was a practical man of few fancies, a long, limber, plain man with plain gray eyes and plain, hair-colored hair.

Horse shied at the rails and, for the good of his soul, Ira made him walk between them. Once he got it out of his system, Horse was well behaved. Ira wouldn't have had him if he wasn't.

"It favors the ocean," Ira murmured, standing up in the stirrups and resting his hand on his hip to look out over the swelling waves of grass.

Ira knew the sea, having shipped out once in his wild youth. But a man outgrows his follies; and stud poker, hard liquor, hard girls and gang fighting were some that Ira had put behind him. A serious, reliable man, Ira knew he had wasted the best years of his life. He was facing middle age with absolutely nothing to show for it.

Ira was twenty-five, and had been his own man for twelve years. He recalled his mother kindly, but not his old man. Ira had left Ohio at the age of thirteen, with the buckle of his dad's belt stinging his bloody rear end, for nothing but taking a chaw of tobacco.

A year later, still chawing, Ira drew a man's pay on a trail drive up to Montana. California, Oregon, Texas, the prairie provinces of Canada, the Sandwich Islands, the coast of Mexico—these were some of the places Ira had seen before coming to light in the Kansas homestead country.

From a leather pouch he took a wad of scrap tobacco, tucked it into his mouth and shaped it with his tongue. Horse broke into a canter, having got the placing of the ties in his horse mind. Soon the railroad trestle over Ruth Creek came into view, and the depot, the shanties of the track crew, and the new yellow house the railroad had put up for its track boss.

Up from the creek, on the other side, came a slim woman with red hair, leading two small children. The cotton South was in her scolding, "Y'all let me catch you in that mud again and I'll whup you to a fare-you-well! Think all I've got to do is clean up after you-uns?"

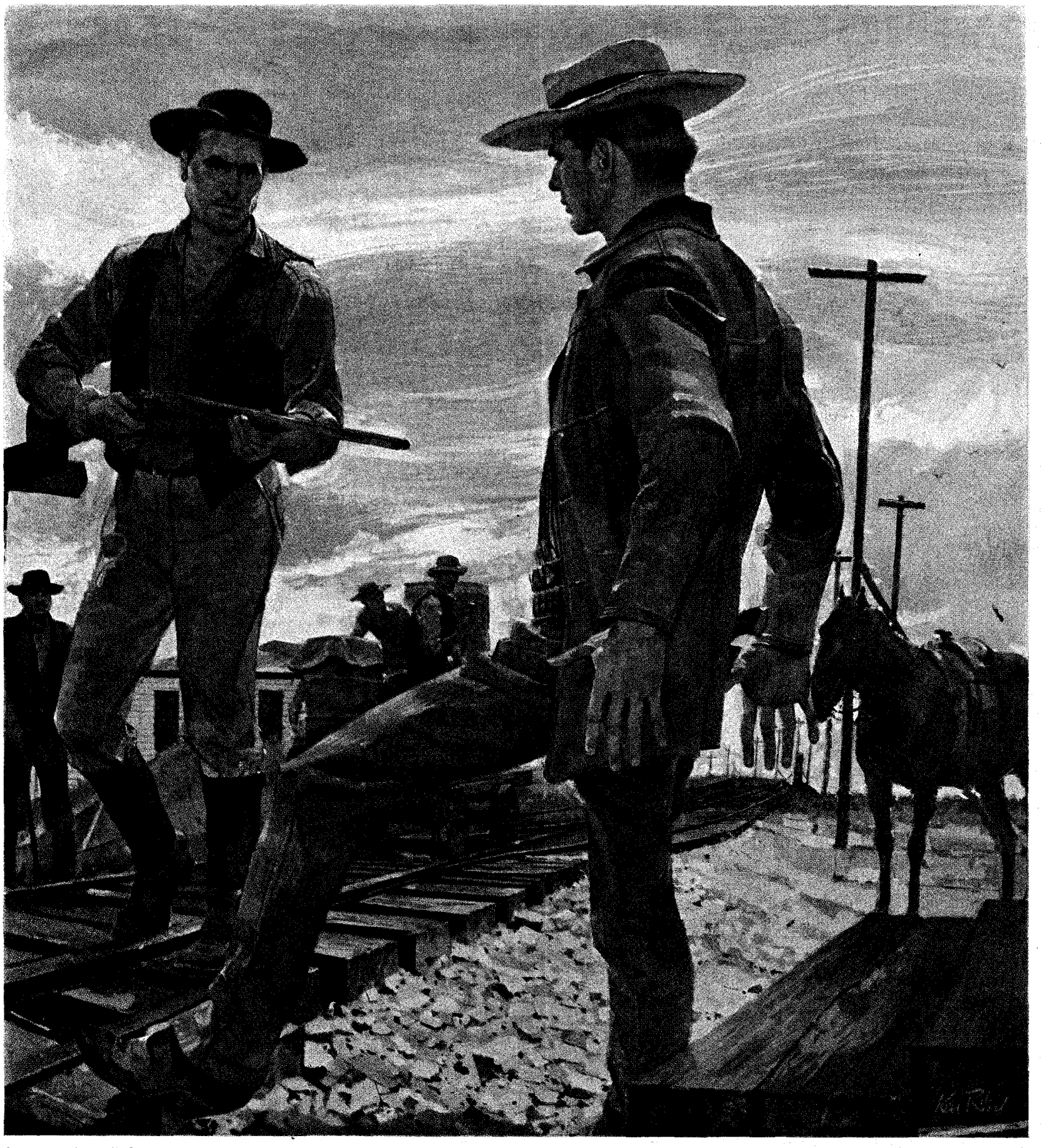
She saw Ira. She pushed the kids toward the house and waited for him. A gaudy blue straw hat that had seen gayer days was on her red hair. She wore a faded brown dress with the sleeves rolled up, and her feet were bare.

She was dressed for work, and she was a worker. Old Tony Mentor, her dad, was former quality from Georgia, and about as shiftless as a man could be and still hold onto a homestead. He spent his time in the

Illustrated by Ken Riley

Charlotte

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Yonder's your horse," Carroll said, "and yonder's the road from my place. I want you to get out of here, Ira, and never show your face around Charlotte again."

shade, repining the cavalier splendor of his childhood, before the Yankees stole what he called "our people." His sons, Young Tony, Landis and Shugrew, were pretty worthless too.

But Hallie and Charlotte, the girls, took after their mother. They were workers.

"Ira Baird, for land's sake!" said Charlotte.

The frank welcome in her eyes knocked out of Ira any good sense the spring had left in him. He pushed Horse down the muddy creek and up the other side. He piled off with his seedy old hat in his hand, and then couldn't think of a thing to say. He hadn't seen Charlotte Mentor more than five, six times altogether, yet he knew this was the one. He knew that.

He also knew he ought to say something about love, but he did not know how to go about it. He put both hands, one of them still holding his hat, on her shoulders. Charlotte just stood there looking at him, waiting.

"Say!" Ira exclaimed.

"Say what?"

"Nobody's watching!" he gulped. "I got a good notion to kiss you!"

"You just try that! You try kissing me with that redic'lous lump in your face!"

"My chaw?" said the astonished Ira.

"For sure! You get rid of that filthy habit before you ever talk kissing to me."

Ira was not the man to let anybody run his life for him, (Continued on Page 89)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SWINDLER IN THE STATEHOUSE

Reporter George Thiem caught Orville Hodge in his gigantic blunder.

But it appeared that the evidence might be destroyed before it could be used.

By Robert M. Yoder

Orville the thief, formerly the most popular politician in his state.

Part Three

The most wonderful bank account in modern history ran dry, though its owner didn't suspect it, on a hot Friday afternoon late in June of 1956. That was the "brown-envelope" account secretly maintained for the Honorable Orville E. Hodge, auditor of public accounts for the state of Illinois, in the Southmoor Bank on Chicago's south side.

It was an account which filled and refilled itself like a pool of spring water. Hodge had but to express the wish and there would be money for him—$80,000, $180,000 at a clip. From the brown envelope Hodge paid for everything he needed and desired, from good Scotch and excellent clothes to mink stoles, and gasoline for his speedboats. The account never failed because Hodge was siphoning the money from the state treasury.

This account was not shown on the bank's books and actually amounted to a private bank. With it, Hodge might have become a sort of Rothschild of graft, bribery and the hot money involved in coarser crimes such as kidnaping. The possibility that he engaged in this ultra-private kind of banking has not escaped Federal agents.

The man who closed the account didn't know at the time what a big operation he was stopping. He was George Thiem, who covers the Illinois state capital in Springfield for the Chicago Daily News. The jig was up for Hodge, unless he moved nimbly, because Thiem had just found a reel of microfilm which exposed major crime in high places.

Thiem had been forty-three days getting there, and he had followed an odd path. This was a contest between a man with a tremendous secret, well hidden, and a reporter who kept getting closer and closer to the truth without realizing it. As this began, Thiem had very little on Hodge; he was simply checking a report that the popular state official had some free riders on his payroll.

Hodge stalled, and while waiting, Thiem picked up odds and ends of fact and gossip. The chunky little reporter has come more or less to personify the forces of righteousness in Springfield, and information comes to him, in times like this, the way iron filings gather around a magnet. Thiem's diligence and reputation were Hodge's undoing.

Hodge's scheme was so nicely self-contained that while a very few of his employees suspected skulduggery of some sort, probably a little ordinary grafting, they didn't have two facts to rattle together. But when Hodge had succeeded in whetting Thiem's curiosity, they told Thiem such things as this:

"On some of his appropriations, the auditor is pretty close to (Continued on Page 101)

Edward A. Epping (below), Hodge's office manager, burned bundles of the incriminating canceled checks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tom knew when a man was ready to fight, and for one terrible moment he was hopeless.

Bitter Bargain

He needed help for the most important deal of his life—from a man who hated him.

By ROBERT CRAIG

The concentrate plant towered above the endless orange groves like a great gift box on a green carpet. The block letters on the façade—FLORIDA FROZEN FOODS, INC.—were each as tall as three men. Tom entered where the oranges rollicked by on wide conveyor belts—an army of happy, fat soldiers crowding eagerly toward the juicing machines. He went on across the plant, into the office wing and through the door marked THOMAS LASHER, SALES MANAGER.

Josh Kanen, his No. 1 salesman, was waiting for him, a lanky, slow-voiced man with thin hair and a long face.

"Morning, Josh."

"Hi, Tom." Josh sounded tired and he looked haggard. "Can I talk to you before the meeting? I don't want to argue. Just talk."

"Go ahead," Tom said, and sat down, putting on his horn-rimmed glasses.

"If Harry Quinby says he's Napoleon, then he is," Josh began. "He's the boss, Tom, and you can't buck him."

"I'm his sales manager. I'm paid for my opinions."

"You're wrong, laddie. All wrong. You're not a sales manager to Quinby. You're his triggerman. He hired you just the way a gangster hires a fast gun. He doesn't want your opinions—never did! He wanted your sales record. Now you've finished your job."

"You mean I'm washed up?" Tom meant it to be a joke.

"Not necessarily," Josh said in dead earnest, "but look at it this way: The Sunland Corporation was tough competition. They were a good crew and Jim Moffat was a tough manager. They were beating the pants off us in the open market until Quinby hired you. You drove us until I thought I'd go crazy. You never gave the Sunland product a break. That's how we won. We're buying Sunland now. That's great! But don't forget, everybody knows it was you who beat Moffat and Sunland—that will stick in Quinby's craw for life!"

"I don't care whether it sticks in his craw or not," Tom said. "He can't fire me for that!"

"No, but don't buck him. Don't give him an excuse," Josh said bitterly. "Remember, it won't be long after you leave until Quinby looks like the general who won the battle. The man who did the fighting will be forgotten. He'd like it that way."

"So?"

(Continued on Page 77)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Do We Feel This Morning?

A patient's indictment of the humiliations that come with an operation: Secretive doctors, nurses with cold hands, and the merciless routine of the bath in bed.

By COREY FORD

Hypodermics: All needles look this long when they're intended for you, and a determined nurse is on the other end, claims the author, cowering on his bed of pain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sometimes I wonder whose operation I had. Everybody shook hands with the doctor after it was over. People rushed up to congratulate the surgeon on his skill with the scalpel. Tributes were paid to all the nurses and interns and technicians of the efficient hospital staff. Nobody had a word to say for me.

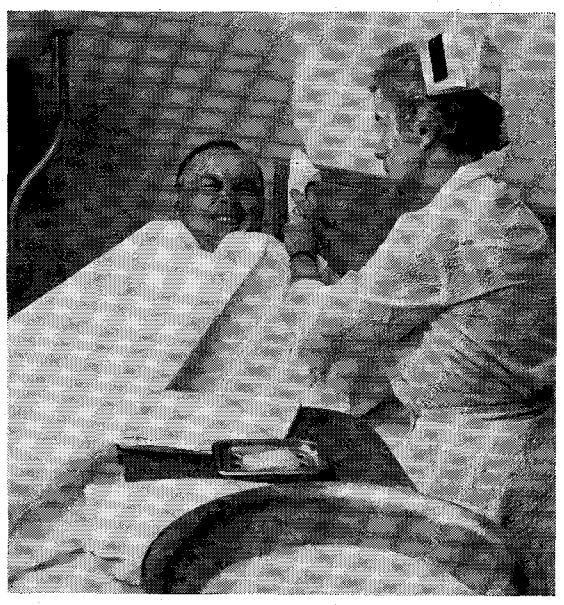
Not that I have anything but praise for the gallant men in white. Some of them are my best friends—at least until they read this article. I'll admit that the patient would be nowhere without a doctor. On the other hand, where would doctors be without patients?

In short, I think it's time somebody spoke up in defense of the pathetic little figure that the operation is all about. Everybody else is dressed in crisp white uniforms, but he is attired in an abbreviated nightshirt which barely comes down to the navel and is split all the way up the back, affording the wearer about as much protection as the paper filigree on the end of a lamb chop. His legs are encased in long woolen stockings, like the lower half of a bunny suit. He has a knitted skating cap on top of his head, with a yellow name tag attached to the tassel, so that he won't get mixed up with some other patient and wind up in the maternity ward by mistake. No wonder that surgeons tie those gauze bandages over their faces. It's so the patient won't see them laughing.

It's his operation, but he has nothing to do with it. He is wheeled into a shiny white room which bears an unpleasant resemblance to the meat department in a supermarket. Here he lies on display on a metal counter under neon lights, like Saturday's prime-rib special, while a group of impersonal strangers prod and pinch and poke him to see if he's tender. He is looked up and down and over and under and into. They listen to him with stethoscopes, tap him with rubber hammers and mark his epidermis here and there with a blue pencil. He can't ask them what's going on because he has a thermometer in his mouth. They never tell him anything but "H'm'm."

The worst of it is that he doesn't get to see his own operation when it happens. Just about the time things start to get interesting, somebody brandishes a hypodermic needle and says in a cheerful voice, "Roll over, Whirling Joe." When he wakes up, he is back in his bed again with one leg in a plaster cast, a throbbing headache and the uneasy conviction that sometime while he was coming out of the anesthetic he asked the nurse's hand in marriage. All he has to show for it is the bill.

I speak with feeling, having done a stretch of time as a patient myself. With the exception of the magazines in the waiting room, there's nothing more useless around a hospital. From the moment you enter the big glass doors, you are subjected to a series of indignities that deflate your ego and undermine your self-respect. The whole thing, as I look back on it now, is a deliberate campaign to reduce you slowly but surely to a state of mental zero in order to destroy your will to resist. It's something like the brainwashing technique they used in North Korea, except that in Korea they didn't charge you for it later. Even a five-star general couldn't look austere sitting on a bedpan.



Bed baths: an undignified ritual administered coyly, with a great show of modesty.

It starts right off with the accident. Like all good accidents, mine happened in Los Angeles. The cause was a brief but violent argument between my car and another car which tried to go where mine already was. I am naturally a law-abiding citizen and, when my car halted abruptly, I obeyed the law of gravity and kept right on going until my progress was arrested by the dashboard. As a result, the car was towed off to the garage for repairs. I was towed off to the hospital.

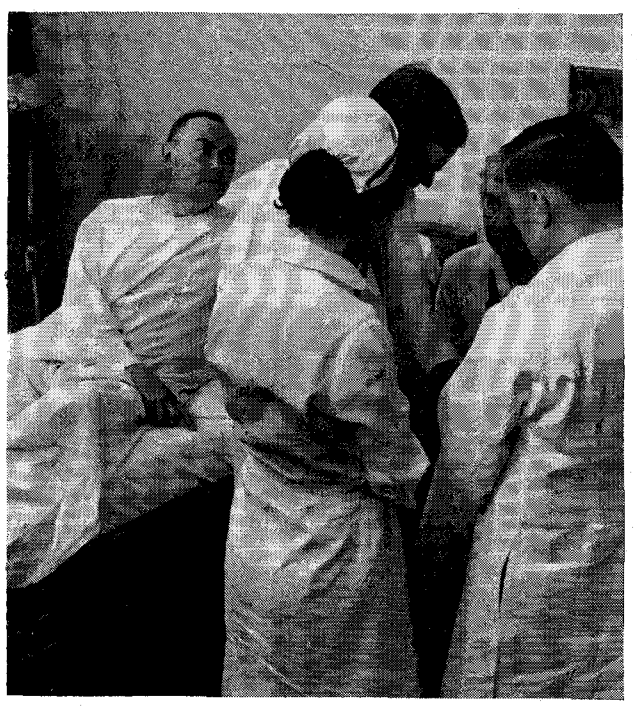
I'm not sure what I expected to find when I got there. Obviously I didn't really think the surgeon would be waiting for me on the front steps, tight-lipped and tense, but at least I had an idea he might be pacing up and down the corridor, chain-smoking and glancing now and then out the window. I could picture the look of relief on his face as the siren of my speeding ambulance grew louder.

"Not a moment to lose," I could almost hear him shout, grinding his cigarette under a heel as he sprang into action. "Light up the main operating room at once. This is undoubtedly the most interesting case I've encountered in forty years of medical practice."

It didn't quite turn out that way. The ambulance slowed down for every traffic light, and once it pulled over to the curb while the driver went into a store to buy some cigarettes. The only time he blew his siren was when he stopped in front of the emergency entrance, evidently on the chance that some patient inside the hospital might be asleep. The orderly didn't even look up as the ambulance attendant wheeled me in. "Much of an accident?" he asked, placing a nine of hearts on his ten of spades and pushing back his chair reluctantly.

"Smashed the radiator, crumpled the left fender and bent (Continued on Page 74)

Thermometers: No ruse stays the inevitable temperature-taker from her appointed rounds.



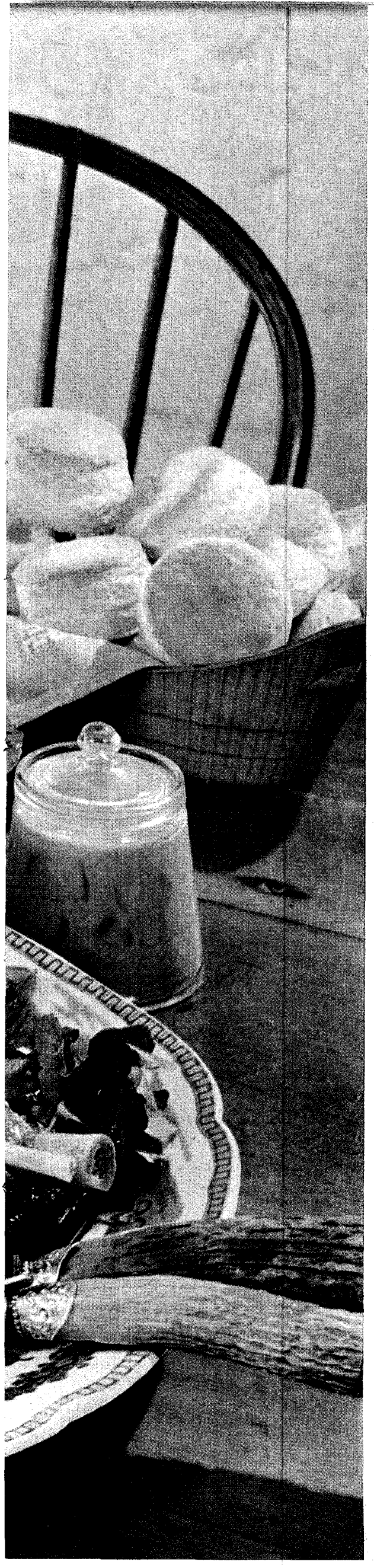
Conferences: Doctors and nurses whisper ominously about the patient, and all his inquiries are met with jocular comments: "Humpty Dumpty had a bad fall, and we'll put him back together again!"

Visitors: They never should have been invented, moans the object of no attention; least of all the free-loaders that munch on his goodies, swipe his books and make his room look like an opium-smoking den.

Photographs by Larry Fried]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dinner: Long-cured Smithfield (Va.) country ham, with marmalade glaze; baked acorn squash; macaroni-and-cheese casserole; pickled watermelon rind; chowchow (sour pickles in mustard); hot baking-powder biscuits; compote of pears, apricots and cherries.

Please Pass the Ham

For pure eating pleasure, what meat can match a properly cured country ham? Here's how it gets to be venerable.

By Rufus Jarman

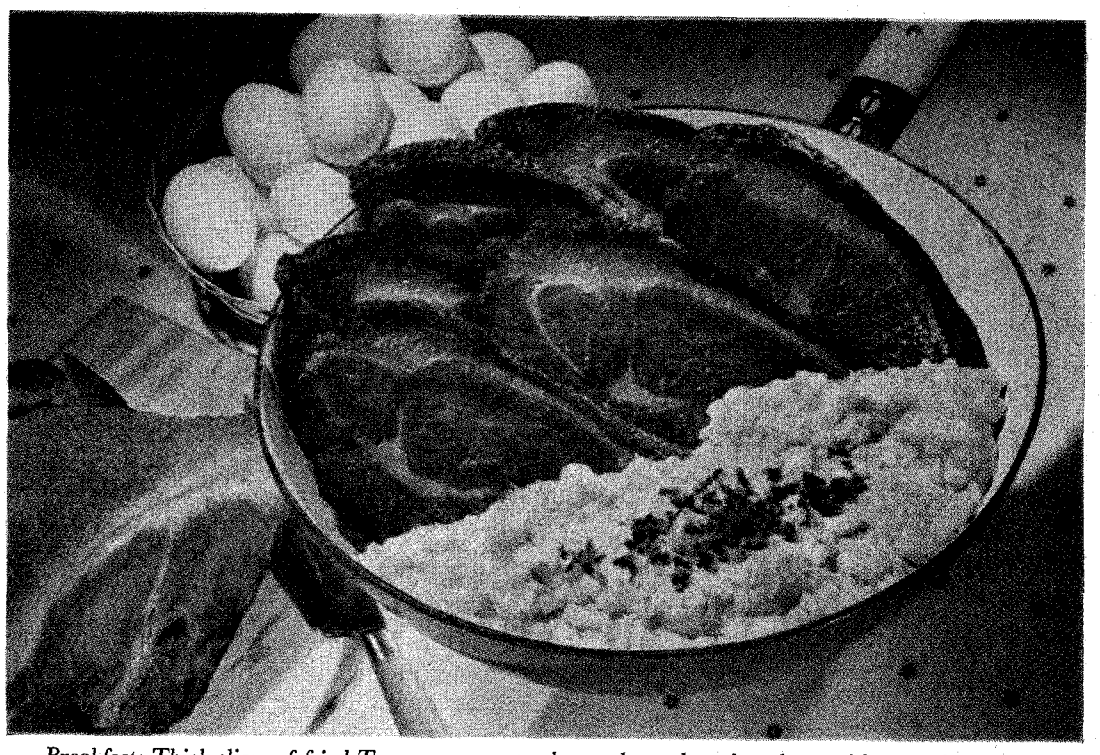
There are a few foods with distinct character, and the most controversial of these is that salty, smoky, pungent product of the northern rim of the Deep South—country ham.

Its adherents are dedicated fanatics who look upon a choice country ham as a triumph of art and the best eating known to man. Its detractors—usually Yankees and city folks—consider country ham unfit for human consumption. They find it too strongly flavored, and because it is often black and crusted with mold, they think it has spoiled. But a lover of country ham would admire that growth of mold as a mark of age and distinction, like the beard of a prophet.

Although a third of it is skin, bone and fat, a country ham costs three times as much as regular packing-house ham. It runs from 89 cents a pound at the farm to $1.95 a pound for a baked Smithfield. These prices have dismayed many purchasers, including John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Mr. Rockefeller and his party appeared unannounced one day to price hams at the Smithfield (Virginia) Ham & Products Company, Inc. The owner, James C. Sprigg, Jr., didn't know they were (Continued on Page 116)

Photographs by George Lazarnick



Breakfast: Thick slices of fried Tennessee country ham, charred at the edges, with scrambled eggs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Admiral Hornblower

What deadly purpose were the 600 muskets to serve? Hornblower held the answer to the mystery in his hands.

By C. S. FORESTER

Rear Admiral Lord Hornblower, commander in chief of His Majesty's ships in the West Indies, had little opportunity to enjoy New Orleans on his official visit in the summer of 1821. The British consul general, Mr. Cloudesley Sharpe, greeted him with the disquieting news that an American ship, the Daring, was under charter to the French Count Cambronne, ostensibly to return a group of colonists to France. Hornblower was deeply troubled, because any ship carrying 500 former enemy soldiers through the Caribbean Sea would heighten political tension in the islands. It was also possible that the ship was being used for slave trading. A search or investigation of this ship was impossible, since she flew the American flag. But if Hornblower's men could find out what cargo the Daring carried, the admiral might uncover the secret of her mission.

That evening, Hornblower and his aide, Gerard, met Count Cambronne at the consul general's reception, although the count left the party early.

As Hornblower was making his adieus, Sharpe made a startling announcement: "Cambronne's stolen a march on us! The Daring left her mooring three hours ago!"

II

"Cambronne's bonded freight went on board at nightfall," said Sharpe. "My man is meeting me at your ship with his report."

"That may help us make up our minds," said Hornblower.

The carriage lurched in along the pitch-dark streets.

"May I make a suggestion, my lord?" asked Gerard.

"Yes. What is it?"

"Whatever scheme Cambronne has in mind, my lord, Vautour is party to it. And he is a servant of the French Government."

"You're right. The Bourbons want a finger in every pie," agreed Sharpe thoughtfully. "They take every opportunity to assert themselves. Anyone would think it was them that we beat at Waterloo and not Boney."

The sound of the horses' hoofs changed suddenly as the carriage reached the pier. They stopped, and Sharpe had the door open before the footman could leap down from the box, but as the three men scrambled out, he stood beside the door, hat in hand, his dark face illuminated by the carriage lamps.

"Wait!" snapped Sharpe.

They almost ran along the pier to where the glimmer of a lamp revealed the gangway; the two hands of the anchor watch stood at attention in the darkness as they hastened on board.

"Mr. Harcourt!" shouted Hornblower as soon as his foot touched the deck; this was no time to stand on ceremony. There was a light in the companion and Harcourt was there.

"Here, my lord."

Hornblower pushed his way into the after cabin; a lighted lantern dangled from the deck beam, and Gerard brought in another one.

"What's your report, Mr. Harcourt?"

"The Daring sailed at five bells in the first watch, my lord," said Harcourt. "She had two tugs with her."

"I know. What else?"

"The lighter with the freight came alongside her early in the second dogwatch. Just after dark, my lord."

A short, dark man came unobtrusively into the cabin as he spoke, and remained in the background.

"Well?"

"This gentleman whom Mr. Sharpe sent kept watch as well as me on what they took on board, my lord."

"What was it?"

"I kept count as they swayed it up, my lord. They had lights in the mizzen stay."

"Well?"

Harcourt had a piece of paper in his hand, and he proceeded to read from it:

"There were twenty-five wooden cases, my lord." Harcourt went on just in time to forestall an exasperated exclamation from Hornblower. "I recognized those cases, my lord. They are the usual ones in which muskets are shipped, twenty-four stand of arms in each case."

"Six hundred muskets and bayonets," put in Gerard, calculating rapidly.

"I guessed as much," said Sharpe.

"What else?" demanded Hornblower.

"There were twelve large bales, my lord. Oblong ones; and twenty other bales, long, narrow ones."

"Couldn't you guess ——"

"Would you hear the report of the hand I sent, my lord?"

"Very well."

"Come down here, Jones!" yelled Harcourt up the companion, and then turned back to Hornblower. "Jones is a good swimmer, my lord. I sent him and another hand off in the quarter boat, and Jones swam to the lighter.... Tell his lordship what you found, Jones."

Jones was a skinny, stunted young man, who came in blinking at the lights, ill at ease in this distinguished company. When he opened his mouth he spoke with the accent of Seven Dials.

"Uniforms, they was, in them big bales, sir."

"How do you know?"

"I swum to the side of the lighter, sir. I could reach over an' feel 'em, sir."

"Did anyone see you?" This was from Sharpe.

Jones raised his knife and cut the stitching at the end of the bale.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hornblower took the cap again, and his blood ran hot with the knowledge that he had guessed the solution.

"No, sir. No one didn't see me at all, sir. They was all busy swayin' up the cases. Uniforms, they was, in the bales, like I said, sir. What I could feel through the sacking was buttons, sir. Not flat buttons, sir, like yours, sir. Round buttons, like bullets, sir, rows of 'em, on each coat. An' I thought I could feel hembroidery, too—gold lace, p'r'aps, sir. Uniforms, they was, sir, I'm sure of it."

The dark man came forward at this moment; in his hands was a limp something that looked like a drowned black cat. Jones pointed to the object before he went on.

"I couldn't guess for the life of me what was in the other bales, sir, the long ones. So I outs with my knife ——"

"You're sure no one saw you?"

"Certain sure, sir. I outs with my knife an' cuts the stitching at the end. They'll think it come apart in the handlin', sir. An' I takes the end one out an' I swims with it back to the quarter boat, sir." The dark man held it forward for inspection, and Hornblower took it gingerly, a black soggy mass of hair, but his fingers encountered metal as he turned it.

"Heagles, sir," said Jones.

There was a brass chain and a big brass badge—the same displayed eagle as he had seen that evening on Cambronne's chest. What he held in his hands was a bearskin uniform cap, soaked with its recent immersion and adorned with the brass finery.

"Is that what the Imperial Guard wore, my lord?" suggested Gerard.

"Yes," said Hornblower.

He had seen prints for sale often enough purporting to illustrate the last stand of the Guard at Waterloo. In London now the Guards sported bearskin caps not unlike this that he held in his hand; they had been awarded to the Guards in recognition of their overthrow of the Imperial Guard at the crisis of the battle.

"Then we know all we need to know," said Sharpe.

"I must try to catch him," said Hornblower. . . . "Call all hands, Mr. Harcourt."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

After the automatic reply, Harcourt opened his mouth again to speak, but he could make no sound come from it. (Continued on Page 52)

Illustrated by Ken Riley

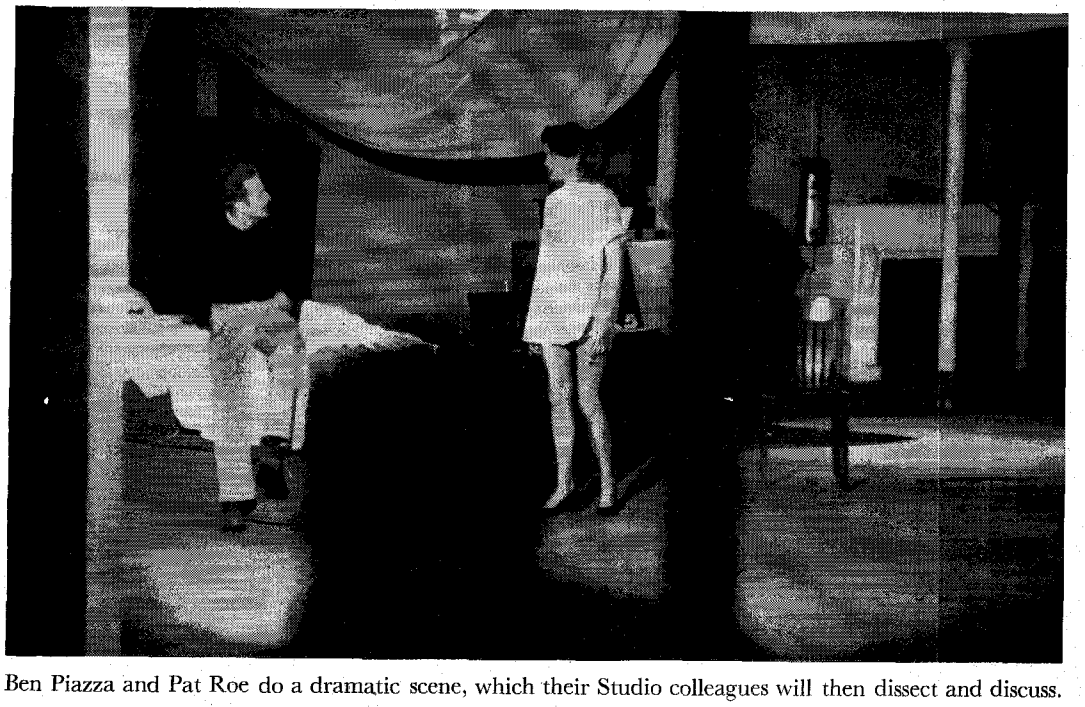
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York's Actors' Studio in session: Would-be Barrymores and Bernhardts listen as director Lee Strasberg (front row center) criticizes a reading by Margaret Feury (right).

THE STARS RISE HERE

The controversial Actors' Studio polishes actors and actresses by teaching them to live a role, not just act it.

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW



Ben Piazza and Pat Roe do a dramatic scene, which their Studio colleagues will then dissect and discuss.

About three years ago, Marilyn Monroe threw Hollywood into a frenzy of excitement when she walked out on a studio contract that was paying her $100,000 a picture. In return for this cash, all that Miss Monroe had to do was part her lips, breathe heavily and heave her bosom for the twelve weeks it takes to finish a movie. However, Miss Monroe stated she was sick and tired of playing sexy roles. She said she was going to live in New York and become a serious actress. She said she was planning to study at The Actors' Studio. She said she longed to interpret characters with real depth and tragedy, like Grushenka, in The Brothers Karamazov, a deep and tragic novel by Dostoevski.

Until the rebellion of Marilyn Monroe, hardly anybody outside of the acting business had ever heard of The Actors' Studio. Since then, with Miss Monroe transformed into an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eli Wallach and Carroll Baker, the smoldering stars of the controversial film, "Baby Doll," attend a Studio class. Other bright and successful youngsters from The Actors' Studio: Paul Newman, Kim Stanley and Montgomery Clift.

"Marilyn Monroe has finally proved herself an actress in 'Bus Stop'," commented critic Bosley Crowther, in his review of the blonde's first role after studying at The Actors' Studio.

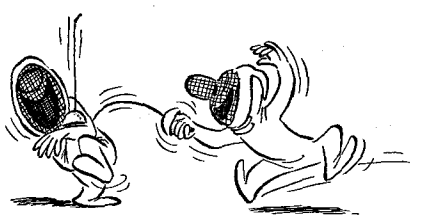
actress capable of projecting feeling and subtlety—the critics hailed her acting in Bus Stop, and advance reports on her portrayal of Elsie Dagenham opposite Sir Laurence Olivier's Regent in The Prince and the Showgirl are equally good—she has brought the Studio so much publicity that it has become a nationally famous institution.

The Actors' Studio is located in a strange white building, set back from the sidewalk and guarded by an iron fence. From the outside it looks like a church and was, until ten years ago, a Greek Revival Church. Only a small sign by the basement entrance indicates that here is the gathering place of some of our most talented and celebrated acting stars. The street is a rather grubby neighborhood with run-down brownstone houses and worn-out apartment buildings. But the people who live on this quite ordinary street, 44th Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, have become as used to running into such glamorous creatures as Miss Monroe, Shelley Winters, Viveca Lindfors and Eva Gabor as you are to seeing your mailman.

What they have come to this white building for, these rich and famous and successful people, is to learn the principles of a style of acting known to its devotees as The Method. The high priest of The Method and the artistic director of The Studio is Lee Strasberg, an excitable little man who wears thick glasses. He is regarded by such dissimilar personalities as Miss Monroe, (Continued on Page 83)

Actors' Studio alumni: Elia Kazan (now president of the organization), Marlon Brando, Julie Harris and the late James Dean. Almost all members have been psychoanalyzed; both Kazan and Brando were on the couch for seven years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Post Scripts

Slim Chance

When a gal goes on a diet,
Then her purpose, sure as fate,
Is to keep her girlish figure
Or else her boyish mate.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Mein Grossfader's Wisenspouten

1. Der dancers ist sooner payen das fiddler, und also der headenwaiter und das foodenserver und das hattenchecker und das taxen und—ach!

2. Schtop beaten about der shrubbenbush, elser der schtunken buzzenstingers ist outswarmen mit attacken.

3. Der world ist mein oyster, und das shell ben tightisch closen.

4. Mit putten der bester footen in fronten, folkers ist tramplen der toe-tippen.

5. Ein grosser croaken-frog in das smallisch puddler ben ein goner mit der dryspellen gecomen.

6. Smallisch nutters ist becomen grosser oakentrees. Ist surprisen? Himmel, nein!

7. Eaten der apfels ist offkeepen der Doktor. Smartisch Doktors ist nicht raisen apfels.

8. Ist der clothers maken der menfolken? Nein. Clothers ben simplisch hiden der awfulisch shapen.

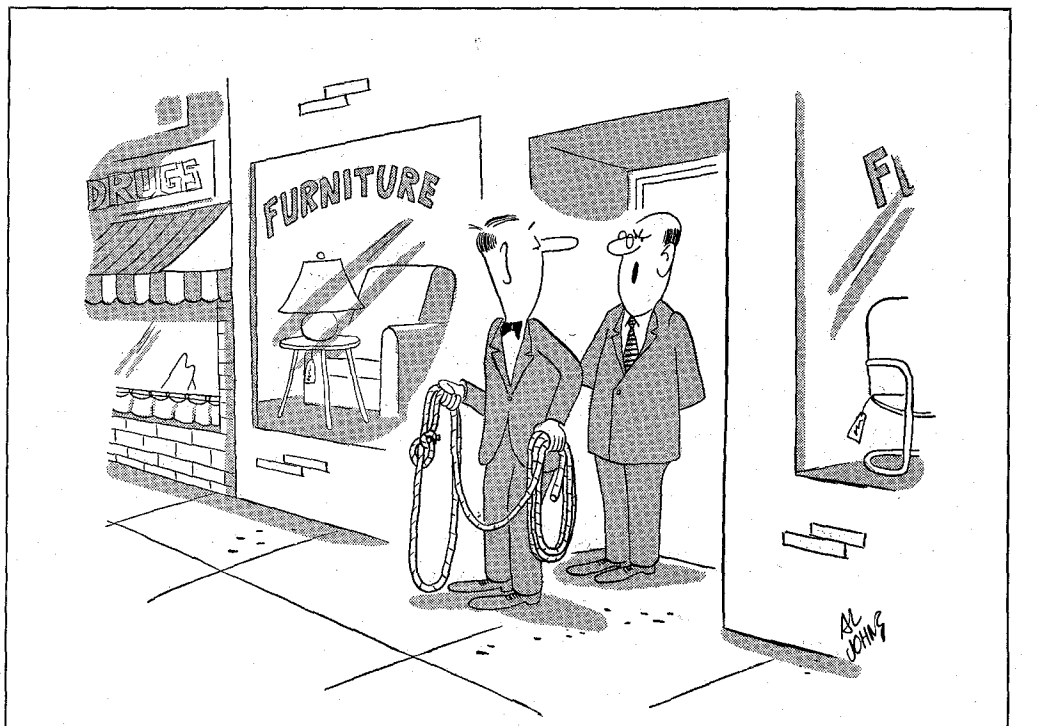
9. Das slippen betwixen der drinkencup und der lippen ist increasen mit der drinken.

10. Mit avoiden der fighten, counten ein hundert ist goot, providen das opposer ist also counten.

11. Ein turnen wigglenworm ist naturalisch; ein straightisch wigglenworm ben causen der commenten.

12. Dwellenfolk insiden ein glasshousen ist dumbisch mit throwen der whingdingen carousen.

DAVE MORRAH



"Pribbly, we've been getting complaints about these high-pressure methods of yours."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Mud-Pie Set

Oh, if there's a coalbin,
The small fry will crawl in it.
If there's a puddle,
Be sure they will sprawl in it.
Blithely intent on
Consuming their pound of dirt,
Life for the moppets
Is one giddy round of dirt.

Squirting what's squirtable,
Squashing what's squashable,
Children, thank heaven,
Are guaranteed washable!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Milestone

At last arrives
The day we prayed for.
The car we've had
Three years is paid for.

JAMES W. POWER

And be Sure to Tell All Your Friends

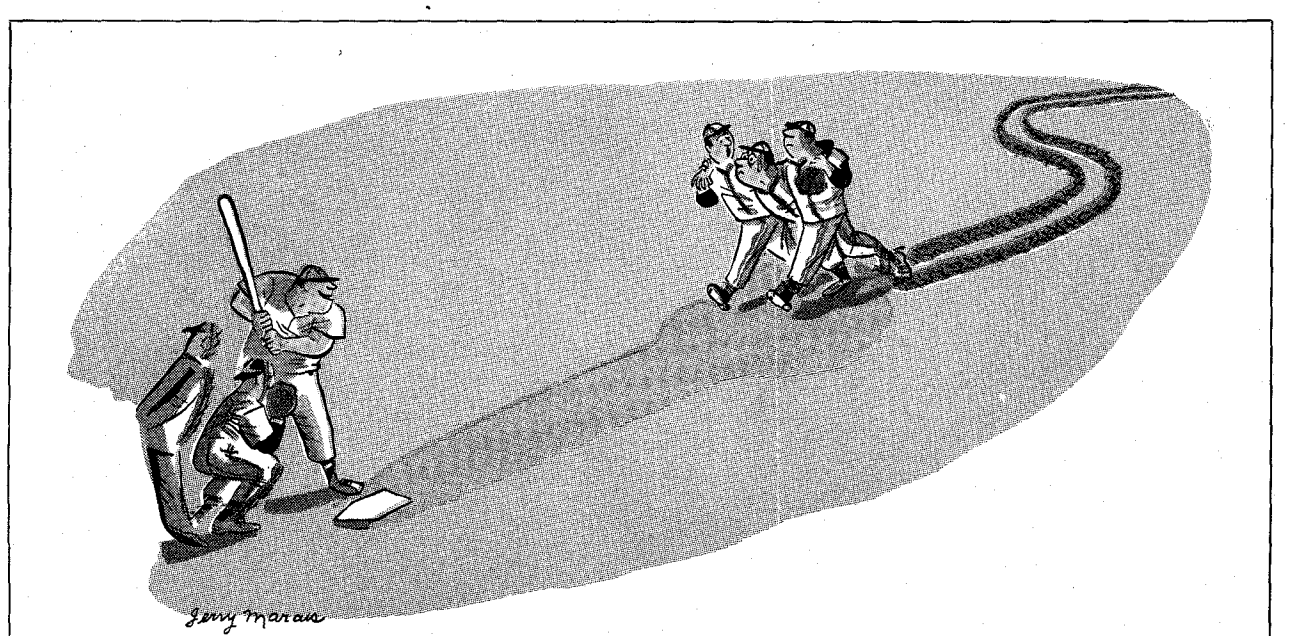
Hello. May I speak with Henry Crevelston, please? . . . Hi, Henry. This is Vern. Say, Henry, the reason I called you is that —— Well, it seems that I'm going to be on television tomorrow night. . . . Yeah, that's right—on TV. It's to be a sort of a panel-type thing and —— What's that, Henry? . . . Oh, you say a star is born, eh? Well, I wouldn't exactly say that. . . . Nervous? Oh, a little bit, I guess. Well, I won't keep you. . . . Thanks, Henry, I'll probably need it all right. Say, I almost forgot to tell you: It's to be on Channel Twelve at eleven forty-five P.M. . . . That's right . . . You bet, Henry. See you. . . . .

Hello; Mrs. Gentry? This is Vernon Kurtz. You more than likely don't remember me, but I was a student in your chemistry class at Midtown High School some years ago. . . . K-U-R-T-Z. . . . Oh, you do! Say, Mrs. Gentry, it seems that I'm to be on TV tomorrow night—Channel Twelve, eleven forty-five and —— I beg your pardon? Oh, you say that you'll certainly try to look in? . . . Fine! . . . Nice to have talked with you, too, Mrs. Gentry. . . .

Hello; Rudy? This is Vern. Sorry to bother you at work like this, but I never seem to be able to catch you at home. . . . Fine. And you? . . . Say, you have a TV, don't you, Rudy? . . . I thought so. Well, listen; tune in Channel Twelve at eleven forty-five tomorrow night. . . . Something special? Well, I think you may get somewhat of a surprise. Even call me up afterward, if you want to. . . . That's right—Channel Twelve, eleven forty-five P.M. . . . Sure thing, Rudy. So long. . . .

Hello. Yes, Operator Forty-seven, this is AMherst Six-oh-two-four-three. You say you tried my call again to Stanley Burnham in Omaha, and that he didn't answer? . . . Yes, I'd appreciate it if you'd try again in twenty minutes. Incidentally, operator, do you, by any chance, have a television set at home? . . . Oh? . . . Well, it seems that I'm to be on ——

VERNON H. KURTZ



"Come now, Thompson, where's the ol' confidence?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Agenda

Far be it from one lowly member to carp,
But what I can't get through my skull
Is how meetings that start at 7:30 sharp
Wind up at 10:30 so dull!

MAY RICHSTONE

LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pontiac's Stoppin' the Shoppin'*

WITH AMERICA'S NUMBER (1) BUY!

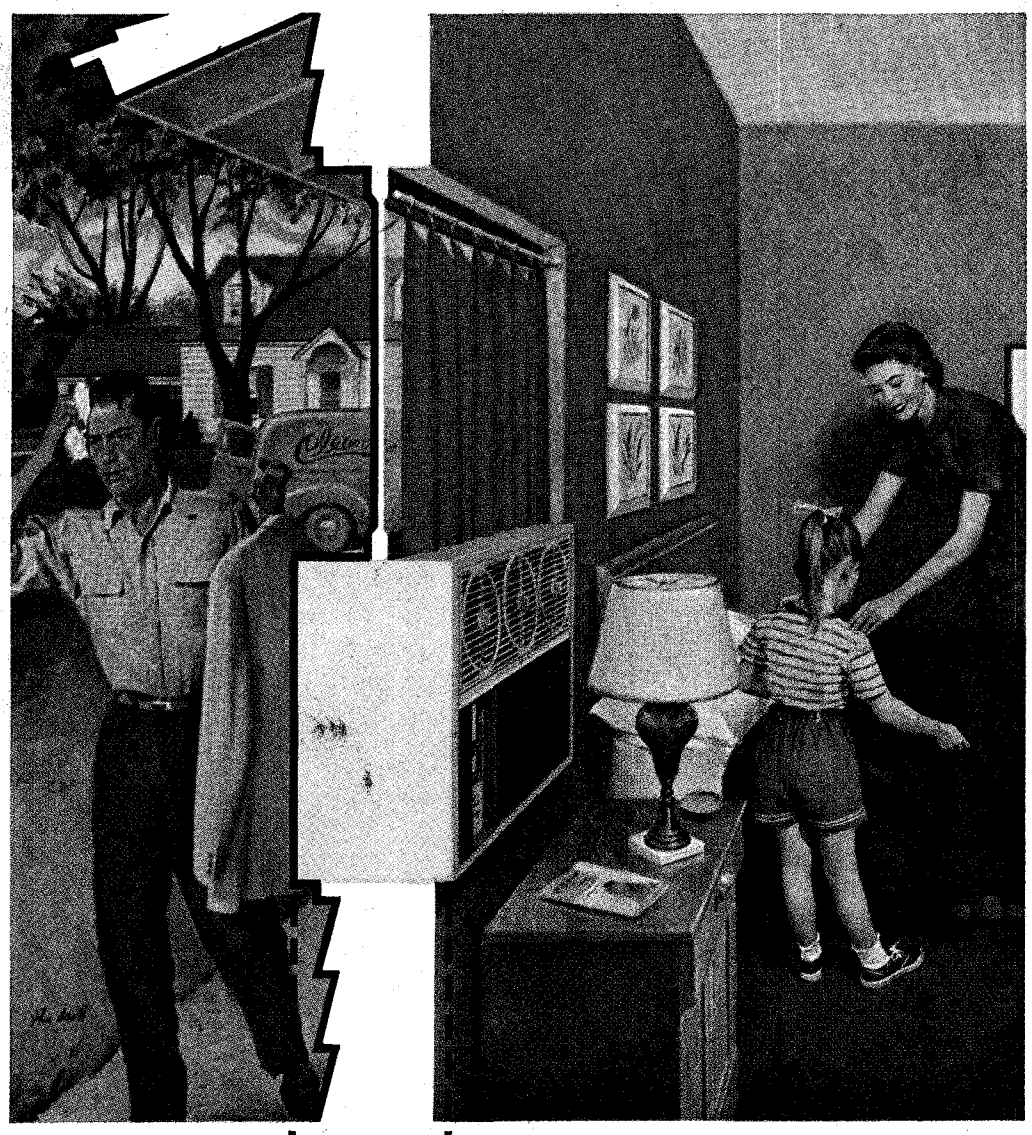
Take it from a lot of ex-shoppers . . . if it's value you want, Pontiac's the baby you can bank on! Talk about dollar stretching, Pontiac gives you over 17 feet of sculptured beauty and brawn set solidly astride a rock-ribbed X-member frame. Inside, there's man-size comfort, strapping big seats and plenty of leg-stretching luxury. Then, of course, there's new Level-Line Ride with its whisper-soothing smoothness, and Pontiac's Daytona-proved Strato-Streak V-8—a pair of prize winners that not even the high-priced jobs can boast! Sound like a fortune's worth of car? The surprising thing is that Pontiac prices actually start *below* 30 models of the low-price three! Come in for a look and a spin at the wheel. This shoppin' stoppin' honey will really give your spirits and budget a boost!

PONTIAC IS DAYTONA GRAND NATIONAL CHAMP!
A stock 317-h.p. Pontiac with Tri-Power Carburetion* beat all competing cars regardless of size, power or price in the biggest stock car event of '57! **Optional at extra cost on any model.*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

General Electric Thinline Air Conditioner has no unsightly overhang—inside or out



No matter what kind of windows, wiring, color scheme or budget you have, you can have the cool comfort of a modern General Electric Thinline.

Here's why the ideal air conditioner for your home is the General Electric *Thinline:*

It fits anywhere. So compact (only 16½ inches thin) that it fits almost any kind of window. Flush with inside wall, no unsightly overhang outside, takes up ⅓ less space than previous, old-style models.

It fits any wiring. Some *Thinlines* work on so little current that there's one to fit the electrical service you already have.

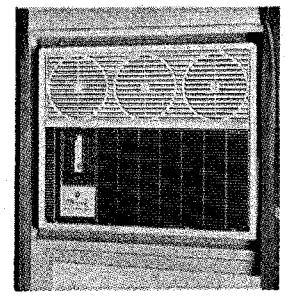
It fits any color scheme. Six cheerful spray-on colors blend your Custom *Thinline* models with any décor.

It fits any budget. Both the Custom *Thinline* (shown at bottom) and the even lower-priced De luxe model (left) are temptingly priced. So *now* there's really no reason to do without cool comfort. They come in ½, ¾, 1 and 1½-horsepower models, range from 5500 BTU's* to 13,350 BTU's.* Accessories include a *permanent* electronic filter (at extra cost).

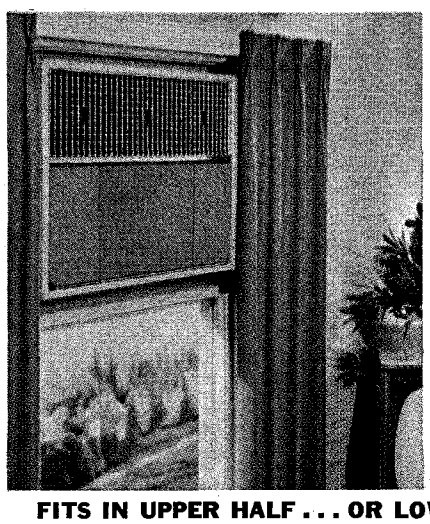
See your General Electric dealer now. General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Dept., Louisville 1, Ky.

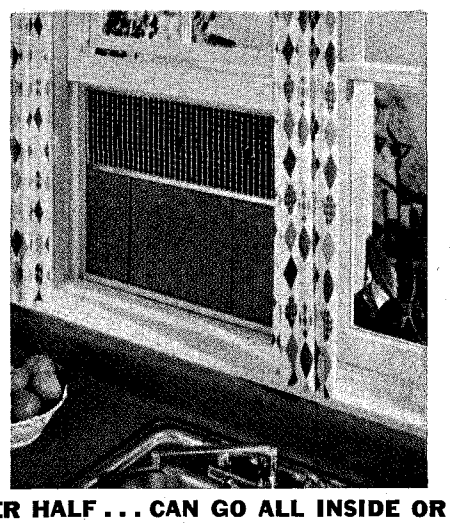
New 115-volt, 1-HP Thinline packs a 9,000 BTU* cooling capacity. Another *Thinline* works on 7.5 amperes, has a rating of 6600 BTU's.* Both are De luxe models, at hard-to-resist prices.

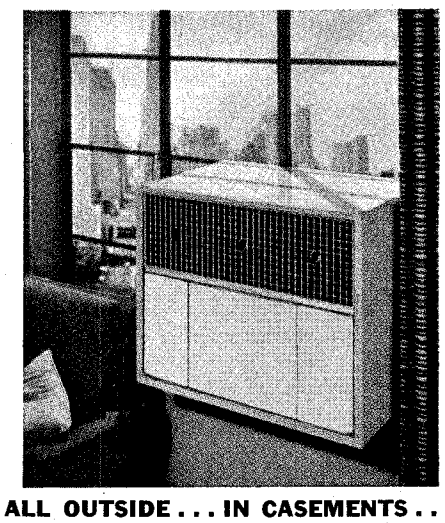
***Cooling capacities** are tested and rated in compliance with ARI (Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Institute) Standard 110-56 and are stated in BTU's (British Thermal Units).

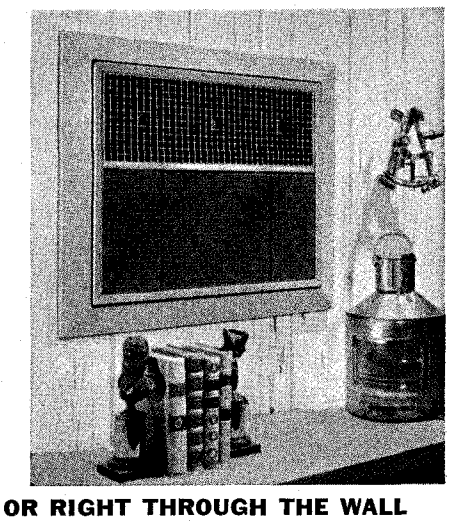


Only 16½ inches thin—takes up ⅓ less space, fits almost anywhere









FITS IN UPPER HALF . . . OR LOWER HALF . . . CAN GO ALL INSIDE OR ALL OUTSIDE . . . IN CASEMENTS . . . OR RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL

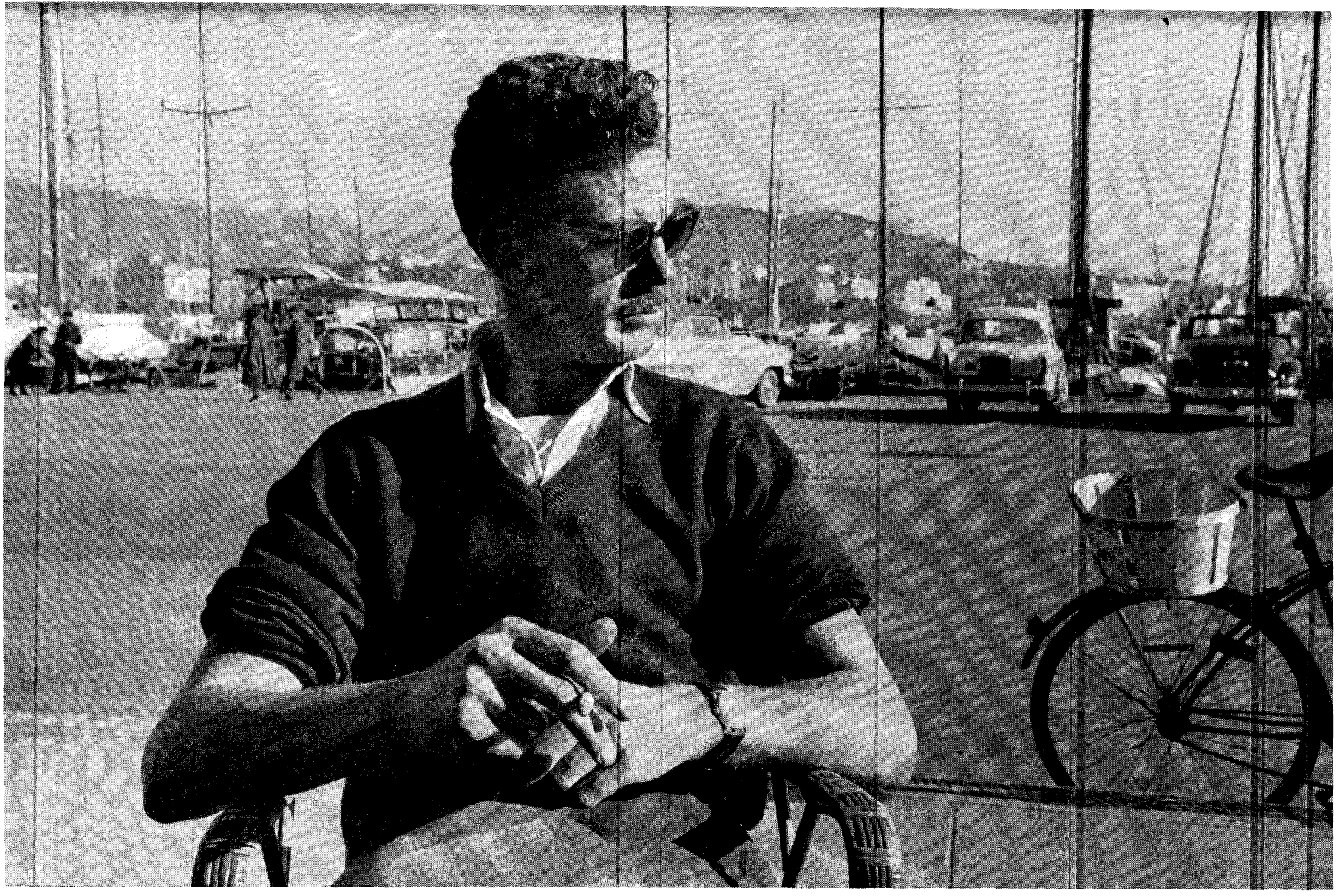
There are two General Electric *Thinline* styles—Custom and De luxe. Custom models, shown in four typical installations above, give you a choice of colors.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The author today at Cannes, France. "The most remarkable discovery," he says of his sightless months, "was that, after all, life was still livable and even amusing."

I Used to be Blind

By R. P. MULLER

A sightless man must fight more than his handicap: Self-pity, and the fear of loneliness. The author conquered all three.

"I'd prefer to know what to expect," I said. "Am I going to be blind?"

The young Irish house surgeon looked unhappy—quite as unhappy as I felt—and I remember thinking that he was really too sensitive and emotional a man for the heartbreaks that must be a part of his life. "I'm afraid you'd better prepare for it," he said.

"Totally? For the rest of my life?"

"That would be the worst that could happen. But yes, it's possible."

It was one of those freak, million-to-one accidents. For nearly twenty years I had been blind in my right eye. That Sunday afternoon in Southampton, working on the boat I had saved for three years to buy, I had tapped a cold chisel, and a tiny flake of steel had chipped off, gone through the center of the good left eye, tearing up the lens and damaging the pupil, and embedded itself in the retina.

I felt no pain, but the little round blobs, like ink spots, that appeared in my field of vision warned me that something was wrong. I went immediately to the local eye hospital, where I heard the verdict: at best there would be a period of blindness, a number of operations, and the ultimate restoration of "useful" vision—enough to enable me to cross a street unaided and generally allow me to look after myself in the day-to-day business of living. At worst, that Sunday would be the last day I would see a face, or read a book, or walk, careless and unthinking, among people.

It was decided to send me to Moorfields Hospital, in London, one of the world's great eye hospitals. There were bleak and bitter periods in the months that followed, but none, I think, to compare with that two-hour train ride. It was then my sight began to fade. The quiet, neat English fields were brightly green under a warm spring sun, and while I watched from the window they became misty and gradually slipped out of focus. After an hour or so, I could no longer see my watch to tell the time. It began to rain as we approached London. My thoughts were not pleasant ones.

At Waterloo Station a friend was waiting, and a taxi took us through the wet, shining streets of the East End to Moorfields. Again I went through an exhaustive examination lasting over an hour. Although my sight was almost gone—by now I could just make out the top line on the eye chart; at Southampton I had read easily the next-to-bottom—I began to relax in the atmosphere of warm, sympathetic competence.

It was close to midnight when I was taken to the ward that was to be my home for five months, given a cup of tea and put to bed. When I awoke in the morning I was blind.

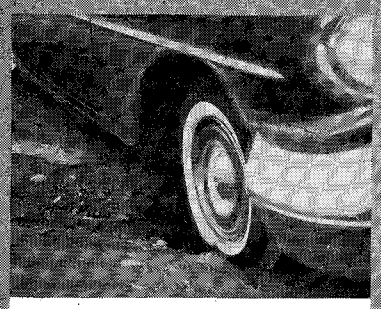
Or, perhaps, not completely blind. A thick white mist had settled in front of my eyes, and through it I could vaguely discern figures moving and patches of bright sunlight on the wall opposite. The first operation—the removal by a powerful magnet (Continued on Page 93)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

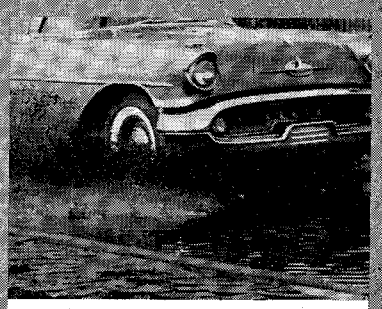
Wonderful new safety for all..

U.S. ROYAL NYLON CORD TIRES

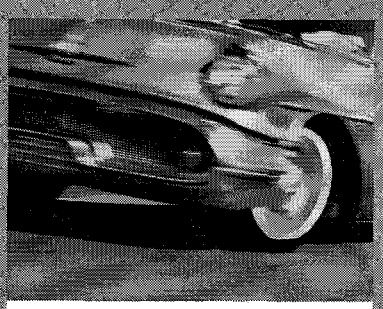
Everyone Can Now Afford This Extra Protection!



Extra blowout protection—U. S. Royal Nylon Cord Tires stand up against impact shocks and bruises that damage other tires, lead to blowouts.



Extra moisture resistance—U. S. Royal Nylon Cord Tires retain their greater strength under conditions that rot ordinary tire cords.



Extra flexing resistance—U. S. Royal Nylon Cord Tires better withstand the constant twisting and bending that lead to fatigue-caused blowouts.

Extra heat protection—U. S. Royal Nylon Cord Tires run cooler, safer at the extreme temperatures built up at sustained high speeds.

NEW

U.S. Royal Safety 8

Here is the tire of dramatic advances . . . "Life Seal" Air Retention, "Power Action" Tread and Traction, Fortified Body-Strength. Here is the added protection of U. S. Royal Nylon Cord. Now . . . you get *all* this extra safety for trifling more than standard tire construction!

Your U. S. Royal Dealer is listed in the yellow pages of your phone book. He has the complete line of U. S. Royal Tires. He will cheerfully arrange convenient credit terms that let you roll on U. S. Royals for as little as $1.25 a week.

US RUBBER

United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y. In Canada: Dominion Rubber Company, Ltd.

See things you never saw before. Visit U. S. Rubber's new Exhibit Hall, Rockefeller Center, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO BLADE OF GRASS

By JOHN CHRISTOPHER

In the desperate struggle to survive, the innocent fell victims first.

The three kidnapers of Ann and Mary Custance paid with their lives. "We'll get clear of here before we do anything else—just in case the shots have attracted anyone," Roger Buckley told his companions. He and John Custance were trying to lead their families to safety in a world gone mad. This marked the second time the group had been forced to kill in their flight to Blind Gill, the barricaded valley farm owned by John's brother. There they hoped to escape the sentence of doom which the government had secretly imposed on the nation as a result of the catastrophic destruction of the world's food supplies by the Chung-Li virus. Fleeing with the two families was the gun dealer, Pirrie, and his young wife, Millicent.

Now, as the party drove north again, the London radio broadcast news that a citizens' emergency council had discovered the government's drastic plan—to destroy the country's principal cities with hydrogen bombs so that the survivors could continue to exist on a subsistence level. "There's only one result news like that can have: nine million people on the move—anywhere, anyhow, but out," warned Roger.

IV

The sky had remained cloudless, and as they drove to the north the stars appeared overhead. Occasionally, in the distance, there were noises that might have been those of guns firing, but they were far away and indeterminate. John's eyes strayed to the left, half expecting to see the sky burst into atomic flame, but nothing happened. He was terribly tired, and had to rouse himself by an act of will. The women had been given the duty of keeping their husbands awake at the wheel, but Ann sat in a stiff immobility with her eyes staring into the night, saying nothing, and paying attention to nothing.

Occasionally, driving uphill, he looked back, to insure that the lights of the other cars were still following. Mary lay stretched out on the back seat, covered up with blankets and asleep. Even though brutality used toward the young, by reason of their defenselessness, provoked greater anger and greater pity, it was still true that they were resilient. Was the wind tempered to the shorn lamb? He grimaced. All the lambs were shorn now, and the wind was from the northeast, full of ice and black frost.

They skirted Harrogate and Ripon easily enough; their lights showed that they still had electricity supplies and gave them a comforting civilized look from a distance. Then they were approaching Masham. He knew it as a small market town on the banks of the Ure. The road curved sharply just beyond the river, and he slowed down for the bend.

The block had been well sited—far enough round the bend to be invisible from the other side, but near enough to prevent a car getting up any speed again. He had to brake to a stop, and before he could put the car into reverse he found a rifle pointing in at his side window. A stocky man in tweeds was holding it.

He said to John, "All right, then. Come on out."

John said, "What's the idea?"

The man stepped back as Pirrie's Minx swept round in its turn, but he kept his rifle steady on the Vauxhall. There were others, John saw, behind him. They covered the Minx and finally the Citroën, when it, too, came to a halt in front of the block.

The man in tweeds said, "What's this—a convoy? Any more of you?"

He had a jovial Yorkshire voice; the inflection did not seem at all threatening.

John pushed the door open. "We're traveling west," he said, "across the moors. My brother's a farmer in Westmorland. We're heading for his place."

"Where are you heading from, mister?" another voice asked.

"London."

"You got out quick, did you?" The man laughed. "Not a very 'ealthy place just now, London, I don't reckon."

Roger and Pirrie had both alighted; John was relieved to see that they had left their arms in the cars. Roger pointed to the roadblock.

(Continued on Page 120)

There was a distant crack, and at the same time the massive body turned inward and slumped to the ground.

Copyright © 1956 by John Christopher

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Admiral Hornblower (Continued from Page 43)

"I remember," said Hornblower, his cup of unhappiness filling to the brim. "I said I would not need the hands before morning."

"Yes, my lord. But they'll not be far. I'll send along the water front and find 'em. I'll have 'em back here in an hour."

"Thank you, Mr. Harcourt. Do your best. . . . Mr. Sharpe, we shall need to be towed as far as the Pass. Will you send and order a steam tug for us?"

Sharpe looked over at the dark man who had brought in the bearskin cap.

"Doubt if there'll be one before noon," said the dark man. "Daring took two—and I know now why she did. The President Madison's laid up. Toueur's gone up to Baton Rouge with flatboats. Ecrevisse—the one that brought this ship up—went down again in the afternoon. I think Temeraire's on her way up. We might be able to get her to turn round as soon as she arrives. And that's all there are."

"Noon," said Hornblower. "Thirteen hours' start. Daring'll be at sea before we leave here."

"And she's one of the fastest ships built," said Sharpe. "She logged fifteen knots when she was being chased by Tenedos during the war."

"What's the Mexican port where she'll take the soldiers on board?"

"It's only a village on a lagoon, Corpus Christi, my lord. Five hundred miles and a fair wind."

Hornblower could picture the Daring, with her beautiful lines and enormous spread of canvas, booming along before the trade wind. The little Crab in whose cabin he stood was not intended for fast ocean runs. On the run to Corpus Christi, Daring would certainly gain several hours. It would not take long to march or to ferry five hundred disciplined men on board, and then she would sail again.

Hornblower's weary brain balked at the contemplation of the immensely complex political situation in the lands within easy run of Corpus Christi. If he could guess, he might be able to anticipate Daring's arrival at the danger point; if he merely pursued her to Corpus Christi, he would almost certainly arrive there to find her already gone, soldiers and all.

"Daring's an American ship, my lord," said Sharpe, to add to his troubles.

That was an important point, a very important point. Daring had an ostensibly legal errand, and she flew the Stars and Stripes. He could think of no excuse for taking her into port for examination. His instructions had been very strict regarding his treatment of the American flag. No more than nine years ago America had gone boldly to war against the greatest maritime power in the world on account of the Royal Navy's attitude toward the American mercantile marine.

"She's armed, and she'll be full of men, my lord," said Gerard.

That was another important point, and a very positive point at that. With her twelve-pounders and five hundred disciplined soldiers—and her large American crew as well—she could laugh at anything Crab could threaten with her six-pounders and her crew of sixteen. Daring would be within her rights to refuse to obey any signals from Crab, and Crab could do nothing to compel obedience.

Shoot away a spar? Not so easy with a six-pounder, and even if no one were to be killed by accident, there would be a terrible diplomatic storm if he were to fire on the Stars and Stripes. Could he shadow her, so at least to be on hand when her real purpose was revealed? No; impossible. Anywhere out at sea Daring had only to spread her wings to a fair wind to leave Crab below the horizon in an afternoon, and then Daring could resume her true course unpursued.

Sweating in the stifling night, Hornblower felt like a lassoed wild animal. At every moment some fresh coil was being wound about him to render him more helpless. He was tempted, like a wild animal, to lose all self-control, to lapse into mad panic, to fling away all his strength in an explosion of rage. But it would not help.

He looked round at the circle of faces in the lamplight; the faces wore sober expressions. Pride came to help him. He would not sink to human weaknesses in the sight of these men.

"I shall sail in any case," he said coldly, "as soon as I have a crew and a steam tug."

"May I ask what your lordship intends to do?" asked Sharpe.

Hornblower had to think quickly to make a reasonable answer to this question; he had no idea. All he knew was that he was not going to give up without a struggle; no crisis was ever alleviated by wasting time.

"I shall employ what time I have here in the composition of orders for my squadron," he said. "My flag lieutenant will write them at my dictation, and I shall ask you, Mr. Sharpe, to undertake the distribution of them by all the means you find available."

"Very good, my lord."

Hornblower remembered at that moment something he should have done already. It was not too late; this part of his duty he must still carry out. And it would at least disguise the anguish he felt.

"Mr. Harcourt," he said, "I have to commend you greatly on the excellent way in which you executed my orders. You carried out the task of observing Daring in most exemplary fashion. You can be sure I shall call the attention of their lordships to your behavior."

"Thank you, my lord."

"And this man Jones," went on Hornblower. "No seaman could have acted with more intelligence. You made a good selection, Mr. Harcourt, and Jones justified it. I have it in mind to reward him. I can give him an acting rating and confirm it as soon as possible."

"Thank you, my lord. He has been rated before and disrated."

"Drink? Is that why he was denied shore leave?"

"I'm afraid so, my lord."

"Then what do you recommend?"

Harcourt was at a loss. "You could say to his face what you've already said to me, my lord. You could shake his hand."

Hornblower laughed. "And be known through the navy as the meanest admiral who ever flew a flag? No. A golden guinea at least. Two guineas. I'll give them to him myself, and I shall request you to give him three days' leave as soon as we see Kingston again. Let him have his debauch, if that is the only way in which we can reward him. I have to consider the feelings of the whole squadron."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

"Now, Mr. Gerard, I'll begin the writing of those orders."

It was indeed noon before Crab cast off and was taken in tow by the tug Temeraire; it was significant of Hornblower's state of mind that he never gave a thought to the implication of that glorious name. The interval before sail-

Easy on the eyes...

Sunglasses can make all the difference in the world but, except for their protective tint and perhaps the frame, they should *not* be different from your regular glasses.

You can have your everyday lenses duplicated in glare-absorbing tints, and fitted into any kind of frame you want . . .

Or, better still, if yours isn't a recent prescription, an up-to-date professional examination by your ophthalmologist or optometrist, can help make *all* your seeing easy on your eyes.

Presented as a public service in the interest of better vision, by Shuron Optical Company, Inc., Geneva, N. Y.—world's largest organization devoted exclusively to serving the ophthalmologist, optometrist and optician.

SHURON®

Our friends in the ophthalmic professions will recognize the girl in red hat and bathing suit, sitting in front of a red umbrella, as an application of the Gestalt figure-ground studies in visual perception.

GOOD VISUAL CARE DOESN'T COST...IT PAYS!

©1957 Shuron Optical Co., Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing, all the long, stifling morning, was taken up by the dictation of orders, to be dispersed to every ship of his squadron. An infinity of copies was necessary. Sharpe would send them under seal by every British ship leaving New Orleans for the West Indies, in the hope that should one of them encounter a king's ship his orders would be passed on without the delay of being sent to Kingston and then transmitted through official channels. Every ship of the West India squadron was to keep a sharp lookout for the American ship Daring. Every ship was to inquire her business, and was to ascertain, if possible, whether Daring had troops on board; but—Hornblower sweated more feverishly than ever as he worded this—captains of H.M.'s vessels were reminded of that passage in the commander in chief's original instructions regarding behavior toward the American flag. If troops were not on board, an effort was to be made to ascertain where they had been landed; if they were, Daring was to be kept in sight until they should be landed. Captains were to exercise a wide discretion regarding any interference with Daring's operations.

Seeing that these orders would not leave New Orleans until tomorrow, and would travel by slow merchant ships, it was hardly likely that they would reach any ship of the squadron before Daring had done whatever she planned to do. Yet it was necessary to take every possible precaution.

Hornblower signed twenty copies of his orders with a sweating hand, saw them sealed, and handed them over to Sharpe. They shook hands before Sharpe went down the gangway.

"Cambronne will head for Port-au-Prince or Havana, in my opinion, my lord," said Sharpe.

The two places were not more than a thousand miles apart.

"Might it not be Cartagena or La Guayra?" asked Hornblower with elaborate irony. Those places were about a thousand miles apart as well, and more than a thousand miles from Havana.

"It well might be," said Sharpe, the irony quite wasted on him. Yet it could not be said that he was unsympathetic regarding Hornblower's difficulties, for he went on, "The very best of good fortune, my lord, in any case. I am certain your lordship will command success."

Crab cast off, and Temeraire had her in tow, smoke and sparks belching from her funnels, much to Harcourt's indignation. He was afraid not only of fire but of stains on his spotless deck; he had the hands at work pumping up water from overside, continuously soaking deck and rigging.

"Breakfast, my lord?" said Gerard at Hornblower's elbow.

Breakfast? It was one o'clock in the afternoon. He had not been to bed. He had drunk far too much last night, and he had had a busy morning, an anxious morning, and he was as desperately anxious at this moment. His first reaction was to say no; then he remembered how he had complained yesterday—only yesterday? It seemed more like a week ago—about his delayed breakfast. He would not allow his agitation to be so obvious.

"Of course. It could have been served more promptly, Mr. Gerard," he said, hoping he was displaying the irascibility of a man who had not broken his fast.

"Aye, aye, my lord," said Gerard. He had been Hornblower's flag lieutenant for several months now, and knew nearly as much about Hornblower's moods as a wife might have. He knew, too, of Hornblower's kindly interior. He had received his appointment as the son of an old friend, at a moment when admirals' sons and dukes' sons had yearned to serve as flag lieutenant to the fabulous Hornblower.

Hornblower forced himself to eat his fruit and his boiled eggs, to drink his coffee despite the heat. He whiled away a considerable time before he came on deck again, and during that period he had actually contrived to forget his problems—at least nearly to forget them. But they returned in full force as soon as he came on deck again. So harassing were they that he could feel no interest in this still unusual method of navigating a river, no interest in the low banks that were going by so fast alongside. This hurried departure from New Orleans was only a gesture of despair, after all. He could not hope to catch the Daring. She would bring off whatever coup she had in mind almost under his very nose and leave him the laughingstock of the world—of his world, at least. This would be the last command he would ever hold.

Hornblower looked back over the years of half pay he had endured since Waterloo. They had been dignified and happy years, one would think, with a seat in the Lords and a position of influence in the county, a loving wife and a growing son, but he had not been living the right life, even so. The five years

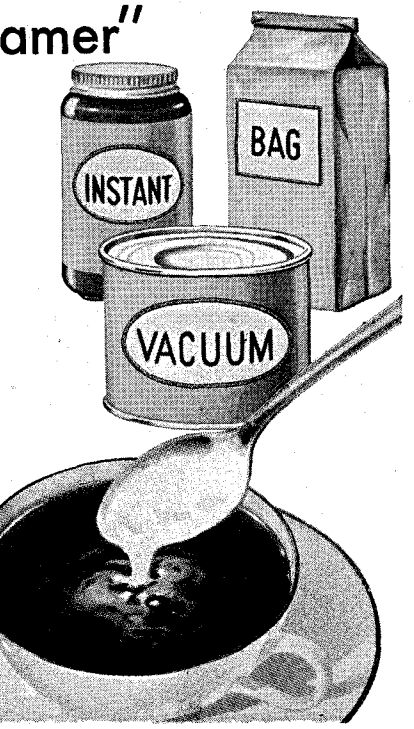
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think this is the day, Marcia!"

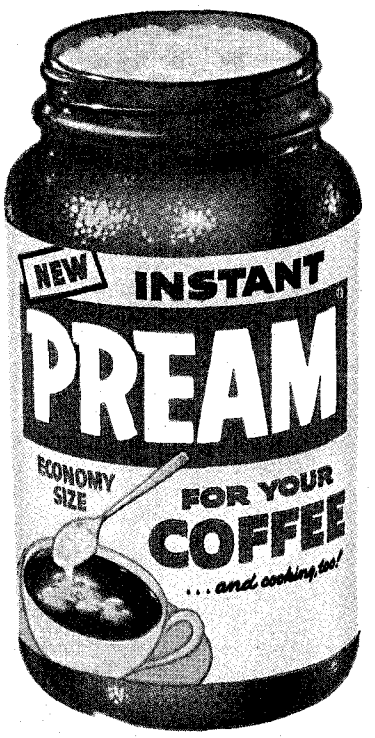
SAVE 20¢ on your FAVORITE COFFEE

and discover New Instant PREAM—delicious coffee "creamer"

This Special Offer good on any coffee



DO THIS NOW: Mail coupon on this page and one Pream label (Economy or Regular Size) *plus:* one label from *any* instant coffee, *or* one inch of metal winding strip from *any* coffee can, *or* the front half of *any* coffee bag to PREAM, BOX #1, Clinton, Iowa.



However you "cream" your coffee—

You'll love the fresh taste and the convenience of PREAM

Extra creaminess. Pream is made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products. The exclusive Pream® process captures their fresh taste for your table.

Extra convenience. The new Economy Size "creams" up to 70 cups of coffee. Never spills or spoils in daily use. Always handy!

Extra economy. Buy Pream in the big new Economy Size and save. Look for it at your favorite food store next time you shop!

© 1957, H. C. MOORES CO., COLUMBUS 16, OHIO

PREAM, Box #1, Clinton, Iowa

I am enclosing one PREAM jar label *plus*: one label from *any* instant coffee, *or* one inch of metal winding strip from *any* coffee can, *or* the front half of *any* coffee bag. Please send me 20¢ in cash.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Limit 1 per family. Offer good in U.S. and Canada. Expires June 30, 1957.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have your new

SWEPT-WING

Dodge

(see opposite page)

delivered with

SOLEX

SAFETY GLASS

Your new Dodge will be even safer . . . driving will be even more enjoyable and comfortable . . . when it is equipped with a Solex windshield and windows. The soft, greenish tint of Solex Safety Glass lessens eyestrain, guards against the glare of intense sunlight. It keeps your car's interior cooler, because Solex absorbs at least 50% of the total solar heat.

Why not get all these additional advantages when you buy your new Dodge? The cost is less than you think.

SOLEX®

is a product of

PITTSBURGH

PLATE GLASS COMPANY

PPG

after Waterloo until at last the course of nature brought his promotion to flag rank had been fretful years; he had realized it only when he knew the intense joy of his appointment to the West Indies. Now all the years to come until he went down into the grave would be as dreary as those five—more dreary, because they would be unrelieved by the hope of future employment at sea.

Here he was, pitying himself, he said to himself bitterly, when what he should be doing was working out the problems set him. What was it Cambronne had in mind? If he could head him off, arrive triumphantly at the place where Cambronne intended to strike his blow, he could retrieve his reputation. He might be able, with great good fortune, to intervene decisively. But there was turmoil everywhere through Spanish America, and through the West Indies as well, save for the British colonies. One place was as likely as another; in any case, it would be extremely doubtful if he would have any excuse to interfere—Cambronne probably held a commission from Bolivar or some other leader; but, on the other hand, the precautions Cambronne had taken seemed to imply that he would at least prefer that the Royal Navy would not have a chance to intervene. Intervene? With a crew of sixteen, not counting supernumeraries, and with nothing larger than a six-pounder? Rubbish. He was a fool. But he must think, think, think.

"It will be sunset before we sight St. Philip, my lord," reported Harcourt, saluting.

"Very well, Mr. Harcourt."

There would be no salutes fired, then. He would make his departure from the United States with his tail between his legs, so to speak. There could hardly fail to be comment about the briefness of his visit. Sharpe might do his best to explain why he had left so hurriedly, but any explanation would be unsatisfactory. In every way this command for which he had yearned was turning out to be a ridiculous fiasco.

Even this visit, to which he had looked forward so eagerly, was a disappointment. He had seen almost nothing of New Orleans, of America or of the Americans. He could take no interest in this vast Mississippi. His problems deprived him of interest in his surroundings, and his surroundings distracted him from a proper attention to his problems. This fantastic method of progression, for instance—Crab was going through the water at a good five knots, and there was the current as well. Quite a breeze was blowing past him in consequence; it was extraordinary to be going ahead with the wind dead foul, without a heel or a pitch, with the standing rigging uttering a faint note and yet not a creak from the running rigging.

"Your dinner is served, my lord," said Gerard, appearing on deck again.

Darkness was closing in round the Crab as Hornblower went below, but the cabin was hot and stuffy.

"Scotch broth, my lord," said Giles, putting a steaming plate before him.

Hornblower dipped his spoon perfunctorily into the plate, tried to swallow a few mouthfuls, and laid his spoon down again. Giles poured him a glass of wine; he wanted neither wine nor soup, yet he must not display human weaknesses. He forced himself to take a little more of the soup, enough to preserve appearances.

"Chicken Marengo, my lord," said Giles, putting another plate before him.

Appearances were more easily preserved with chicken; Hornblower haggled the joints apart, ate a couple of mouthfuls and laid down his knife and fork. They would report to him from the deck if the miracle had happened—if Daring's two steam tugs had broken down or if Daring had run aground and they were passing her triumphantly. Absurd hope. He was a fool.

Giles cleared the table, reset it with cheese dish and cheese plate, and poured a glass of port. A sliver of cheese, a sip of port, and dinner might be considered over. Giles set out the silver spirit lamp, the silver coffeepot, the porcelain cup—Barbara's last present to him. Somehow there was comfort in coffee despite his misery; the only comfort in a black world.

On deck again it was quite dark. On the starboard bow gleamed a light, moving steadily aft to the starboard beam; that must be one of the lighthouses installed by the Americans to make the navigation of the Mississippi as convenient by night as by day. It was one more proof of the importance of this developing commerce—the fact that as many as six steam tugs were being constantly employed was a further proof.

"If you please, my lord," said Harcourt in the darkness beside him. "We are approaching the Pass. What orders, my lord?"

What could he do? He could only play a losing game out to the bitter end. He could only follow Daring, far, far astern of her, in the hope of a miracle, a fortunate accident. The odds were a hundred to one that by the time he reached Corpus Christi the bird would be flown, completely vanished. Yet perhaps the Mexican authorities, if there were any, or local gossip, if he could pick up any, might afford him some indication of the next destination of the Imperial Guard.

"As soon as we are at sea set a course for Corpus Christi, if you please, Mr. Harcourt."

"Aye, aye, my lord. Corpus Christi."

"Study your sailing directions for the Gulf of Mexico, Mr. Harcourt, for the pass into the lagoon there."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

That was done then, the decision was taken. Yet he stayed up on deck, trying to wrestle with the problem in all its vague and maddening complexity.

He felt rain on his face and soon it was falling in torrents, roaring on the deck, soaking his best uniform. His cocked hat weighed on his head like lead with the accumulation of water in the brim. He was about to take shelter below when his mind began to follow an old train of thought, and he stayed. Gerard loomed up in the darkness with his sou'wester and oilskins, but he paid no attention to him. Was it possible that all this was a false alarm? That Cambronne had nothing else in mind than to take back the Guard to France? No, of course not. He would not have taken six hundred muskets on board in that case, nor bales of uniforms, and there would have been no need for a hurried and clandestine departure.

"If you please, my lord," said Gerard, standing insistently by with his oilskins.

Hornblower remembered how, before he left England, Barbara had taken Gerard to one side and had talked to him long and earnestly. No doubt she had been telling him of the need to see that he did not get wet and that he had his meals regularly.

"Too late now, Mr. Gerard," he said, with a grin. "I'm soaked through."

"Then please, my lord, go below and shift your clothes."

There was genuine anxiety in Gerard's voice, a real concern. The rain was roaring on Gerard's oilskins in the darkness like the niter crusher of a powder mill.

"Oh, very well," said Hornblower.

He made his way down the little companion, Gerard following him.

"Giles!" called Gerard sharply; Hornblower's servant appeared at once. "Put out dry clothes for his lordship."

Giles began to bustle round the little cabin, kneeling on the deck to fish a fresh shirt out of a chest. Half a gallon of water cascaded down beside him as Hornblower took off his hat.

"See that his lordship's things are properly dried," ordered Gerard.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Giles, with sufficient restrained patience in his tone to make Gerard aware that it was an unnecessary order. Hornblower knew that both these men were fond of him. So far, their affection had survived his failure—for how long?

"Very well," he said in momentary irritation. "I can look after myself now."

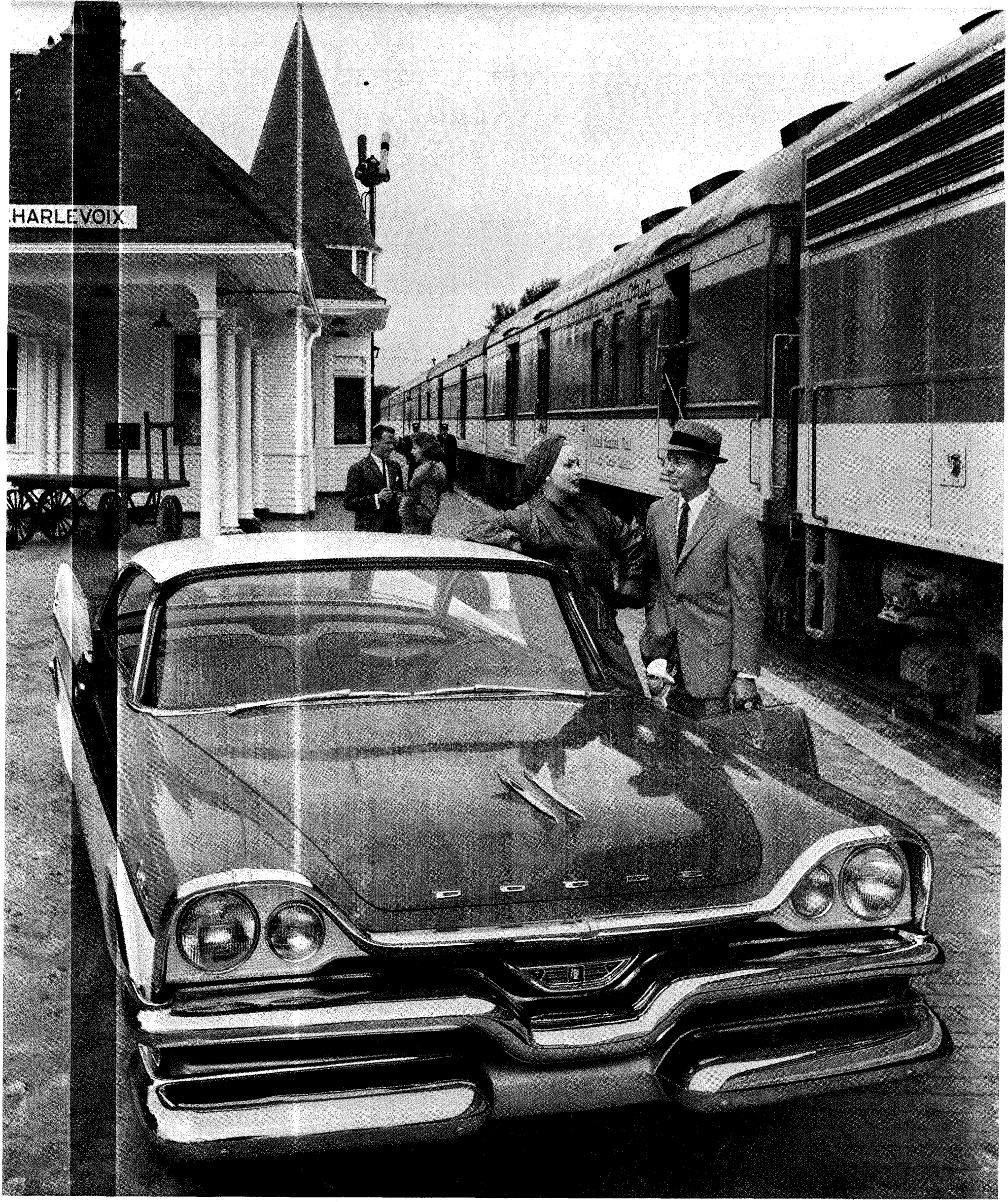
He stood alone in the cabin, stooping under the deck beams. Unbuttoning his soaking uniform coat, he realized he was still wearing his ribbon and star; the ribbon, as he passed it over his head, was soaking wet too. Ribbon and star mocked at his failure, just at the very moment when he was sneering at himself for hoping again that Daring might have gone aground somewhere during her passage down the river.

A tap at the door brought Gerard back into the cabin. (*Continued on Page 58*)

"Now doesn't this beat just sitting around talking?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DETROIT AUTOMOBILE CIRCLES are buzzing about the buying surge to the new "Swept-Wing" Dodge. Car is 4½ feet low on a big 122″ wheelbase, powered by unique aircraft-type engine rated up to 310 hp. Autodynamic advances include revolutionary suspension system (Torsion-Aire) which virtually eliminates road-sway and brake-dip, isolates vibration. Driver controls all speed ranges of new transmission by push button. Lowest-priced model of Dodge line is selling in Detroit for $2165, including taxes. Others up to $3600. Dodge president, M. C. (Matt) Patterson, sums up spectacular sales this way: "Every 45 seconds somebody 'joins the swing to Swept-Wing' and buys a new Dodge." The new car is currently on display at local Dodge dealers.

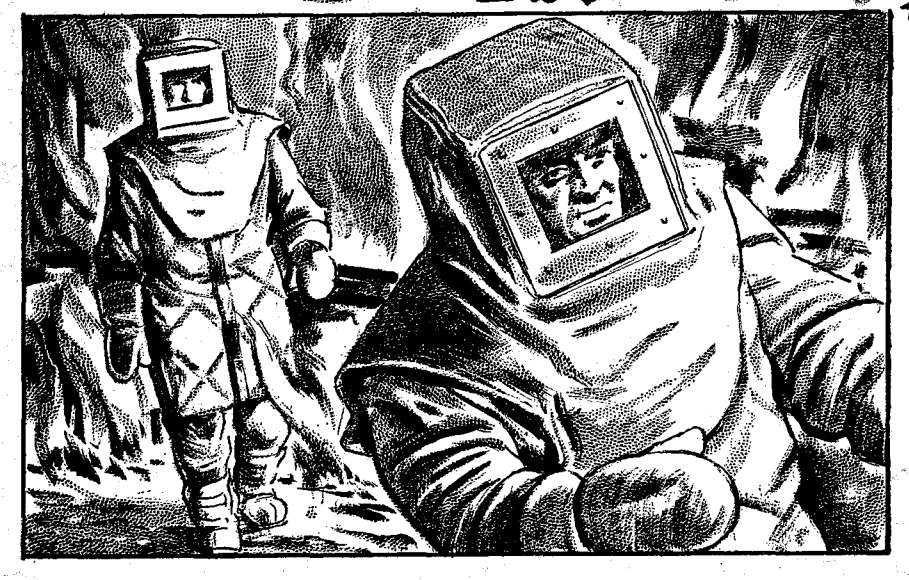
This is an advertisement by Dodge

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TINY BATTLE BUG JUMPS...SPRINTS... AND SWIMS!

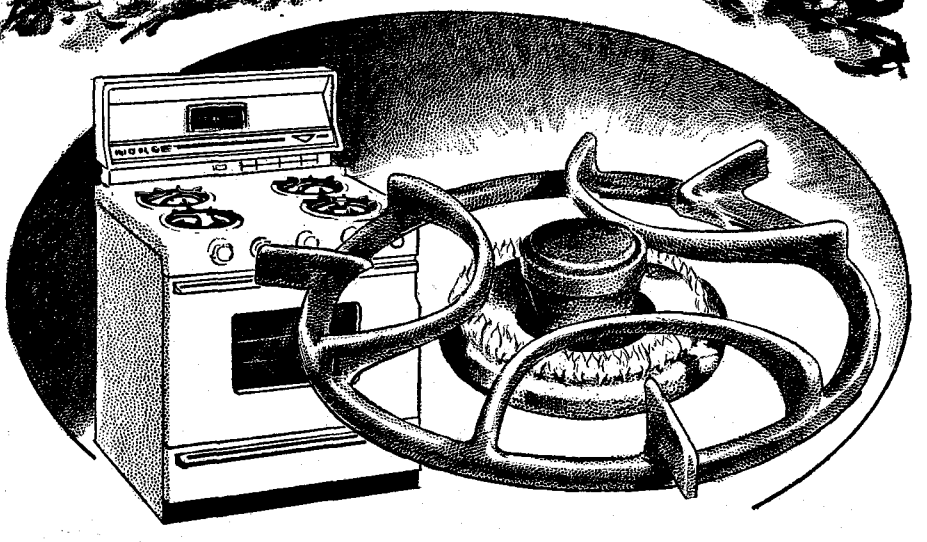
RIPLEY'S—B

THIS VERSATILE COMBAT VEHICLE GOES ANYWHERE FAST... LUGS SOLDIERS OR A TON OF CARGO. IT CHUTES INTO BATTLE EASILY... SPEEDS OVER ROUGH TERRAIN... EVEN SWIMS RIVERS BY SPINNING ITS WHEELS. WHEN WHEELS SPIN FREELY, THEN GRAB SOLID EARTH, A VICIOUS SHOCK IS DELIVERED TO THE DRIVE LINE-- PARTICULARLY TO THE MAIN UNIVERSAL JOINT WHICH GIVES THE LINE ITS FLEXIBILITY. THE SPECIAL JOINT NEEDED TO TAKE THE ABUSE COMES FROM **B-W'S MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT.** IT'S TOUGH AND LONG-WEARING!



SUITS OF ALUMINUM FOIL TURN BACK 2850-DEGREE HEAT!

FIRE 3000 DEGREES HOT--YET THE FIREMEN FEEL BARELY 100 DEGREES. THE ALUMINUM FOIL ALONE ON THEIR SUITS REFLECTS 95% OF THE HEAT! IT IS THIS SAME KIND OF FOIL THAT MAKES ALFOL* INSULATION FOR BUILDINGS SO EFFECTIVE. MADE BY **B-W'S REFLECTAL,** ALFOL TURNS BACK 95% OF RADIANT SUN HEAT, KEEPS HOUSES COOLER. IN WINTER IT HOLDS HEAT IN, CUTS FUEL BILLS 25%.



ANY COOKING PAN BECOMES AUTOMATIC ON THIS NEW GAS BURNER!

"BOIL-OVERS" AND BURNT FOODS CAN BE A THING OF THE PAST WITH THE "MEAL SENTRY" BURNER **B-W'S NORGE** OFFERS IN ITS NEW GAS RANGES. ON IT, PANS BECOME AUTOMATIC APPLIANCES. YOU DIAL THE NEEDED COOKING TEMPERATURE. THE CONTROL IN THE BURNER'S CENTER, PRESSING AGAINST THE PAN, SENSES ANY CHANGE. IT TURNS UP OR LOWERS THE FLAME TO MAINTAIN THE CORRECT HEAT.

DESIGN IT BETTER... MAKE IT BETTER BORG-WARNER®

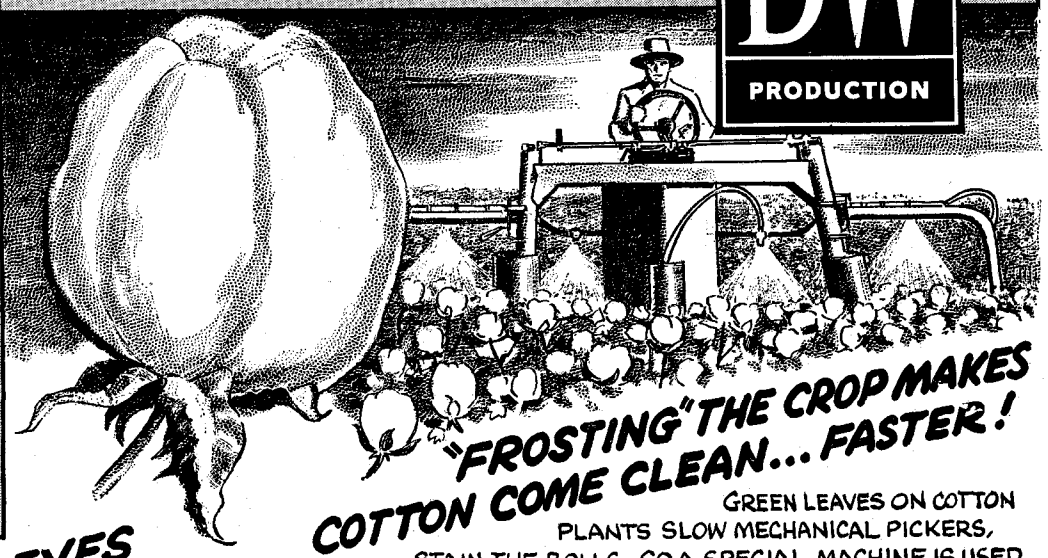
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Believe It or Not!

ENGINEERING **B-W** PRODUCTION T.M.

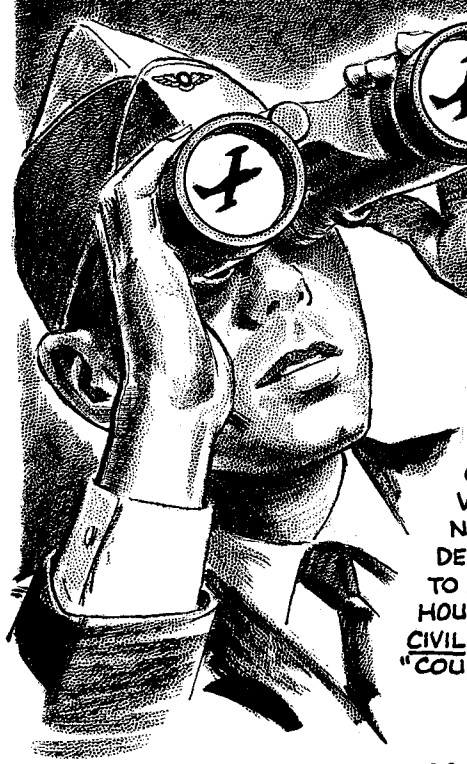
BORG-WARNER SKILL AND INGENUITY BENEFIT ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN EVERY DAY THROUGH THE AUTOMOTIVE, AVIATION, MARINE, FARM MACHINERY AND HOME EQUIPMENT FIELDS!

19 OUT OF THE *20* MAKES OF CARS CONTAIN ESSENTIAL ***B-W*** PARTS. EVERY COMMERCIAL PLANE AND MANY SHIPS HAVE VITAL ***B-W*** COMPONENTS. *9* OUT OF *10* FARMS USE ***B-W*** EQUIPPED MACHINES. EVERY OIL FIELD USES ***B-W*** EQUIPMENT. MILLIONS OF HOMES HAVE ***B-W*** BUILDING MATERIALS, EQUIPMENT AND APPLIANCES.



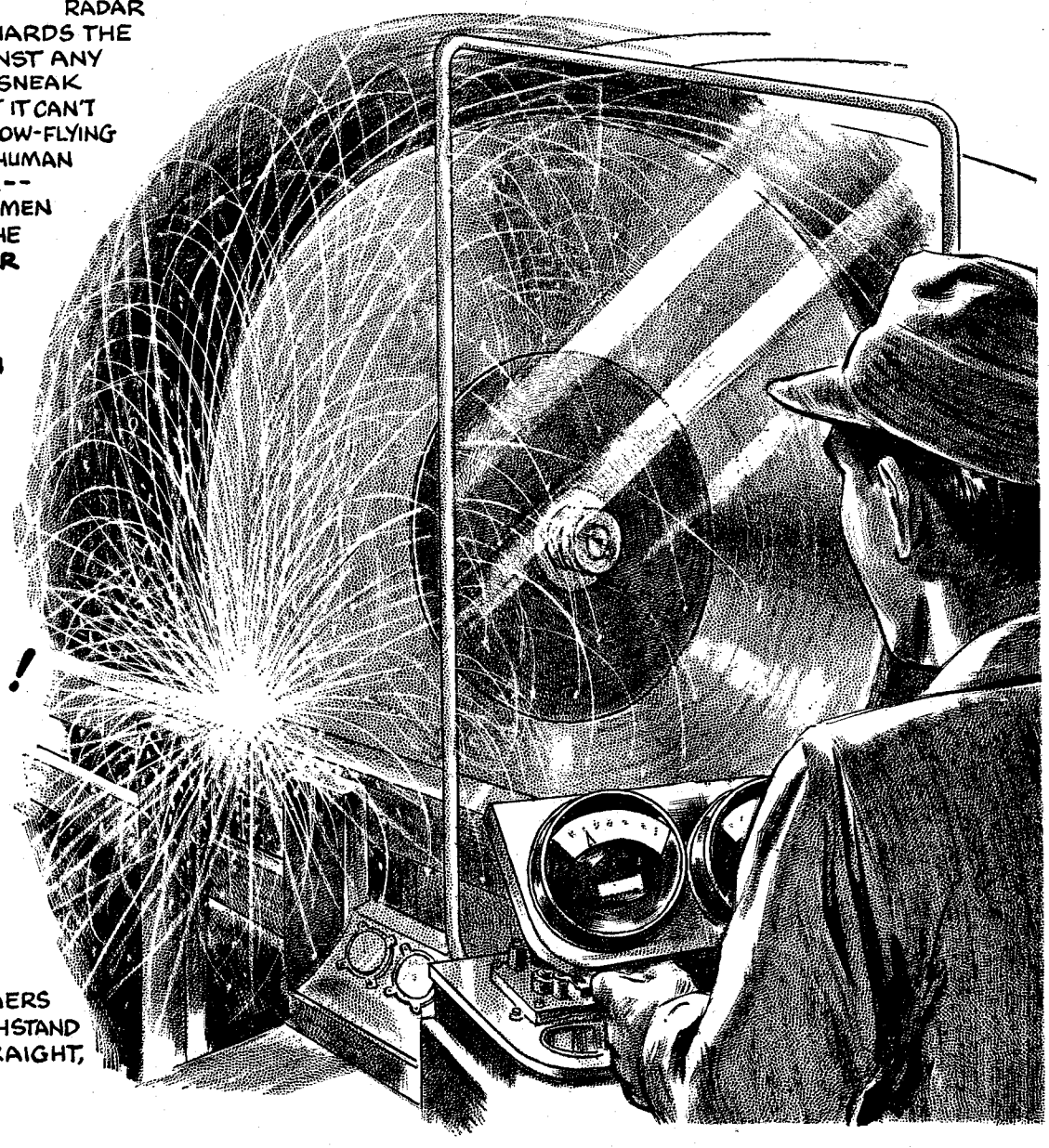
"FROSTING" THE CROP MAKES COTTON COME CLEAN... FASTER!

GREEN LEAVES ON COTTON PLANTS SLOW MECHANICAL PICKERS, STAIN THE BOLLS. SO A SPECIAL MACHINE IS USED TO SPRAY THE PLANTS WITH CHEMICALS THAT ACT LIKE A KILLING FROST... MAKE LEAVES DROP OFF. FULL EFFECTIVENESS REQUIRES UNIFORM SPRAYING. A MULTI-SPEED TRANSMISSION FROM **B-W'S WARNER GEAR** PERMITS EXACT SPEED CONTROL OF THE MACHINE IN THE ROWS.



HUMAN EYES CAN SEE MORE THAN RADAR!

RADAR GUARDS THE U.S. AGAINST ANY HIGH-FLYING SNEAK BOMBERS. BUT IT CAN'T ALWAYS "SEE" LOW-FLYING PLANES. HERE HUMAN EYES SEE MORE-- THE EYES OF THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE **GROUND OBSERVER CORPS.** CIVILIAN VOLUNTEERS ARE NEEDED IN THIS VITAL DEFENSE ORGANIZATION TO SERVE ONLY TWO HOURS A WEEK. CONTACT CIVIL DEFENSE. SAY, "COUNT ON ME!"



FRICTION SAW MELTS ITS WAY THROUGH SOLID STEEL!

AS THIS SAW WHIRLS AT A 6-MILES-A-MINUTE RATE, THE CUTTING IS DONE BY FRICTION RATHER THAN BY THE TEETH. RUBBING AGAINST STEEL, THE BLADE CREATES SUCH HEAT THAT THE METAL AHEAD OF IT ACTUALLY MELTS. THESE FRICTION CUTTING SAWS MUST BE EXTRA TOUGH, HIGHLY ACCURATE. **B-W'S ATKINS SAW** PRECISION TEMPERS THE BLADES, THEN HAMMERS THEM TO PROPER TENSION BY HAND. THEY WITHSTAND THE HEAT, RUN TRUE AT HIGH SPEEDS FOR STRAIGHT, SMOOTH CUTTING.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

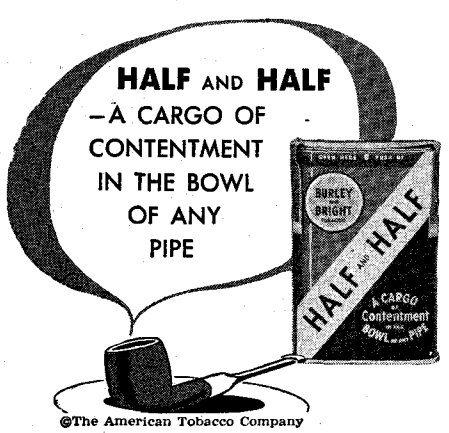
These units form BORG-WARNER, *Executive Offices, 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Research Center, Des Plaines, Ill.* **DIVISIONS:** ATKINS SAW • BORG & BECK • BUILDER SALES • BYRON JACKSON • CALUMET STEEL • FRANKLIN STEEL • INGERSOLL CONDITIONED AIR • INGERSOLL HUMPHRYES • INGERSOLL KALAMAZOO • INGERSOLL PRODUCTS • INGERSOLL STEEL • LONG MANUFACTURING • MARBON CHEMICAL • MARVEL-SCHEBLER PRODUCTS • MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT • NORGE • PESCO PRODUCTS • PRIMOR PRODUCTS • ROCKFORD CLUTCH • SPRING DIVISION • WARNER AUTOMOTIVE PARTS • WARNER GEAR • WOOSTER DIVISION • YORK. **SUBSIDIARIES:** B-W ACCEPTANCE CORP. • BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL • BORG-WARNER, LTD. • BORG-WARNER SERVICE PARTS • BYRON JACKSON OF CANADA, LTD. • BYRON JACKSON CO., S.A. • BJ SERVICE, INC. • LONG MFG., LTD. • MORSE CHAIN • MORSE CHAIN OF CANADA, LTD. • REFLECTAL • WARNER GEAR, LTD. • WESTON HYDRAULICS, LTD. • YORK SHIPLEY, LTD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Relax—and be content

ONLY **HALF** AND **HALF** GIVES YOU SUCH COMPLETE CONTENTMENT

Relax—and be content. Enjoy the pleasure of a bowlful of aromatic **HALF** AND **HALF.** Each puff of this matchless tobacco brings you *deep-down* satisfaction . . . helps you feel at ease. Even the aroma carries contentment. Contentment for you and everybody near you. Enjoy a wonderful feeling of well-being. Buy **HALF** AND **HALF** in the pocket tin—today!



©The American Tobacco Company

(*Continued from Page 54*) "I said I could look after myself," snapped Hornblower.

"Message from Mr. Harcourt, my lord," said Gerard, unabashed. "The tug will be casting off soon. The wind is fair, a strong breeze, east by north."

"Very well."

A strong breeze, a fair wind, would be all in Daring's favor. Crab might have stood a chance of overhauling her in fluky contrary airs. Fate had done everything possible to load the dice against him.

Giles had taken the opportunity to slip back into the cabin. He took the wet coat from Hornblower's hand.

"Didn't I tell you to get out?" blared Hornblower cruelly.

"Aye, aye, my lord," replied Giles imperturbably. "What about this—this cap, my lord?"

He had picked up the bearskin cap of the Imperial Guard, which was still lying in the locker.

"Oh, take it away!" roared Hornblower.

He had kicked off his shoes and was reaching to tug off his stockings when the thought struck him; he remained stooping to consider it.

A bearskin cap—bales and bales of bearskin caps. Why? Muskets and bayonets, he could understand. Uniforms, too, perhaps. But who in their sane senses would outfit a regiment for service in tropical America with bearskin caps? He straightened up slowly, and stood still again, thinking deeply. Even uniform coats with buttons and embroidery would be out of place among the ragged ranks of Bolivar's hordes; bearskin caps would be quite absurd.

"Giles!" he roared; and, when Giles appeared round the door, "Bring that cap back to me!"

He took it into his hands again; within him surged the feeling that he held in his hands the clue to the mystery. There was the heavy chain of lacquered brass, the brazen Imperial eagle. Cambronne was a fighting soldier of twenty years' experience in the field; he would never expect men wearing things like this to wage war in the pestilential swamps of Central America or the stifling canebrakes of the West Indies. Then —— The Imperial Guard in their uniforms and bearskins, already historic, would be associated in everyone's mind with the Bonapartist tradition, even now making itself felt as a political force. A Bonapartist movement? In Mexico? Impossible. In France, then?

Within his wet clothes Hornblower felt a sudden surge of warmth as his blood ran hot with the knowledge that he had guessed the solution. St. Helena! Bonaparte was there, a prisoner, an exile in one of the loneliest islands in the world. Five hundred disciplined troops arriving by surprise out of a ship flying American colors would set him free.

And then? There were few ships in the world faster than the Daring. Sailing for France, she would arrive there before any warning could reach the civilized world. Bonaparte would land with his Guard—oh, the purpose of the uniforms and bearskins was quite plain. Everyone would remember the glories of the Empire. The French Army would flock to his standard as it had done once before when he returned from Elba. The Bourbons had already outworn their welcome—Sharpe had remarked how they were acting as international busybodies in the hope of dazzling the people with a successful foreign policy. Bonaparte would march again to Paris without opposition. Then the world would be in a turmoil once more. Europe would experience again the bloody cycle of defeat and victory.

After Elba a campaign of a hundred days had been needed to overthrow Bonaparte at Waterloo, but a hundred thousand men had died during those hundred days, and vast sums of money had been expended. This time it might not even be as easy as that. Bonaparte might find allies in the disturbed state of Europe. There might be twenty more years of war, leaving Europe in ruins. Hornblower had fought through twenty years of war; he felt physically sick at the thought of their repetition. The prospect was so monstrous that he went back through the deductions he had been making, but he could not avoid reaching the same conclusion.

Cambronne was a Bonapartist; no man who had been commander in chief of the Imperial Guard could be anything else. It was even indicated by a trifle—he had worn the Bonapartist Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honor instead of the Bourbon Grand Cordon which had been substituted for it. He had done that with Vautour's knowledge and agreement. Vautour was a servant of the Bourbons, but he must be a traitorous one; the whole business of chartering the Daring and sending her fatal freight on board could have been carried out only with the connivance of the French authorities—presumably France was riddled with a fresh Bonapartist conspiracy. The baroness' behavior was further proof.

Central America and the West Indies might be in a turmoil, but there was no particular strategic point there—as he well knew, after so much wondering about it—inviting an invasion by the Imperial Guard in uniforms and bearskins. It must be St. Helena, and then France. He could have no doubt about it now. Now the lives of millions, the peace of the whole world, depended on the decisions he had to make at this moment.

There was a rush of feet on the deck just above his head. He heard ropes slapping down upon it, orders being given, loud creakings. The cabin suddenly leaned over sideways with the setting of sail, catching him completely unaware, so that he staggered and dropped the bearskin cap, which lay unnoticed at his feet. Crab rose to an even keel again. The deck under his feet felt suddenly lively, as if the breath of life had been breathed into it. They were at sea; they were heading for Corpus Christi. With the wind east by north, Crab would be running wing-and-wing, possibly. Now he had to think fast, with every second of value. He could not afford to run to leeward in this fashion if he was going to change his plans.

And he knew he was going to change them. He had yearned so desperately for a chance to guess whither Daring would head after calling at Corpus Christi. Now he could intervene. Now he had a chance to preserve the peace of the world. With his eyes, unseeing, focused upon an infinite distance, he stood in the swaying cabin calling up into his mental sight the charts of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean. The northeast trades blew across them, not quite as reliably at this time of year as during the winter, but constantly enough to be a calculable factor. A ship bound for the South Atlantic—for St. Helena—from Corpus Christi would be bound to take the Yucatán Channel. Then—especially if her business was such as not to invite attention—she would head for the shoulder of South America, down the center of the Caribbean, with scores of miles of open sea on either beam. But she would have to pass through the chain of the Antilles before breaking through into the Atlantic.

There were a hundred passages available, but only one obvious one, only one route that would be considered for a moment by a captain bound for St. Helena and with the trade winds to contend with. He would round Galera Point, the northernmost extremity of Trinidad. He would give it as wide a berth as possible, but he could not give it a very wide berth because to the northward of Galera Point lay the island of Tobago, and the Tobago Channel between the two was no more than—Hornblower could not be sure—exactly—certainly no more than fifty miles wide. In favorable conditions a single ship could patrol that channel and make certain that nothing passed through unsighted. It was a typical example of maritime strategy on a tiny scale. Sea power made its influence felt all over the wide oceans, but it was in the narrow seas, at the focal points, that the decisive moments occurred.

The Yucatán Channel would not be nearly as suitable as the Tobago Channel, for the former was more than a hundred miles wide. Crab would get there first; that could be taken for granted, seeing that Daring would have two sides of a triangle to cover, calling at Corpus Christi, and with a long beat to windward as a result. It would be best to employ the advantage so gained to hasten to the Tobago Channel. There would be just time to anticipate Daring there—just time—and there was a substantial chance that on the way he might meet some ship of his squadron, to take her along with him. A frigate, now. That would give him all the force he needed. He made his resolve at that moment, conscious as he did so of his quickened heartbeat.

"Giles!" shouted Hornblower.

Giles reappeared, and, within the wide discretion of a spoiled servant, displayed shocked disapproval at the sight of him still in his wet clothing.

"My compliments to Mr. Harcourt, and I would (*Continued on Page 60*)

A Stony Field

By Herbert Merrill

When my years stood at just
a score,
I gave my belt a hitch and
curled
My fingers on the plow and
swore
To carve a furrow round
the world.

I hadn't counted on the
stones,
The multitudes of rooted
rocks,
Nor on the stiffness of the
bones
That comes from calendars
and clocks.

Today upon my patch of
sod
I hitch my pants up as
before
And breathe a word of
thanks to God
That I don't own an acre
more.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Standard of Excellence on Five Continents

Longines

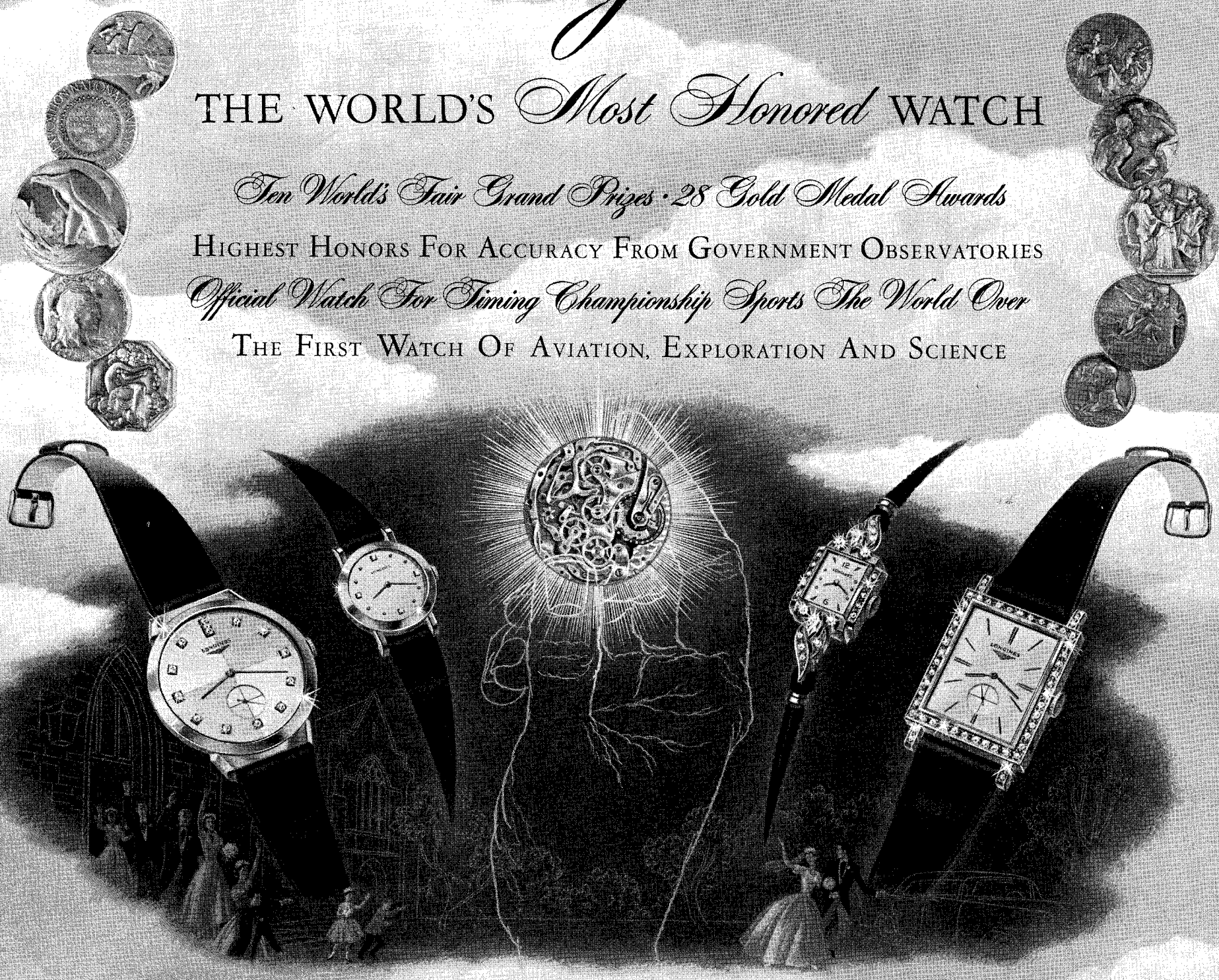
THE WORLD'S *Most Honored* WATCH

Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes · 28 Gold Medal Awards

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

Official Watch For Timing Championship Sports The World Over

THE FIRST WATCH OF AVIATION, EXPLORATION AND SCIENCE



Longines Watches At The Wedding

It's an old and lovely custom... on the wedding day, bride and groom present Longines watches to each other. For this wedding season, there's a new collection of Longines watches in festive styles to mark the day with golden hours. These handsome Longines "couples" vow constancy in time-keeping, as do all Longines watches. Surpassing excellence, elegance and prestige make Longines the perfect gift watch for any occasion... for a wedding, an anniversary, a birthday, or just to say "I love you". And, though the Longines watch you select costs as little as $71.50, in the whole wide world there is no watch of finer quality. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.

Longines diamond watches—at the wedding and through the years, a cherished symbol to mark the happy hours. Left to right: Rajah—14 diamonds set in the dial, 14K gold case, $275; Diamond Eldorado—14K gold case, 4 diamonds, $150; Starlight Splendor—magnificent 14K gold case set with 22 round and 2 marquise diamonds, $475; Diamond Signet—the 18K gold case is fully paved with 52 diamonds, $495. Movement shown: Longines Olympic Timer.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If your headlamps look like these—

DISCOLORED REFLECTORS absorb up to half of the light output, rather than reflect it. Dirt and moisture can't enter General Electric *All-Weather* Headlamps *—reflectors stay shiny.*

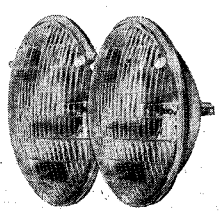
WATER DROPLETS inside the lens scatter the light, help discolor metal reflectors. Not with G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps—*moisture can't possibly get inside.*

BLACKENED BULBS block light from the filament and cause a dangerous drop in light output. Not with G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps—*there are no inner bulbs.*

you need a pair of new G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps

G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps give you lots more light...plus:

(1) Better seeing in fog, rain, snow. The lower beam filament is shielded to cut down reflected glare. You see better in any weather. **(2) Lower beam puts twice the light 300 feet ahead at the curb.** You can see better against the glare of oncoming cars. **(3) Upper beam reaches far and wide.** For open road driving, upper beam filament is unshielded. You see curves, dips, even side roads.



Get a pair of new G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps today, and have your dealer aim them. You'll see the difference tonight. General Electric Co., Miniature Lamp Dept., Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from Page 58*) be glad to see him here as quickly as is convenient."

That was very quickly, naturally, when an admiral needed the presence of a lieutenant.

"Mr. Harcourt, I have decided on a change of plan. There is no time to be lost. Kindly set a course for Cape San Antonio."

"Cape San Antonio. Aye, aye, sir."

Harcourt was a good officer. There was neither surprise nor doubt in his voice as he heard the surprising order.

"When we are on the new course I will explain what I intend to do, if you will have the goodness to report to me with the charts, Mr. Harcourt. Bring Mr. Gerard with you."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Now he could take off his wet shirt and trousers, and dab himself dry with a towel. Somehow the little cabin did not seem so oppressively hot; perhaps because they were out at sea, perhaps because he had reached a decision. He was putting on his trousers at the moment when Harcourt had the helm put down. Crab came round like a top, with lusty arms hauling in on the sheets. She lay far over to starboard, with the wind abeam, and Hornblower, one leg in his trousers, after a frantic hop, trying to preserve his balance, fell on his nose across his cot with his legs in the air. He struggled to his feet again; Crab still heeled over to starboard, farther and then less, as each roller of the beam sea passed under her, each roll taking Hornblower by surprise as he tried to put his other leg into his trousers, so that he sat down twice, abruptly, on his cot before he managed it.

It was as well that Harcourt and Gerard re-entered the cabin only after he had succeeded. They listened soberly while Hornblower told them of his deductions regarding Daring's plans and of his intention to intercept her at the Tobago Channel; Harcourt took his dividers and measured off the distances, and nodded when he had finished.

"We can gain four days on her to San Antonio, my lord," he said. "That means we'll be three days ahead of her there."

Three days should be just enough start for Crab in the long, long race down the length of the Caribbean.

"Could we call at Kingston on our way, my lord?" asked Gerard.

It was tempting to consider it, but Hornblower shook his head. It would be no use calling at headquarters, telling the news, possibly picking up reinforcements, if Daring slipped past them as they were doing so.

"It would take too long to work in," he said. "Even if we had the sea breeze. And there would be delay while we were there. We've nothing to spare as it is."

"I suppose not, my lord," agreed Gerard grudgingly. He was playing the part of the staff officer, whose duty it was to be critical of any suggested plan. "Then what do we do when we meet her?"

Hornblower met Gerard's eyes with a steady glance; Gerard was asking the question that had been already asked and left unanswered.

"I am forming plans to meet that situation," said Hornblower, and there was a rasping tone in his voice which forbade Gerard to press the matter.

"There's not more than twenty miles of navigable water in the Tobago Channel, my lord," said Harcourt, still busy with his dividers.

"Then she can hardly pass us unobserved, even by night," said Hornblower. "I think, gentlemen, that we are acting on the best possible plan. Perhaps the only possible plan."

"Yes, my lord," said Harcourt; his imagination was hard at work. "If Boney once gets loose again ——"

He could not go on. He could not face that appalling possibility.

"We have to see to it that he does not, gentlemen. And now that we have done all that we can, it would be sensible if we took some rest. I don't think any one of us has had any sleep for a considerable time."

That was true. Now that he had made up his mind upon a course of action, now that he was committed to it, for good or ill, Hornblower felt his eyelids drooping and sleep overcoming him.

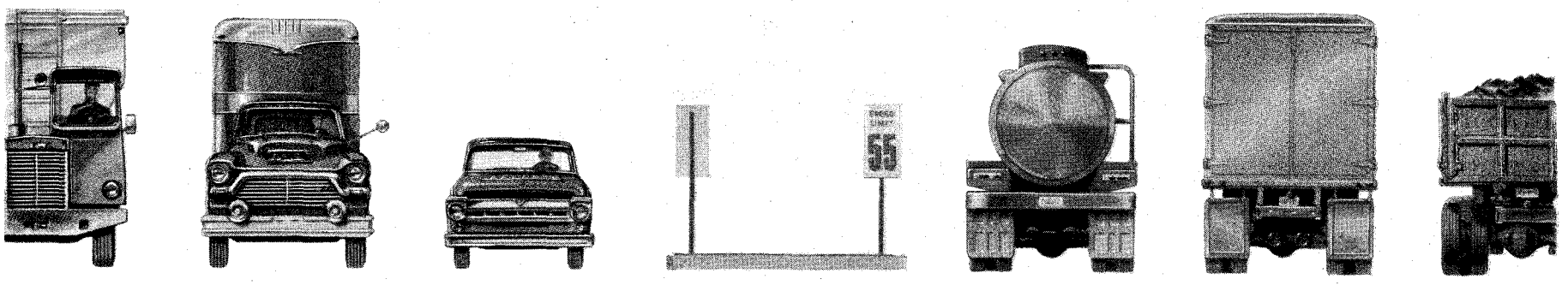
He lay down on his cot after his officers had left him. With the wind on the port beam and the cot against the bulkhead to starboard, he could relax completely with no fear of rolling out. He closed his eyes. Already he had begun to form the answer to the question Gerard had asked. The answer was a hideous one, something horrible to contemplate. But it seemed to be inevitable. He had his duty to do, and now he could be sure that he was doing it to the best of his ability.

With his conscience clear, with a reassuring certainty that he was using the best of his judgment, the inevitability of the rest of the future reinforced his need for sleep. He slept until dawn; he even dozed for a few minutes after that, before he began to think clearly enough again in the daylight for that horrible thought to begin to nag at him again.

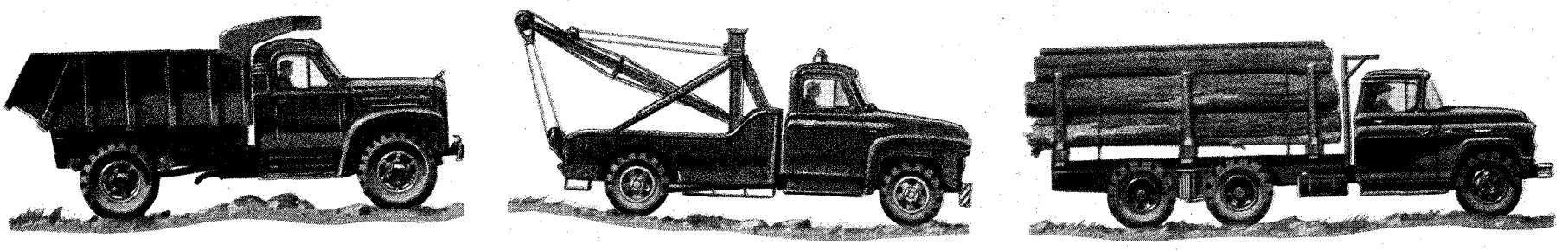
TO BE CONCLUDED

"Your serve, Herbie!"

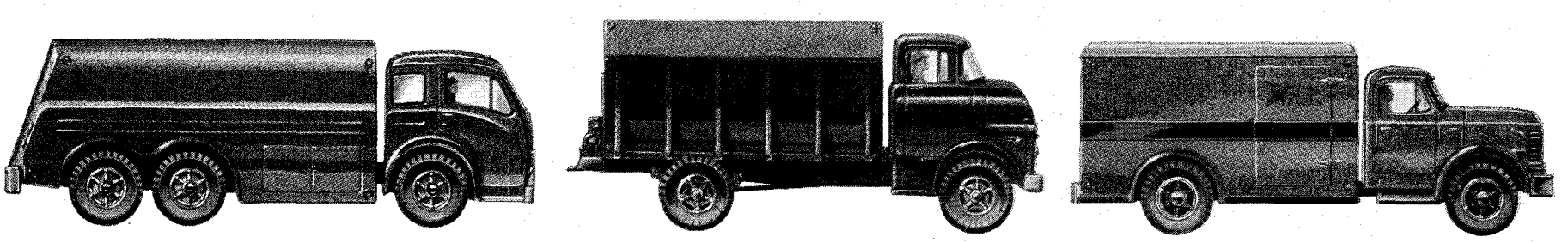
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Whether you travel a turnpike



or truck down a trail



you can't buy a truck tire that costs less per mile than Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

OPERATOR RECORDS PROVE
Firestone Tubeless Truck Tires give extra mileage on original treads, take extra retreads, reduce road delays, cut maintenance costs to a minimum.

Copyright 1957, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on radio or television every Monday evening over ABC

HEAVY-DUTY TRANSPORT · SUPER TRANSPORT · TRANSPORT® · SUPER ALL TRACTION · SUPER MILEAGE LUG · RIB EXCAVATOR · ROCK GRIP EXCAVATOR® · ALL TRACTION®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Killer at Large (Continued from Page 30)

would ever have been permitted to court her, with submissive and respectful attention; and yet, as just evidenced to her over the weekend, it did seem that he was becoming increasingly furtive and on wires about everything. "Another time," he said, giving her a weak, strained grin, and again glancing about as though her presence nearby made him anxious or upset, or maybe embarrassed. "I told you I'm late, Maggie. I'm never going to get over to Broderick's office in ten minutes."

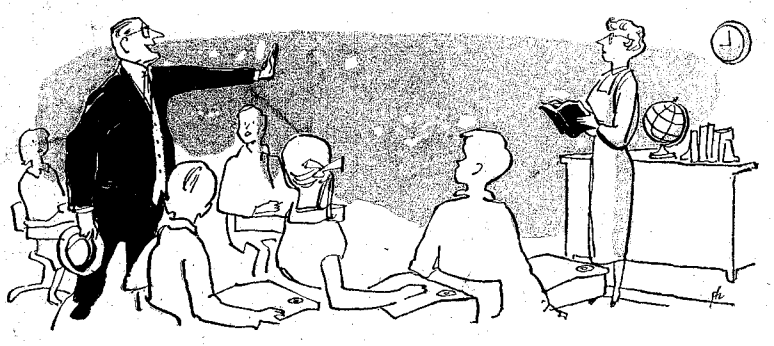
"And that matters, of course," Policewoman Maguire announced contemptuously. "Not me." A slim, beautifully dressed girl with exceptional blue-black eyes, scornful but composed features—just now, at any rate—and the most elegant and assured carriage, she twitched icily away from Haggerty, and moved out with queenly indignation into afternoon traffic. Well, she told herself, it appeared now that she was getting rather a different side of Mr. John Aloysius Haggerty, and one she hadn't suspected before either. And why not? Eight weeks after all, exactly fifty-six days, was the sum total of her acquaintanceship with him. Yet, come eleven o'clock this Saturday morning at St. Dominic's ——

She arranged her net veil nervously, smoothed out the cuffs of her immaculate gray gloves, and tucked in the imported Italian handbag that she had just happened to admire idly several weeks ago, on Jack Haggerty's payday. Scared now? Policewoman Maguire wondered. Perhaps so—and under the veil her blue eyes misted a bit, somewhat pathetically. Why hadn't she listened to someone? To her Aunt Margaret Mahoney, for instance. And *why*—*why in the world*!—had she ever been silly enough to just leap at that Haggerty, and the very second he asked her?

She shifted her purse; then shifted it again, irritably. Could it be possible that she regretted the whole foolish and impulsive business now? Sometimes she did, Policewoman Maguire felt—suddenly altogether miserable and uncertain about it—and sometimes she didn't.

And yet the really bad part of the day was only beginning for her. She got home after work that night to the Yorkville apartment shared for three happily uncomplicated years with Policewoman Vera Devlin, her best friend, and found there, not the aspirins and hot bath she needed so desperately, but the surprise shower that poor old Devlin must have arranged somehow or other the past weekend. In attendance were several professional colleagues from Juvenile Aid and the Pickpocket Squad, and even, as the proper official touch, that gossipy old Mother Halloran from headquarters—Lieutenant Halloran, although, naturally, no one was quite that formal about it on such a festive and light-hearted occasion. Then, just as the gifts were being opened, that Haggerty called her, again trying to excuse his behavior that afternoon at the License Bureau; and Policewoman Maguire, in quite her usual fashion, had the venomous small triumph of hanging up on him on the bedroom telephone.

She paused afterward out in the bedroom hallway, (*Continued on Page 64*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Holy war broke out in the home town when the local school board decided to start each school day with the Lord's Prayer and a verse of the Old Testament. Parents who opposed the move sued to stop it as an infringement on religious freedom.

"The school board is trying to convert our school into a church, contrary to our constitutional guaranty that we and our children may worship as we please," the parents contended. "It is unlawful, under the state and national constitutions, for them to use public funds to finance a form of church service."

"We are not conducting sectarian religious exercises," counsel for the school board replied. "The reading and reciting of the Lord's Prayer and Old Testament verse are accepted by virtually all sects and denominations."

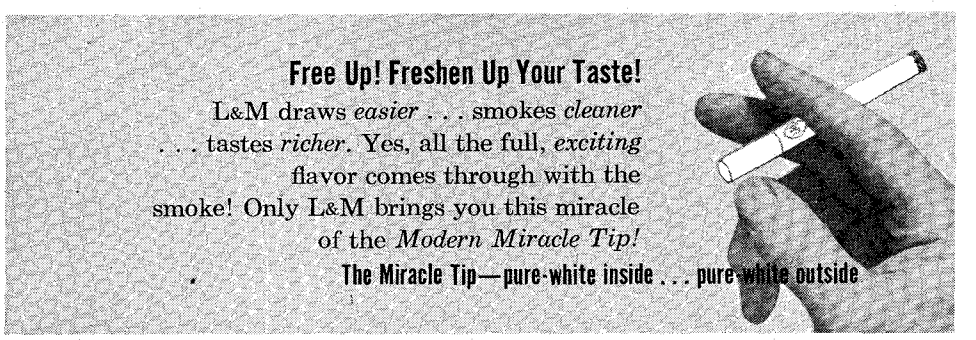
If you were the judge, would you rule against the school board?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The school board won. The court said "the doctrine of separation of church and state should not be tortured into a meaning that the school system is to be made a Godless institution. . . ." It added that a school's highest duty is to teach youth "that in the conflicts with life they should not forget God."

Based upon a 1956 Tennessee decision.

Live Modern... pick the


Free Up! Freshen Up Your Taste!
L&M draws *easier* . . . smokes *cleaner* . . . tastes *richer*. Yes, all the full, *exciting* flavor comes through with the smoke! Only L&M brings you this miracle of the *Modern Miracle Tip!*
The Miracle Tip—pure-white inside . . . pure-white outside

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Live Modern... smoke L&M

Get full exciting flavor!

American citizen-sportsmen cruise the skies. The plane in illustration: Beechcraft Bonanza

pack that suits you best...

You are free to choose... only when you smoke modern L&M. And only L&M gives you the flavor...the full, exciting flavor that makes L&M America's fastest-growing cigarette.

NEW CRUSH-PROOF BOX

(Costs no more)

This is the newest, modern box . . . closes tight! All the flavor stays in . . . everything else stays out!

HANDY L&M PACKS

Yes, America's fastest-growing cigarette is also available in handy King and Regular packs.

© 1957, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Naturally American . . . Naturally Arrow

ARROW PAR

American classics—Opening Day and the Arrow *Par*. The *Par* with its wide-spread collar combines comfort and neatness that are always good for extra innings. The secret lies in soft, superb broadcloth fabric and meticulous Arrow tailoring. *Par* is "Sanforized"-labeled and retains its smart good looks washing after washing. With French or button cuffs, $4.00. Arrow Rayon and Acetate Tie, $1.50. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW — first in fashion

(*Continued from Page 62*) pressing her temples wearily, and listening without much interest to how they were all chattering away in the living room like a bunch of magpies.

"Haggerty, did you say?" Mother Halloran broke in then, her powerful tones rising with feverish excitement above several others. "Jack Haggerty? The good-looking fellow that never opens his mouth to anybody—Mr. Meek as Moses? Ah, of course, I remember him. Why wouldn't I? But for some reason or other I never got the name right until just this second. Oh, the poor girl! She'll have nothing but a life of heartscald and sorrow with that cunning old Johnny Mealymouth. And I know, I tell you. Didn't any of you ever hear the stories that were going around only last summer about him and Josephine Scanlon?"

"Sh-h-h," Policewoman Devlin said, probably indicating the bedroom passage to them. "Not so loud. Why, Scanlon and I were sworn into the department together. Do you mean to say that there was ever anything serious between her and Jack Haggerty? Oh, no, lieutenant."

"Then ask me no questions," Mother Halloran declared grimly, "and I'll tell you no lies. But as to what there was between them, if you choose to put it like that—well, you can think whatever you want, Devlin, and you wouldn't be far wrong, maybe, the way I see it. I understood that it was practically a settled thing between them, and so, I suppose, did poor Josephine Scanlon. But not Mr. Jack Haggerty, mind you. Ah, no!"

Now, out in her hallway, Policewoman Maguire had an insane delusion that the whole building had crushed in around her, and then expanded again, out to infinite distances. She had to grope for support blindly. *Haggerty?* she thought. *My Haggerty—and only last summer?* Was this true?

"Oh, as true as I'm sitting here," Mother Halloran avowed, that very question presenting itself from someone or other out in the living room. "I'll admit that everything was handled nice and easy—on the q.t., as you might say—by our bold Haggerty, but you'll notice, when he got ready to settle down for himself, that he picked out a sweet and inexperienced little thing like Mary Ellen Maguire. I can warrant you this much, however: that he never gave her a word or hint about Josephine Scanlon. Why should he? Over the dam now, the way Johnny Mealymouth sees it. All done and forgotten."

Policewoman Maguire, moving slowly and rather jerkily then, put a hand up to her eyes and covered them. After that, not making even the least sound, she moved back into the bathroom, shut the door and put her shoulders against it.

Perhaps a minute or so passed. But she did not turn on the light in there. She just stood. The love of his life, she was informing herself blurrily; of course, Josephine Scanlon. Now at last it was becoming quite clear what had been wrong with Haggerty these past several days, what he regretted, and why he had been so curt and impatient with her. The one possible reason was Josephine Scanlon. And Mary Ellen Maguire? Second choice, obviously.

Her throat constricted. After another moment she felt something hot and moist on her cheeks, and opened her eyes furiously, and clenched small fists at herself in an overwhelming gesture of despair, hatred and personal outrage. There was only one idea that she had then, or one sensible idea. *Done and forgotten*, she thought blindly. *Done and forgotten! Oh, yes?*

But the odd thing about it, the very odd thing that astounded and then infuriated Policewoman Maguire, was that later on, when all the guests had taken themselves off, Vera Devlin did not supply the maternal comfort and consolation she did usually. Each of them, Devlin declared impatiently, knew Mother Halloran of old, and the way she twisted even innocent happenings to her own fancy. So why didn't Policewoman Maguire talk first to Jack Haggery about this? And why, instead of ranting around like a crazy woman, didn't she wait until tomorrow night, when she could get him over here and be given his side of the Josephine Scanlon story?

"Oh, I'll wait!" Policewoman Maguire said, nodding vehemently. "I'll talk to him—and then maybe I'll throw that ten-dollar diamond right in his face! Why, that Haggerty ought to get down on his knees to a girl like me. I could have married anyone I wanted to marry—anyone!—and you know that. You've seen them around here."

"That might be true. I've seen them come and go, anyway," Policewoman Devlin remarked cryptically. "But what are you getting so excited about? The sun rises and sets for that poor Haggerty as soon as you lift your little finger at him. He actually jumps."

"And why shouldn't he?" Policewoman Maguire demanded. Her head tossed scornfully. "That's all he's good for—or any other man. You tell me something. Who dresses like me in the whole department? Who takes such care of herself, and of her things too?"

An old-timer is one who remembers when spring was heralded by bare feet instead of bare midriffs.

FLOYD R. MILLER

"Who's got a rich old aunt over in Flatbush," Policewoman Devlin said, wistfully eying her homely and weather-beaten features in the bedroom mirror, "that buys most of her clothes for her, and treats her like an Egyptian princess? You want the truth, Maguire? Then I don't know why as decent and honest a man as Jack Haggerty even puts up with you. You boss him around all the time. You keep acting like he's way down in the mud and you're up on an ivory pedestal somewhere. I've never seen you holding his hand, even. Why not? Don't you want to?"

"Thank you," Policewoman Maguire replied furiously. "Thank you very much. Holding his hand! I do trust that I have a decent respect for myself. Well, I'll boss him, all right—and don't you forget it! He'll be over here the first thing tomorrow night, if he knows what's good for him. And he'd better be ready to answer a few questions about Josephine Scanlon too. I promise you that, Devlin. Wait and see."

But he wasn't ready for her the next evening. He wasn't at all ready. When he came in he looked a bit paler and quieter than usual, as though suffering from some kind of extreme inner pressure. He didn't even have the intelligence to pay proper attention to what Policewoman Maguire was saying to him. He was all jitters, peering down into the street first, then drawing the curtains, and then rubbing his mouth with that new and incomprehensible edginess of his. Josephine Scanlon, he said vaguely, when that name had been mentioned to him. Oh. Sure, he knew her. What about it? Had she been up to the shower last night? (*Continued on Page 68*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keep meat fresh days longer without freezing in the new PHILCO® Super Marketer

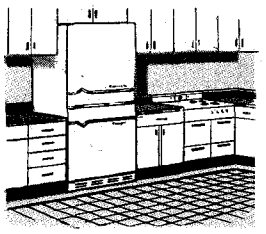
RF-1478

THE SPACIOUS SUPER MARKETER refrigerator-freezer combines 8.5 cu. ft. automatic defrost refrigerator with 5.1 cu. ft. freezer that's on the bottom, where it belongs. Total storage: a big 13.6 cu. ft.!

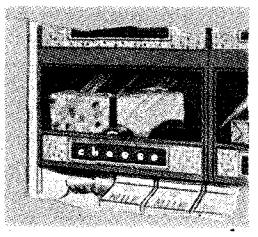
EXCLUSIVE "COLD FLOW" MEAT LOCKER keeps meat in a special 33-degree zone—the IDEAL temperature for fresh-meat storage

NO LONGER do you have to cook hamburger or chops—or eat cold cuts—a day or two after buying! No need for freezing either! These highly perishable meats—*all* meats, in fact—will now stay fresh *days longer*, in Philco's fabulous new "Cold Flow" Meat Locker.

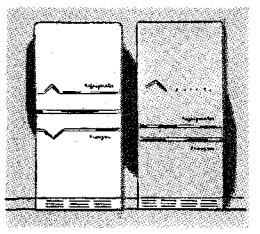
SEPARATE REFRIGERATION system, for meat only, keeps the Meat Locker in a 33-degree zone—the temperature recommended for meat by the National Live Stock and Meat Board. (Normal refrigerator temperature is 38°.) The new Philco with the "Cold Flow" Meat Locker's at your dealer's *now*. One look and *you'll* want it!



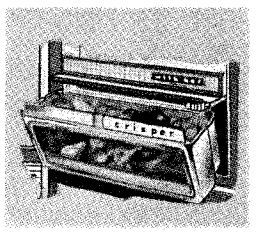
THE "BUILT-IN" LOOK costs no more; looks built in because it fits flush to cabinets. Stands alone beautifully, too. Pastels or bright white.



NEW CHEESE KEEPER keeps cheese in perfect, ready-to-eat condition. Never again dry or moldy cheese! *Philco exclusive!*



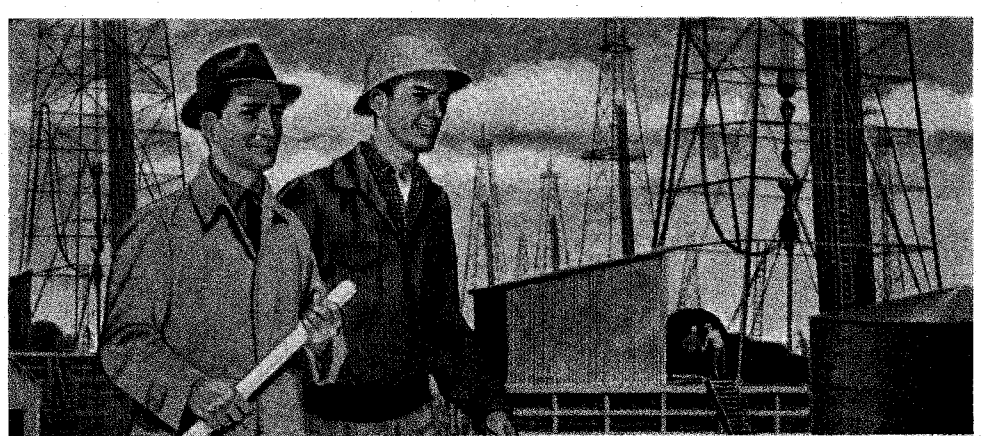
CHOOSE YOUR COLOR from Suntone, Startone or gleaming white . . . all stunning. There's a wide choice of sizes, too.



WAIST-HIGH CRISPER conveniently keeps fresh fruits and vegetables at their tasty best. Snaps open and closes quickly.

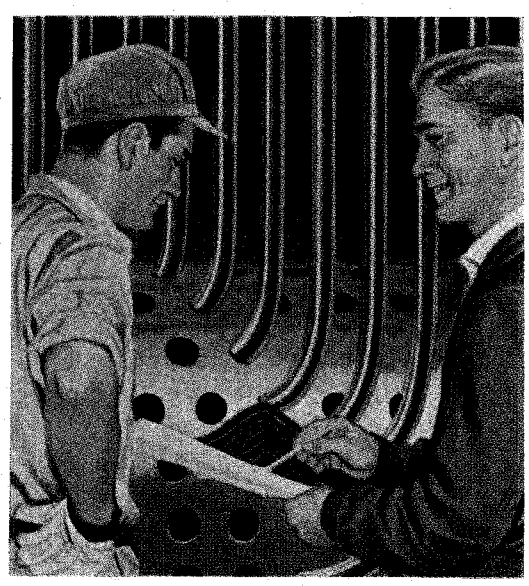
LOOK AHEAD . . .
and you'll choose
PHILCO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DIMES HELP PAY TAXES—a big part of the price of every gallon of gasoline you buy. Business-managed petroleum companies have kept the other-than-tax cost of gasoline very low, in relation to costs of many other necessities. Gasoline comes to you in steel—steel tank trucks and pipelines. Gasoline is refined with the economical aid of stainless steel. Petroleum is obtained from wells lined with steel casing and brought to the surface through steel tubing. Tough alloy steels drill the hole. Republic supplies all these products. The low cost of steel is a factor behind the bargain price of gasoline.

DIMES GO FOR POWER—the electric power that serves you 24 hours a day. Privately-owned and business-managed electric companies have kept the costs of power low. In generating electricity, many depend heavily upon Republic Steel to supply high-quality electrically-welded steel boiler tubes. The quality of every foot of Republic ELECTRUNITE® Boiler Tubes is carefully checked by thorough tests—including exclusive FARROWTEST®, the non-destructive electronic test that searches out and infallibly rejects any possible flaw. Write Republic for this interesting story.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For less than a dime tip you can buy a pound of steel

Everything you use is made either from or with the help of steel. The most common kinds of steel, used in your auto body and household appliances, cost less than 7 cents a pound.

Compare this with other metals—aluminum at about 42 cents a pound, copper at 60 cents.

Because steel is by far the lowest priced of all metals, price increases are smaller, too. Last August, for instance, the much-publicized rise was approximately less than one-half of a cent a pound.

Steel is still the most versatile and most widely used metal, as well as the lowest priced. Below you can see a tiny suggestion of the myriad places where steel serves you.

Prices are for sheet product as compiled by U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics—Jan. 1957

REPUBLIC STEEL

WORLD'S WIDEST RANGE
OF STANDARD STEELS
AND STEEL PRODUCTS

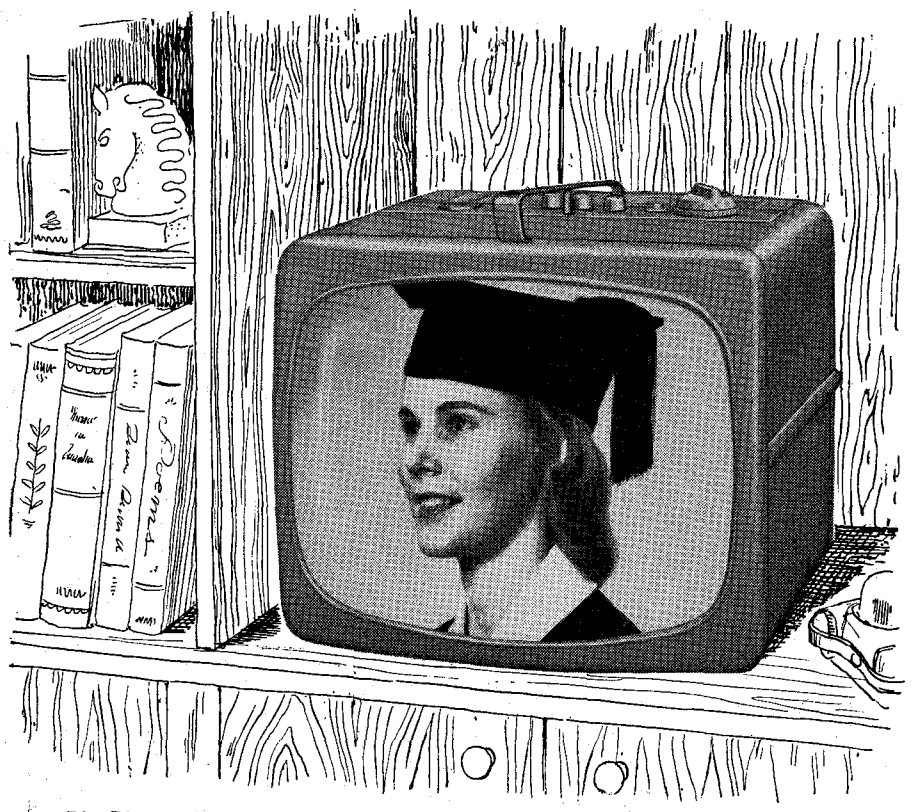
REPUBLIC STEEL

General Offices • Cleveland 1, Ohio

ONE OF THE LATEST CONVENIENCES of modern travel, built of steel, is the side-of-the-highway telephone booth. Exposed to weather and heavy traffic, the booth must maintain its good appearance . . . must invite you to "stop and call". That's why so many of these busy booths are made of Republic ENDURO® Stainless Steel—and others of Republic Electro Paintlok®. Electro Paintlok is the Republic Sheet Steel that's zinc-plated and chemically treated to take and hold a fine, painted finish. Painted steel items made from Republic Electro Paintlok keep their bright beauty longer. And, manufacturers save money in the process. Write Republic for the interesting facts.

BRIGHT AS A NEW DIME . . . that's the trim on your new car. And, it will stay bright with only normal care when it's stainless steel. That's why the 1957 cars have more stainless steel than previous models. It can't flake off, chip or peel away, because there is no applied coating. It stubbornly resists rust and corrosion. Hard and tough, it resists scratches and abrasion—stainless molding helps protect painted car bodies from damage due to bumps and bangs. And, a simple cleaning restores its brightness. There is a big difference in bright trim.

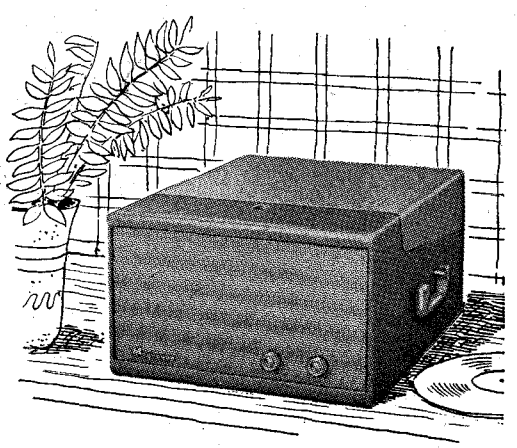
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



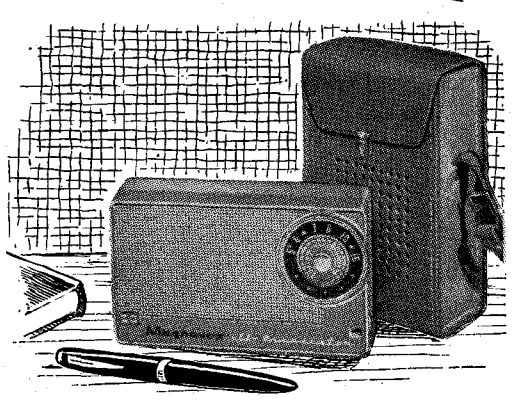
Big Picture Portable, 149 sq. in. viewing area. Performance that surpasses many ordinary "stay-at-home" sets. Lightweight and dependable enough to travel anywhere you go. Also available with all 82-channel tuning. The *Wilshire* in bronze or ivory, only $139.90 (VHF).

Magnavox Portables

Magnificent entertainment wherever you go . . . in portable television, phonographs or transistor radios . . . with all the quality, performance and value you expect . . . and get . . . only from Magnavox. Your nearest dealer is listed in the yellow pages of your phone book. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne, Ind.



Sounds so Big . . . costs so little! And you'll enjoy listening pleasure wherever you are. Compact and lightweight, two extended-range Magnavox speakers, push-pull amplifier, precision record changer. The *Melody Master*, in sparkling scuff-proof colors, only $79.50.



Fits Pocket or Purse . . . and it's every ounce a magnificent Magnavox! The *Companion* all-transistor personal radio performs brilliantly for hundreds of hours on only *one* low-cost battery . . . and with room filling tone quality. Your choice of colors with battery, only $59.90 (leather case, private earphone slightly more).

the magnificent **Magnavox**

high fidelity television • radio-phonographs

(*Continued from Page 64*) "No," Policewoman Maguire said, her slim Irish jaw superbly setting itself. "Not quite, thank you. I believe she knew better. What happened between you? And don't lie, Haggerty! What broke it off?"

A car backfired down on Third Avenue. He jumped frantically.

"Between who?" he demanded, spinning around in such a hurried and upset manner that his voice went up, and for the first time in his life, at Mary Ellen Maguire. "Look, Maggie. Don't get me up here and start an argument about nothing. I'm kind of on edge. I and Josephine Scanlon used to work out of the same precinct last summer. O.K.! Is that what you're talking about?"

"It is," Policewoman Maguire told him, and through clenched teeth. "Precisely. Just what did she mean to you?"

He knew that tone. He came over hurriedly, all defiance gone, almost wringing his hands together.

"Oh, Maggie!" he said. "What's the matter with you? Me and Josephine Scanlon? Why, the fellow she liked was some big red-headed sergeant from Brooklyn. I was just the come-on, you understand; she'd fool around with me every night to get him all excited and jealous. I can swear that! Who dragged it out of the graveyard, anyway? Who's been talking about me?"

"Never you mind," Policewoman Maguire said, smiling tightly and composedly to herself, but letting him see it. She didn't know exactly what she wanted from him, but the one sure thing was that Jack Haggerty would be hurt now, and in just the way he had hurt her last night, even unwittingly. "Maybe Miss Josephine Scanlon was out of her mind about you, but I'm not, and don't you flatter yourself!"

"Oh," Haggerty said. That thin, humbly devoted face of his with the straight mouth and the rather shy and sensitive black eyes appeared oddly stricken. He smiled clumsily. "Oh. Well, maybe I knew that, Maggie. But what I hoped, after we were married and settled down ——"

"Oh, of course," Policewoman Maguire broke in contemptuously. "What you hoped." She felt a small twinge of something or other—disappointment, was it?—but never had that Haggerty been man enough to stand up to her, never once.

Her lips curled. "Aren't we so awfully sorry for ourselves all of a sudden? I ask you one simple question about Josephine Scanlon, and you can't seem to remember her name, even. Who do you think you're kidding, anyway? I told you everything there was to tell about that fellow in Bay Ridge. I'm not ashamed of anything. But I suppose that's the difference between us."

"Sure, you told me," Haggerty said. "I know, Maggie. But I ——" Then the car backfired again, and he jumped for the second time, as though maddened. "Sure!" he repeated, much louder, reacting to some quick fury or despair that must have come over him. "I got enough about that, all right, and every time we went out together. He used English cologne, that guy; he knew how to treat a girl; he could even play the piano. But me ——" He pointed a shaking forefinger at her, the black eyes revealing at last some kind of hidden and intolerable agony. "What was I? Nothing! O.K., Maggie. I knew that, even if I never showed it. But why didn't you grab him, then? What stopped you?"

"What stopped me?" Policewoman Maguire whispered—first staggered by such a question, then thunder-struck, then outraged. "Why, that's contemptible, Jack Haggerty—just contemptible. That shows you for what you are."

And she jumped up. She knew how far she could go with Jack Haggerty, and she knew who'd come crawling back to her, too, on both knees. So she didn't restrain herself. Instead, she yanked furiously at the ring, and then flung it at him across the coffee table.

"Go on!" she said. "Take it back! Because I wouldn't marry you now if—I was doing you a favor. A favor, Jack Haggerty! Mother Halloran had the right name for you—Johnny Mealymouth. Now get out of here, and never come back either! Who ever wanted you, anyway? Who'd be bothered?"

"All right," Haggerty said, looking down at the ring, then at her. "I guess I just didn't understand that part, Maggie, or"—he smiled again, pale as death now—"maybe I did. But I'll tell you one thing. I knew I was crazy, though. They all warned me. 'Listen,' they said, even Neil Broderick. 'Don't you ever marry that Mary Ellen Maguire, Haggerty. She ain't worth it. Oh, she dresses right out of Madison Avenue, and she just about knocks your eyes out the first time you ever see her. But she doesn't want a husband for herself; all she wants is some kind of a flunky that will keep telling her how wonderful she is the whole time.' Well, I didn't believe them. I couldn't. I was so crazy about you that I got into fights with them. But that's kind of funny, isn't it? To you, anyway."

He moistened his lips delicately, and then, perhaps to cover himself, bent down to touch the ring and push it across to her with his right forefinger.

"But O.K.," he said, again quietly. "You take (*Continued on Page 72*)

"14 pounds, 11 ounces. . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wouldn't you like a color snapshot like this of your best girl?

New indoor-outdoor Kodacolor Film gives the most glorious color snapshots ever. And they're as easy to take as black-and-whites!

You can take color snapshots just as warm and appealing as this—this very weekend!

You can capture the glory of these spring-time days outdoors, the happy times at home with family and friends.

With new Kodacolor Film, you get prints that are vibrant with color—color so brilliant, so lifelike, you'll find it hard to believe that your camera caught it. And it's almost unbelievably simple—just as easy as shooting in black-and-white.

You use this *new kind of Kodacolor* in any popular-size snapshot camera. And you use the same roll with sunlight or flash. One type of film, indoors *and* out.

Best girls grow up so very fast—you really should try marvelous new Kodacolor Film *soon*. It can be processed locally in many cities, or returned to Kodak through your dealer.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY . . . Rochester 4, N. Y.

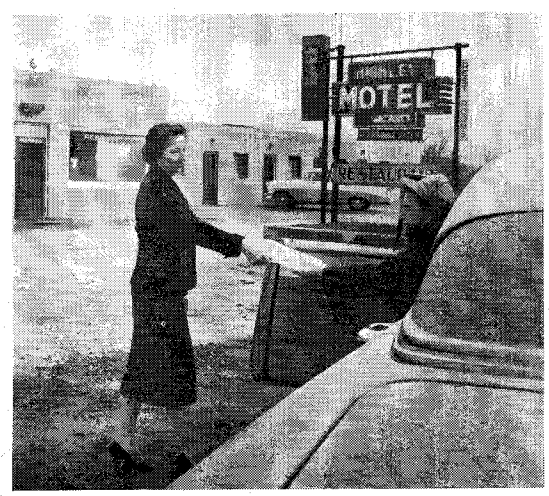
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MODERN-DAY DANIEL BOONE is John Paul Highley, foreman of Salt Lick Pallet Company. His town in foothills of Cumberland Mountains enjoys new prosperity since pallet company started operations.

PALLET COMPANY PIONEER Espy Clay Highley and his son, Roy, inspecting new pallets being built for GM's Delco Products Division.

BIRD IN THE HAND and 1400 other parakeets give Highley another business which grew out of a hobby. Birds are sold to stores in 150-mile area.

IF THE SHOES FIT they will soon be worn by mountain folk from area surrounding Salt Lick who buy footgear from Highley store.



ROADSIDE REST for tourists is Highley Motel started with pallet company profits. Motel is run by Roy Highley and his wife, Louise.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What a modern mountaineer has done for his old Kentucky home town

THINK of modern industry and you usually think of big industrial communities. Detroit, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, Chicago.

But Espy Clay Highley will tell you that you can find modern industry right in his little village of 500 souls — Salt Lick, Kentucky.

And he ought to know. He's the one who started the successful Salt Lick Pallet Company.

Opportunity Begins at Home

LIKE most business ventures, Espy Clay Highley's started with a simple idea. Find a new use for all the timber round about Salt Lick. Find one that would employ the natural talents of his mountain neighbors. Also one that you could sell outside of Salt Lick—and bring new money into the community.

Then Espy found the Delco Products Division of General Motors was in the market for pallets—small wooden platforms to stack and ship manufactured parts and products on. So he got in touch with them mighty fast. And when Delco Products came through with a pilot order for 250 pallets he had plenty of buzz saws and plenty of sawyers ready to do the job.

Result: Delco Products quickly came through with further orders — had Espy's mountain workers turning out 500 pallets a week for Delco Products alone. Other GM Divisions and other firms heard about the buzzing business and sent in their orders. Little Salt Lick had its new industry—and a profitable one.

Boon for a Modern Daniel Boone

THEN came trouble. A fire at Espy's little mill was too fast and furious for the local volunteer fire department to handle. And it looked as if Espy and Salt Lick were out of business—at least the pallet business.

But, again, think of modern industry and you sometimes forget to think it's made up of people willing and interested in giving other people a break.

When the folks at Delco Products heard Espy's tale of woe—and when they heard how he and his mountain friends were facing up to it with real never-say-die pioneering Daniel Boone spirit—they told him to stop worrying. They would cut back orders until he was in action again—then renew orders on the regular basis.

That was all Espy needed. He went to work. And before too long he had production up to 3,000 pallets a week with two GM Divisions — Delco Products and New Departure—as well as many other steady customers. And pallet earnings go into the jeans of 30 Salt Lick citizens every payday.

What's more, Espy has used his own profits from the pallet business to start a couple of other home town enterprises. There's plenty going on in Espy Clay Highley's old Kentucky home town.

And don't think this is an unusual story. What has happened in Salt Lick has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. New business has flowed into these communities—and as a result these communities in every state in the Union share in General Motors' success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside sources of materials and services for GM receive, in total, close to 50¢ out of every dollar that GM takes in.

Small Business and General Motors

Pattern for Prosperity

Of the 26,000 business firms supplying General Motors with goods and services, more than 22,500 are small businesses with fewer than 500 employes. Almost 1,700 of these firms are in the South — and most of them are very small businesses, employing less than 100 persons.

GENERAL MOTORS — Good people to work for — Good people to deal with

"Check your car—check accidents"

LEGAL LIGHTS of Salt Lick are Police Judge "Chris" Johnson and his predecessor and father-in-law, Town Councilman Espy Clay Highley.

BUSY QUILTING BEE is held in members' homes each week by Ladies Aid Society. Pattern is called "Improved 9 Patch"—is over 150 years old.

LOADS OF LOGS are sold to pallet plant each day by local farmers like Junior Hardin who started logging for extra cash when mill opened.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 68*) this back, Maggie, and throw it over the moon, maybe—and then save those favors you were just talking about for some guy that wants them that bad. I thought we had something else going. Something so good ——"

Then Policewoman Devlin bounced out from point duty in the bathroom hallway.

"Oh, no!" she begged. "She didn't mean that—and you don't. Oh, Haggerty! Please!"

It's all right, Policewoman Maguire wanted to tell her. *Perfectly all right, Devlin. Let him go.* But she didn't say it. She couldn't. They had all warned him about Mary Ellen Maguire, she remembered numbly, even Inspector Broderick. And there was something else, too, that Vera Devlin had mentioned last night—something about an ivory pedestal, and Haggerty in the mud. She swallowed, and then swallowed again. Well, she had wanted the truth from Haggerty—and now she had it. But was that how Policewoman Maguire looked to other people, because she respected herself, and because she dressed nicely? Was that what they thought of her? The phone rang then, and she had to answer it, but it was all like a dream to her—a bad dream. It must have been a full minute before she recognized the voice on there as Neil Broderick's.

"So you don't know where he is, and you don't care," Broderick rumbled at her. "I see. Because the things he said to you, and the way he acted —— Ah, that's the girl, Maguire; that's the devoted and affectionate bride, isn't it? Well, I thought he had an appointment with you tonight. That's why I called."

"He did," Policewoman Maguire said, or perhaps whispered falteringly. "He just left."

"Speak up," Broderick said, his tone sharpening. "The thing happens to be important, Maguire, or I wouldn't dream of disturbing the fine lady you are. This Willie Madeira managed to get your address tonight from Haggerty's landlady, which means that he's sneaking and skulking around over in your neighborhood right now. So keep your eyes open and your door locked until Lieutenant Jacobson gets there to scour the area. He's on the way by this time, or he should be. But where's Haggerty? Anywhere convenient?"

It wasn't a joke, Policewoman Maguire was beginning to realize; it all made some kind of horrible sense, if she could only understand it. She whispered again.

"What?" Broderick barked out. "Who's Willie Madeira? So you don't even know that much, do you? But maybe, if you were the right kind of a girl for him, Haggerty would have told you about that fellow, and right off. Willie Madeira, madam, is the murderous little scut who was turned loose by one of our eminent political judges last week, and who threatened Haggerty that very night over the telephone. Now there's a tip that just came in, that he has a gun on him, and that he's managed to work himself up to the right pitch for using it. Which means—Maguire! Are you listening to me? Maguire!"

It seemed to her that she took a great deal of time in order to replace the phone quite slowly and precisely, but that also, the next half second, she was all the way down to the street door. Devlin looked around at her from the vestibule, battered old face set, hands on her hips.

"I feel like taking you across my knees," Devlin announced grimly; "and I might, too, before this evening is over with. Oh, you were wonderful, weren't you? Every inch a queen; Joan Crawford in person! Well, he's gone—and I'm glad, Maguire! Because every single thing that he said to you was the truth and you know it yourself. Don't bother crying to me. What can I do?"

"Where is he?" Policewoman Maguire whispered. "You answer me, Devlin. Where did he go?"

She shook Devlin; then thrust her aside desperately. *Where?* she asked herself. *What has happened to him?* She ran out into the street and saw Barney Sullivan's Yorkville Grill at the corner, and headed for it.

It was a wild and rainy spring night, but Policewoman Maguire, hatless and coatless, had no heed for such things or for the few people around who gazed curiously after her—at her slim legs flashing across the road, at her hair blowing in the wind, at her intent and anguished expression. Now, of course, it was quite clear why Haggerty had avoided her for the past week, and why he had abandoned her yesterday, apparently in such callous and cold-blooded fashion, at the License Bureau. Not because of Josephine Scanlon or anyone like her, but to keep Policewoman Maguire away from him if Willie Madeira ever tried anything; to look out for her! And how had the fine lady treated him in return? What had she done to him?

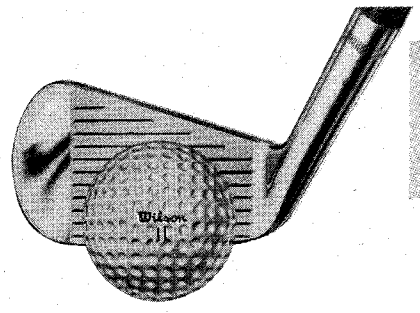
The rain lashed at her. She went down to her knees and sobbed brokenly, and got up again. Then she saw a man standing in the shadows outside Barney Sullivan's, and edging himself up, little by little, to the side entrance. He looked back suddenly now, but not at Policewoman Maguire. Instead, through some subtle and unerring instinct, he looked at the unmarked police car that had stopped a moment ago, just in front of the Maguire apartment house.

The Miracle Woods of Golf *Strata-Bloc*

Incredible but true! A Wilson Strata-Bloc wood, kept under water *fifteen years* in the Wilson research laboratory, shows no change in shape—has a club face still exact to the original new club tolerances! Equally impervious to damage from drying, a Strata-Bloc head was subjected to intense baking at 212 degrees. There was no checking or cracking. The club is still in perfect playing condition!

Maintaining exact accuracy of club face through this unmatched torture test proves that Strata-Bloc construction brings you the most consistently accurate woods in golf. They are America's most beautiful, most popular wood clubs—the ultimate in precision and fine craftsmanship. And remember, Strata-Bloc construction was developed by Wilson and is exclusive with Wilson.

WILSON IRONS—THE MAGIC WANDS OF GOLF
Newly designed weight distribution in Wilson irons gives you the biggest hitting area in golf. This results in more perfect shots because more of the club head works for you. And these are the clubs with the sweetest "feel"—the magic wands of golf!



The Ball You Find Farthest Down the Fairway
For 1957, Wilson brings you a brand new ball—the longest, most dependable for true flight and true roll—a ball that stays whiter longer, too. Next round play a '57 Wilson ball. You'll be joining the champions of the game.

For the best winning combination you've ever experienced—next round play Wilson Strata-Bloc woods, Wilson irons and the brand new Wilson golf balls—available wherever fine golf equipment is sold.

Win With Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago • New National Headquarters at River Grove, Ill. a western suburb of Chicago • Fastest nationwide service from 32 branch offices. (A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He hesitated. Then he began to run, crouching down into himself, and ran head on into Policewoman Maguire, before either of them was quite prepared for that happening. Back over on the apartment stoop, Vera Devlin screamed out, and then pointed, and Willie Madeira, recovering his balance with catlike quickness, got hold of Policewoman Maguire, crooked his left arm around her throat and swung her in front of him.

Two men were out of the police car by that time. One of them—Lieutenant Jacobson—trotted hurriedly across the street, saw the tableau confronting him, and stopped dead. He motioned quietly to the other man, who slipped over to cut off Willie Madeira from the avenue corner; then Jacobson came forward one step, but one only, keeping his hands in plain sight and never taking his eyes from Willie Madeira.

"I'll give you ten seconds to drop the gun," he announced stolidly, "and to drop it in front of you. Leave her alone, Willie; just don't start something you won't finish. You hear me?"

A man came out of Barney Sullivan's, yelled something in quick fright and ducked in again. Another man followed

... ...

Turn of the Screw

By Thomas Usk

To "do it yourself"
May be fine as a fad
For one little project,
But what makes it bad
Is when all this effort
Is viewed by your wife
Not so much as a fad
As a new way of life!

... ...

him. That one was Haggerty. He came out fast and sideways, skidding a bit on the wet pavement; then he also saw Policewoman Maguire. He stopped. His face became curiously sick and white-looking under the window reflection.

"Stop right there!" Lieutenant Jacobson said, brutally sharp and overbearing with him. "Right where you are—and that's an order! I'm managing this! Haggerty!"

But Policewoman Maguire, who had known Haggerty for only eight weeks, as she so often had reminded herself, knew him better than that, somehow—much, much better. Her mind raced. She wasn't frightened at all—not for herself, anyway. But for Haggerty—her Haggerty! She became blind furious.

But so, of course, did that Haggerty. *Two of a kind, well matched.* She saw his eyes getting all funny and hot, real wild-looking—a thing Mother Halloran would never have suspected of him—then he put his head down and forward, watching Willie Madeira fixedly now, and not her, and moved at them in a deliberate and oddly stiff-legged manner. But by that time, and while the gun was swinging around from her left shoulder blade and over to Haggerty, Policewoman Maguire edged her hip into position, and also, under the pretense of clawing helplessly, achieved a good, solid grip on Willie Madeira's left arm—the arm throttling her.

Three things happened then, with no sort of decent time interval between them. Haggerty started his rush; Policewoman Maguire, never releasing that arm, swung down and around instantly, from both hips; and Willie Madeira, just as had been rehearsed often and often at the policewomen's training school, went spinning head and heels into a convenient fire hydrant. He landed crookedly on one side, with his head banging the pavement and his legs kicking. Then his gun skittered away—and Policewoman Devlin, on her knees now in front of a pickup truck, and still screaming, was just in time to snatch it up and away from him in both hands.

That Haggerty came up to the apartment about half an hour or so afterward. He knocked doggedly; then muttered something to Vera Devlin.

"Who?" Policewoman Maguire demanded, hurriedly belting around herself a very attractive new bathrobe of green velvet, and piling up her ruined permanent on the back of her head. "Oh. Put on some coffee, will you, Devlin? I'll be right out."

It must have astounded him to discover that, without high heels, Policewoman Maguire was a lot shorter than he was.

"Oh," she said, as if a little surprised on her part. "You. How's everything downstairs, Haggerty? All settled? I was just soaked. I had to change my things and take a nice hot bath for myself. Here. Let me straighten your tie, will you?"

She straightened it. He tried to avoid looking at her in that green bathrobe, but he couldn't, and Policewoman Maguire hadn't really expected him to. She smoothed his lapels softly and tenderly.

"Why, you're still jumpy," she said. "I can feel you shaking all over. What's the matter?"

But she knew that too. The green bathrobe clung to her a little, but not—well, shamelessly, and she must have had a very nice smell about her of soap, bath salts, hand lotion and French perfume. It was no kind of a battle.

"Oh, Maggie!" Haggerty said, his voice breaking at exactly the right moment. "Oh, Maggie! I couldn't sleep all week—couldn't eat, even—just thinking about you. He never worried me, not for one second. But this Saturday—it ain't gonna happen to me, I kept telling myself. It can't. I love her too much."

"Sh-h-h," Policewoman Maguire said, a little flustered herself, maybe. Oh, gosh! Who'd have imagined it? Never touched his hand, even, she remembered then, and quite suddenly—but why not? Downstairs about half an hour ago she had found out once and for all what she meant to Haggerty, and what—even more important, perhaps—what Haggerty meant to her.

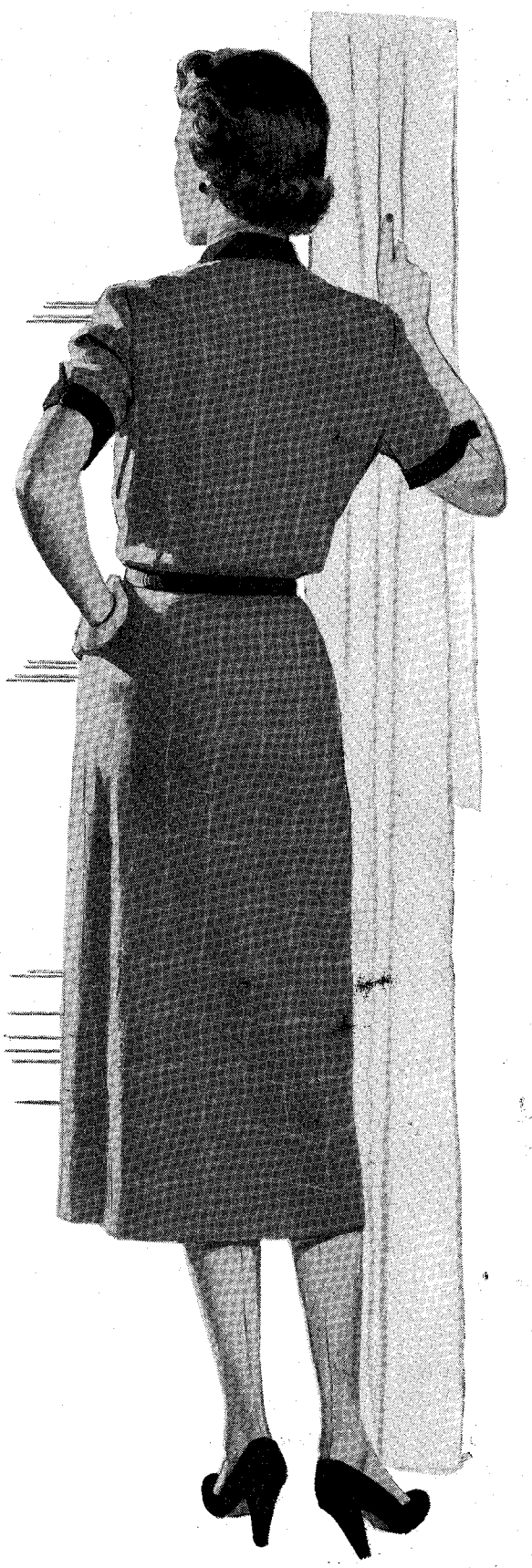
"Me too," she whispered at him, not quite steadily. "And I'll make a wife for you, Haggerty—I promise! I'll make the best darned wife that anybody ever heard about. I'll —— Oh, for heaven's sakes! What's the matter with you? What are you waiting for? Bend down, can't you?"

Then at last Policewoman Maguire kissed him, not their usual self-conscious peck together, but in a longer and better way than her poor Haggerty had ever been able to manage it.

"I know you will," he babbled out foolishly. "Oh, I know it, Maggie. But what was wrong with me? Why did I say such things to you? Why did I think them?"

"Sh-h-h," Policewoman Maguire again murmured; then repeating to him—but a different inflection now, and a different meaning—two of the phrases that she had already used on him earlier in the evening. "Who cares any more? Why can't you forget it, Haggerty? Who'd be bothered?"

THE END



Miss the children?

Don't wonder. Don't worry. Call today and be sure.

If your children live in another city and you wonder how they are . . . if there's a question on your mind or something you'd like to talk over . . . don't wonder, don't worry. Call today and be sure.

It's quick and easy to do. And you can talk as long as you like. The cost is low.

Why not call right now?

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Station-to-Station Calls

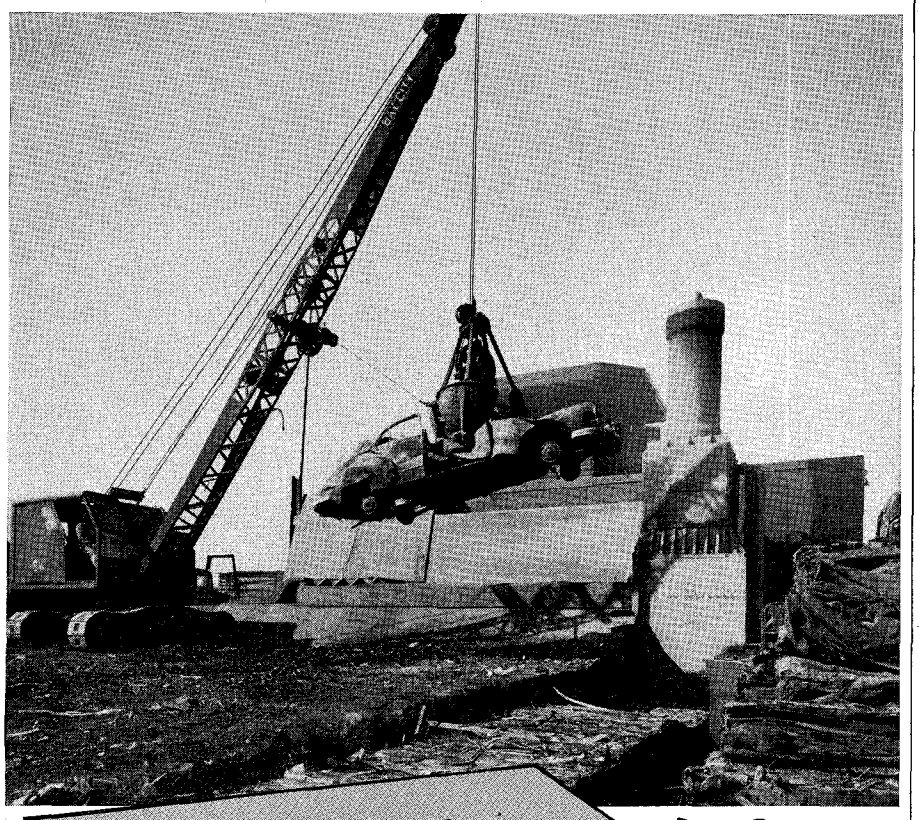
For example:	First 3 Minutes	Each Added Minute
Cleveland to Detroit	40¢	10¢
Portland, Ore., to Seattle	50¢	15¢
Milwaukee to Minneapolis	75¢	20¢
New Orleans to Atlanta	90¢	25¢
Chicago to Washington, D.C.	$1.10	30¢

These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

auto-smashing monster...



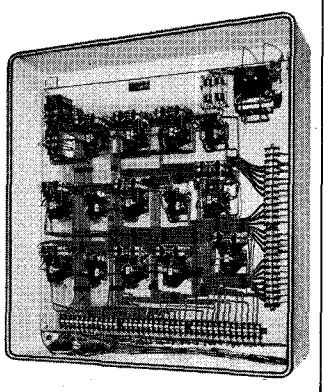
EQUIPPED WITH
ALLEN-BRADLEY
Motor Control

World's largest baling press, manufactured by Harris Foundry & Machine Co., Cordele, Ga., and installed at the Chicago Auto Wrecking Corp.

This mammoth baling press—the largest in the world—can compress automobiles into bales at the rate of one car every 1¾ minutes! The entire operation—closing the charging box, operating the hydraulic piston, and ejecting the bales—is controlled by a special Allen-Bradley panel.

More and more manufacturers are specifying Allen-Bradley motor control for their equipment, because of its reliability and maintenance free operation.

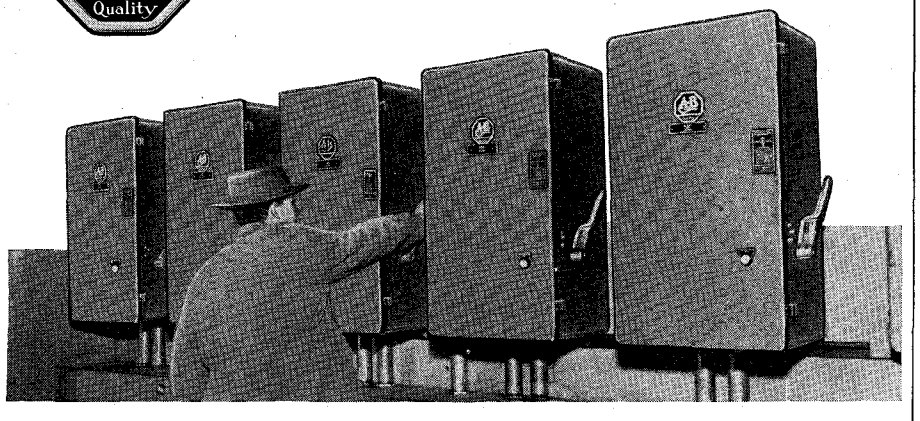
Allen-Bradley control costs no more—and the "Quality" remains long after the price has been forgotten. Therefore, specify "Allen-Bradley."



Special Allen-Bradley control panel which controls hydraulic valves on the huge press.

A-B Quality

Allen-Bradley Co., 138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wis.
In Canada—Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.



Five Allen-Bradley Bulletin 646 Manual Autotransformer Starters used for reduced voltage starting of the 100 hp hydraulic pump motors operating the Harris Scrap Baling Press.

How Do We Feel This Morning?

(Continued from Page 39)

in the front axle a little," the attendant shrugged, as they slid me onto a table. "Tied up traffic on Wilshire Boulevard for half an hour. Boy, was them other cars mad."

He wheeled the empty stretcher out, and the orderly began to take off my clothes. This is the first step when you enter a hospital. It doesn't matter whether you've come there to have a sliver removed from your finger—you have to get completely undressed. It's part of the whole insidious plot to humiliate the patient, and is based on the theory that nobody can retain his self-respect when he has nothing on but a pair of black silk socks, with a hole in one toe.

The doctor seemed quite calm when he arrived twenty minutes later. In fact, if it hadn't been for my obviously critical condition, I might even have suspected that he was a little bored. He looked me over briefly, humming to himself, and whispered something to the nurse beside him.

"What's the verdict?" I asked in a grim let's-have-it-Doc-I-can-take-it tone.

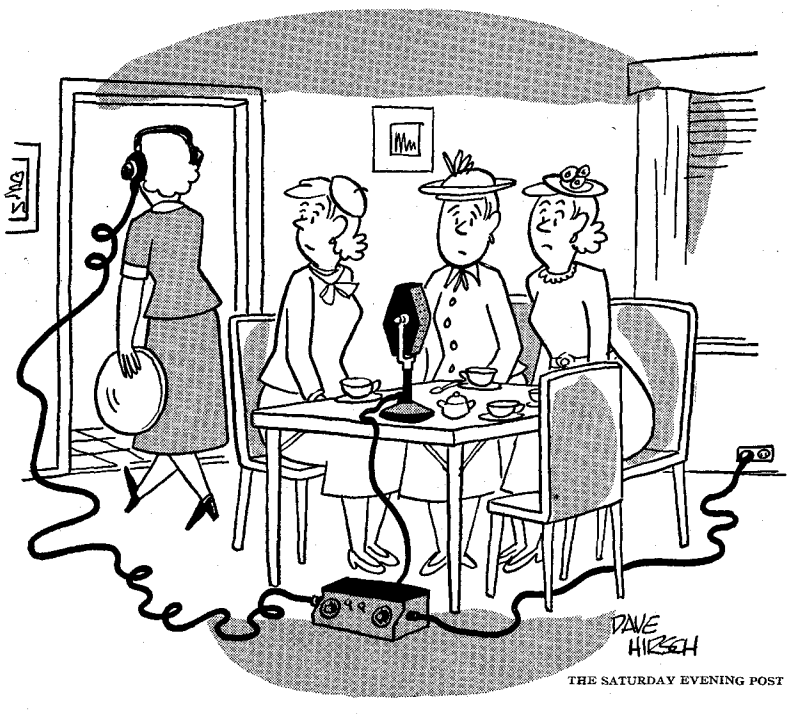
"Now, there's nothing to worry about at all," he said in the soothing manner one might employ in addressing a slightly retarded child of six. "Humpty Dumpty had a bad fall, but we'll put him back together again—snap! snap!—in two shakes of a lamb's tail. The nurse will just give you a little shot, and you'll sleep like a baby."

You do everything else like a baby too. Once those hospital gates clang behind you, you are as helpless as an infant in arms. To carry the idea out, your bed has slats on either side, like a crib, to keep you from rolling onto the floor. The only thing lacking is an abacus and a set of plastic blocks. The nurse—it was all I could do to keep from calling her "Nannie"—changes you when you're wet, feeds you through a straw and pats you on the back to burp you afterward. Your most intimate functions are performed for all to see, and every move you make is eagerly recorded. Your life is an open chart at the foot of your bed. You begin to long for the peace and quiet of an old-fashioned sanctuary behind the barn, hornets and all.

Your day starts at seven—the only institution that keeps worse hours than a hospital is the Army—when the nurse tiptoes into your room to see if you're awake. We used to have a little game, Nannie and I. I would keep my eyelids tight shut while she bent over me, peering into my face intently. When I refused to stir, she would start moving around the room and making vague nurse noises—swishing her starched uniform against the edge of the bed, straightening objects on the dresser or taking the flowers out of their vases and snipping the stems one by one. If nothing else worked, she would drop the bedpan onto the floor with a resounding crash. This never failed to bring me bolt upright, whereupon she would beam pleasantly, saying, "Well, how do we feel this morning?" (My nurse had a bad case of first person plural, or "we" disease.) "Did we have a nice night's sleep? Are we all ready for our bath?"

This daily ritual is always performed with a great show of modesty, as though you had any secrets from the nurse by now. First you are covered with a cotton blanket. While you clutch the upper hem desperately, all the rest of the bedclothes and your nightie are whisked out from under it, leaving you quivering naked. A tin tub filled with water is placed on the bed beside you and, just to keep pretenses up, your limbs are withdrawn from beneath the protective coverlet one by one. Each section of your anatomy is washed and dried in turn and discreetly put back under the blanket again before the next part is uncovered, so that you won't all show at the same time. To make the ordeal even worse, my nurse's hands were invariably ice-cold—"sign of a warm heart," she'd assure me pleasantly—and every time one of her frigid digits came in contact with my skin I would react violently, kicking out both legs and usually upsetting the bathtub.

Fortunately this didn't matter because the bedclothes had to be changed anyway. If there's one thing more degrading than having the nurse give you a bath in bed, it's having your bed made while you are in it. In the first place, I never could figure out how she did it. I'd roll over onto one side, while a great deal of pulling and hauling would go on behind me. Then I would roll over onto the other side, crossing a sizable ridge of bedding that seemed to have gathered at the small of my back, and the same yanking and tugging would (Continued on Page 76)



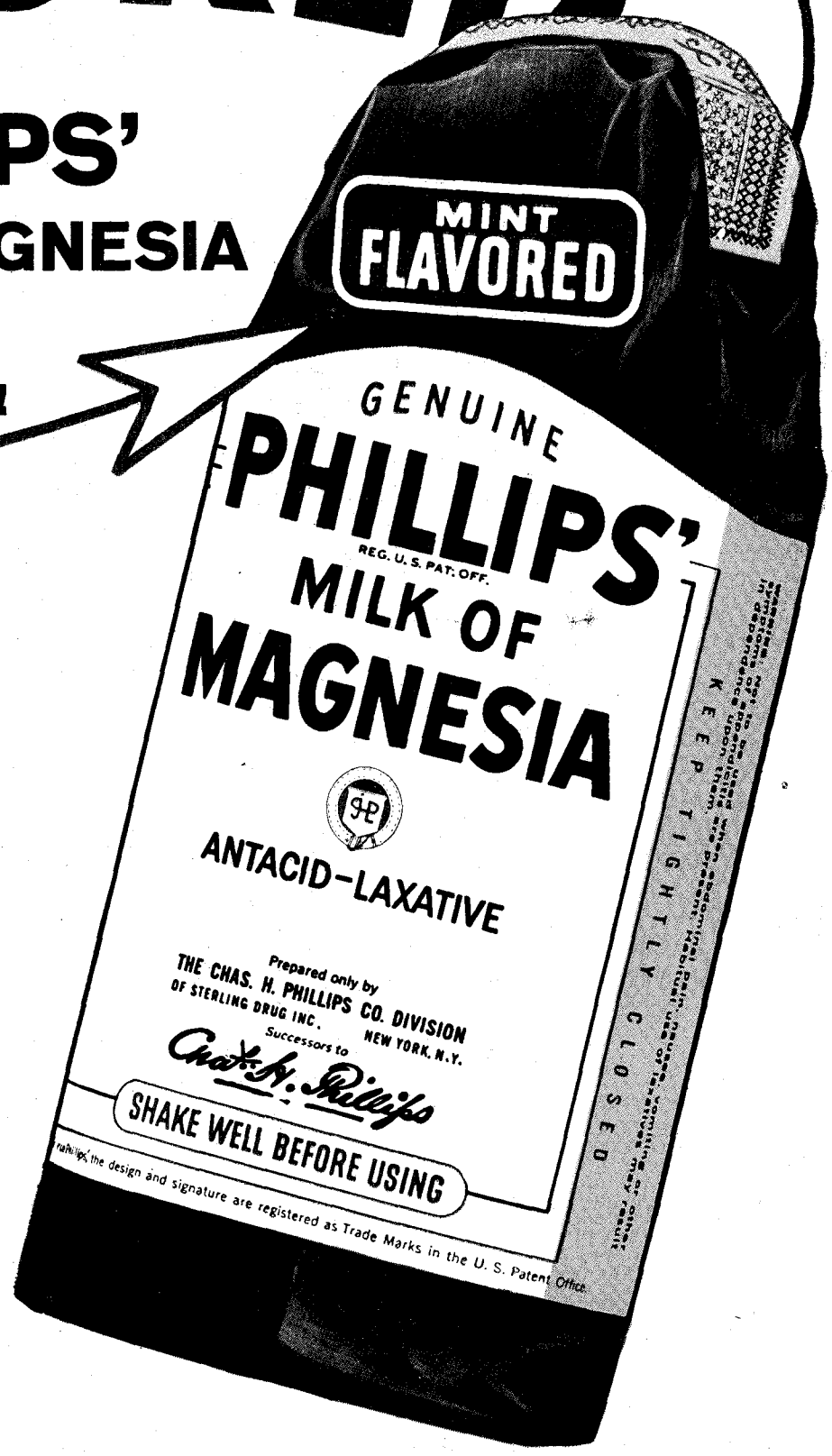
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW ADDITION TO THE FAMOUS PHILLIPS' FAMILY!

FLAVORED

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

AT THE SAME PRICE AS REGULAR!



Now the World's Best Milk of Magnesia is yours in this new mint-flavored form that tastes wonderfully clean and refreshing.

As a laxative, Phillips' gives more complete relief!

Phillips' gives more *complete* relief than laxatives which act only on constipation. This is because Phillips' is actually *more* than a laxative. It also relieves the acid indigestion which frequently accompanies constipation. Works leisurely, too —without embarrassing urgency. Three tablespoonfuls of Phillips', taken with water at bedtime when necessary, not only help you get a good night's sleep, but when morning comes, bring you the relief you need to start your day feeling bright and refreshed.

As an antacid, Phillips' settles your stomach in seconds!

Scientific tests show that—in just a matter of seconds—Phillips' neutralizes the excess stomach acids which cause upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other symptoms of acid indigestion. The reason Phillips' works with remarkable speed is because it is one of the fastest, most effective stomach acid neutralizers ever discovered. Almost before you know it, Phillips' eases away that hot, gnawing sensation in your stomach—and you're feeling fine again.

REGULAR PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CONTINUES UNCHANGED!

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in the new flavored form *does not* replace regular Phillips'. For the innumerable people who wish to continue using regular Phillips', it will, of course, always be available—in exactly the same high quality form you've known for years.

NEW, FLAVORED PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 74*) begin all over again. By the time I rolled onto my back, the bed was all made, and here it was only seven-thirty.

The next problem is to find what to do with yourself all the rest of the day. You can wad your paper handkerchiefs into balls and try to hit the wastebasket across the room. I developed an underhand lofting shot that could score two baskets out of three. You can press the buzzer for the nurse, and make book on how long it takes her to come. Another way to pass the time is to have her crank the sections of your mechanical bed up and down, forming geometric patterns or spelling out the more angular letters of the alphabet. You can make a pretty good M, by lowering the middle section and elevating the head and knees. If things get too dull, you can always persuade a confederate to smuggle in a carton of live goldfish and dump them into your bedpan while Nannie isn't looking.

Then there are the little side trips to some other part of the hospital to have an X-ray picture taken or perhaps, if it's a red-letter day, to get a barium enema. These expeditions always have the element of adventure. You are loaded into a wheel chair and propelled down the corridor at a dizzy rate of speed, weaving in and out between the ambulatory patients hobbling on crutches, and ducking around an occasional service wagon filled with dishes. Doors open suddenly as you pass, or some other wheel chair comes hurtling around a corner, missing you by inches. It's just like being back on Wilshire Boulevard again. You crowd into an elevator with three or four more wheel chairs, and the nurses discuss one another's cases in a detached, professional way while the occupants glare at each other with frank loathing. I don't know where they get this theory that misery loves company. I hated every other patient on sight.

Your meals are served hospital time, which means that dinner arrives about three in the afternoon and has all the piquant flavor of a boiled head of steam. Personally I had a solution for this. It seems that my companion in the accident was Dave Chasen, the noted Hollywood restaurateur, and every evening at the dignified hour of seven-thirty, a minion in a Tuxedo would appear with a covered aluminum receptacle filled with delectable dishes from his shop. My advice to anybody planning an accident is to have it with Chasen.

Of course, there's always a steady stream of people dropping into your room to help you while away the day. There's the cleaning woman, for instance, who usually arrives in the middle of breakfast and proceeds to mop the floor with some pine-smelling disinfectant, lending a slight taste of turpentine to your coffee. There's the daily visit of the young lady who comes to get a sample of your blood. She carries a tray of bottles hung from her neck, like a cigarette girl in a night club, and beams with anticipation as she selects a particularly long needle and inquires brightly, "Let's see, now, which side did we do yesterday?" I always shut my eyes when I saw her coming, but I have an impression that she had pointed teeth and hung upside down from the ceiling.

Then there's the newsstand lady who brings you the evening paper, along with the latest gossip about your neighbors down the hall. "Number Fourteen had another relapse last night, they got her under oxygen, it probably won't be long now." Or, even more ominously, "I see where the bed is empty in Twenty-three. I guess that means one less newspaper for this floor."

Last but not least, there are the acquaintances who come around to cheer you up. You can hear them all the way down the corridor, laughing boisterously as they approach your door. They all have deep tans and are fairly bursting with health as they storm into your room and greet you with hearty humor: "You sure seem to be taking it easy. Boy, I wish I had nothing to do but loaf in bed all day." They make themselves right at home, tossing a hat onto the dresser and knocking over a vase of tulips, or selecting an apple from your fruit basket and biting into it with a loud crunch. "Do you mind if I smoke?" one of them asks, lighting his pipe and blowing a cloud of heavy fumes into your face. Another rummages through the books on the table. "Say, here's one I haven't read," he remarks idly, slipping it into his pocket.

Another slides the magazines off your bedside stand and sits on it, propping his feet on the edge of your bed. "Sure wish you coulda been along last night," he recalls, crossing his legs and upsetting an ash tray onto your pillow. "We wound up at three in the morning. I took out that little blonde you used to go with before the accident, and she told me to be sure and say hello."

These visits never last very long. "I'm afraid we gotta be going," somebody announces suddenly, and all the others spring to their feet with alacrity. "We're all driving out to Palm Springs this weekend for a blast." He hesitates beside your bed. "Look, is it O.K. if I borrow the keys to your car? You prolly won't be needing it for a while."

The room is very quiet after they've gone. The air is blue with smoke, the floor is littered with apple cores and cigarette butts, and the water drips steadily from the overturned vase on the dresser. You reach for the buzzer to call the nurse, but someone has accidentally kicked the plug out of the socket. You lean back wanly on your pillow and close your eyes.

Comes the long-awaited day when you are discharged from the hospital at last. You totter feebly into your own bedroom, which looks exactly as it did when you left it that fatal morning. Your slippers are still beside the bed, your pajamas are hanging on the floor of the closet, and everything has a musty smell, like a room somebody died in. All it needs is a velvet rope across the door. Your desk is piled high with mail, but you're too tired to get at it tonight. You'd like a glass of fruit juice, but there's no buzzer to ring for the nurse. A back rub would certainly feel good right now, you reflect ruefully. There's nobody around to tuck you into bed, nobody to bring your supper on a tray, nobody to wake you up tomorrow and ask you how we feel this morning.

At least, you comfort yourself, everybody will be waiting impatiently to hear about your operation. This illusion is rudely shattered. It turns out that all your friends have had one just like it, only worse. I've been trying to talk about my own operation ever since I had it, but I can't find anybody to listen. It's getting so that people avoid me at parties, and friends cross the street when they see me coming.

That's why I hurried over here to the hospital to see you as soon as I heard about this operation of yours. Do you mind if I close the door of your room, to make sure nobody disturbs us? I'll just sit on the edge of your bed, so you can't wriggle out from under the covers and get away. Maybe I'd better put this thermometer in your mouth in case you try to interrupt.

Now, then, let me tell you what happened to *me*. THE END

You'll get **expert** woodworking results when you rely on professional **"know-how"**

HOME HANDYMEN:

Test your skill on these woodshop expressions . . .

Each expression listed in left column relates to a term in the right column — test your skill at matching them up correctly.

____ 1. Baluster	a. Abrasive
____ 2. Cove	b. Vertical line
____ 3. Riser	c. Stairway
____ 4. Flute	d. Wood strip
____ 5. Flint	e. Molding
____ 6. Batten	f. Bolt
____ 7. Bob	g. Railing
____ 8. Drift	h. Drill

ANSWERS: 1-g; 2-e; 3-c; 4-h; 5-a; 6-d; 7-b; 8-f. Six to eight correct: Master Wood Shaver. Less than four correct: See your hardware or building supply specialist.

EVERY HOME HANDYMAN occasionally needs professional advice on a pet project. When it's a question of either product or method, you'll save time and money by asking the advice of your neighborhood do-it-yourself specialist—your local CARBORUNDUM® Hardware or Building Supply Dealer. If your project involves sanding, sharpening or grinding, he has a complete line of Sandpapers, Sharpening Stones and Grinding Wheels to give you smoother, faster and more economical results.

See this home workshop favorite AT YOUR **CARBORUNDUM DEALER**

Flexbac® PAD KIT

GET FAST SANDING without swirl marks on all your workshop projects with the FLEXBAC pad—enthusiastically endorsed by thousands of boat owners.

FLEXBAC is a new sander attachment for electric drills. Saves you hours of tiresome hand sanding and gives you professional results. Special cushion-type pad design allows sanding discs to follow complex curves and contours. Sanding discs are held to pad with a pressure-sensitive adhesive—can be peeled off and replaced in seconds. FLEXBAC is a real time saver on wood, metal or plastic. Complete FLEXBAC Kit includes pad assembly, adapter for electric drill, can of adhesive restorer and five "Handy Sandy" discs in assorted grit sizes.

ONLY $6.95

Always ask for **CARBORUNDUM**
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

FIRST with the **BEST** in everything **ABRASIVE**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bitter Bargain (Continued from Page 37)

"So why don't you go to Quinby right now. Tell him you think he's done a great job. Butter him up! And for Pete's sake, don't tell him how to organize this merger! You know how he hates Jim Moffat."

"I know," Tom told him quietly, "but it's not right to drop Moffat and his men. Those men know the Sunland process, and they have families."

"That's not your problem, Tom. What about your own family, your own men? If you get fired, we get fired."

"That isn't going to happen," Tom said heavily. "Now let's have the Sunland inventory. They'll want to know how we're going to market the stuff."

"Those figures are in Quinby's file," Josh said. "We can't have them."

Tom slowly took off his glasses. "Who says we can't?"

"Quinby! He said he will tell you how to market that inventory when he has studied the matter."

"When did this happen?"

"Yesterday, while you were away."

Now he knew why Josh was so scared. Maybe this was a little thing. Maybe it wasn't. This was the best job he'd ever done. Natalie had the best home he'd ever been able to give her. And Ronnie! Their boy was working his way through medical school. He needed more financial help—

Every man needs a certain amount of leisure time. Otherwise, how would his wife get the lawn mowed?

HAL CHADWICK

---

lots more. No! Nothing could happen to this job! Absolutely nothing!

He thought of all the selling he'd done in his lifetime. He wanted to brag. He wanted to say, as he always had said, "Name it! I've sold it." But suddenly he couldn't. Suddenly he was scared, just like Josh. Was he losing his nerve? A salesman without nerve was nothing. He lunged around the corner of his desk and started out. Behind him, Josh was calling, "Easy, Tom! Easy!"

Just as he reached the main door to Quinby's office a short stocky man with gray, crew-cut hair stepped out of his own office on Tom's right. It was Gus Nance, production manager.

"Hello, Lasher," he said. It was the first time he'd used Tom's last name, and he started to push by. This, too, was a small thing and Tom could easily have let it go, but he didn't. He reached out with one big hand and stopped the man.

"Is Harry in his office?"

"Yes," the production manager said, eying Tom distantly, "but he's busy."

The man's insolence doubled Tom's anger and he pushed on by him, passed up Quinby's secretaries, opened Quinby's door and went in, shutting Gus Nance and the secretaries out behind him.

Harry Quinby was a good-looking man, tall and thin with dark hair fringing a bald spot. His sharp features and restless brown eyes marked the alertness which was the key point of his personality.

"Yes?" he asked, looking up carefully from his mahogany desk.

"Harry," Tom said softly, and he sat down by Quinby's desk as if he'd been invited, "may I have the Sunland inventory report?"

"What do you want it for?"

"I want to get the stuff on the market."

"You don't have to start yet."

"If this were only a matter of business," Tom went on, "you'd say, 'Find the market.'" He took a careful breath. "Harry, what's happening?"

"Your job is selling," Quinby said. "I brought you into this company two years ago to sell. You've done your job and you were paid well for it. You have nothing to do with the administration of this company."

"You're telling me I'm fired?"

"I'm only reminding you not to interfere with the decisions on this merger. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes. You're afraid of Moffat and his Sunland crew. You don't want me to say out loud that they're better than we are."

"Don't put words in my mouth and criticize me for them!" Quinby's face was turning dark red. "Remember, around here you are still a junior. That is all, Lasher."

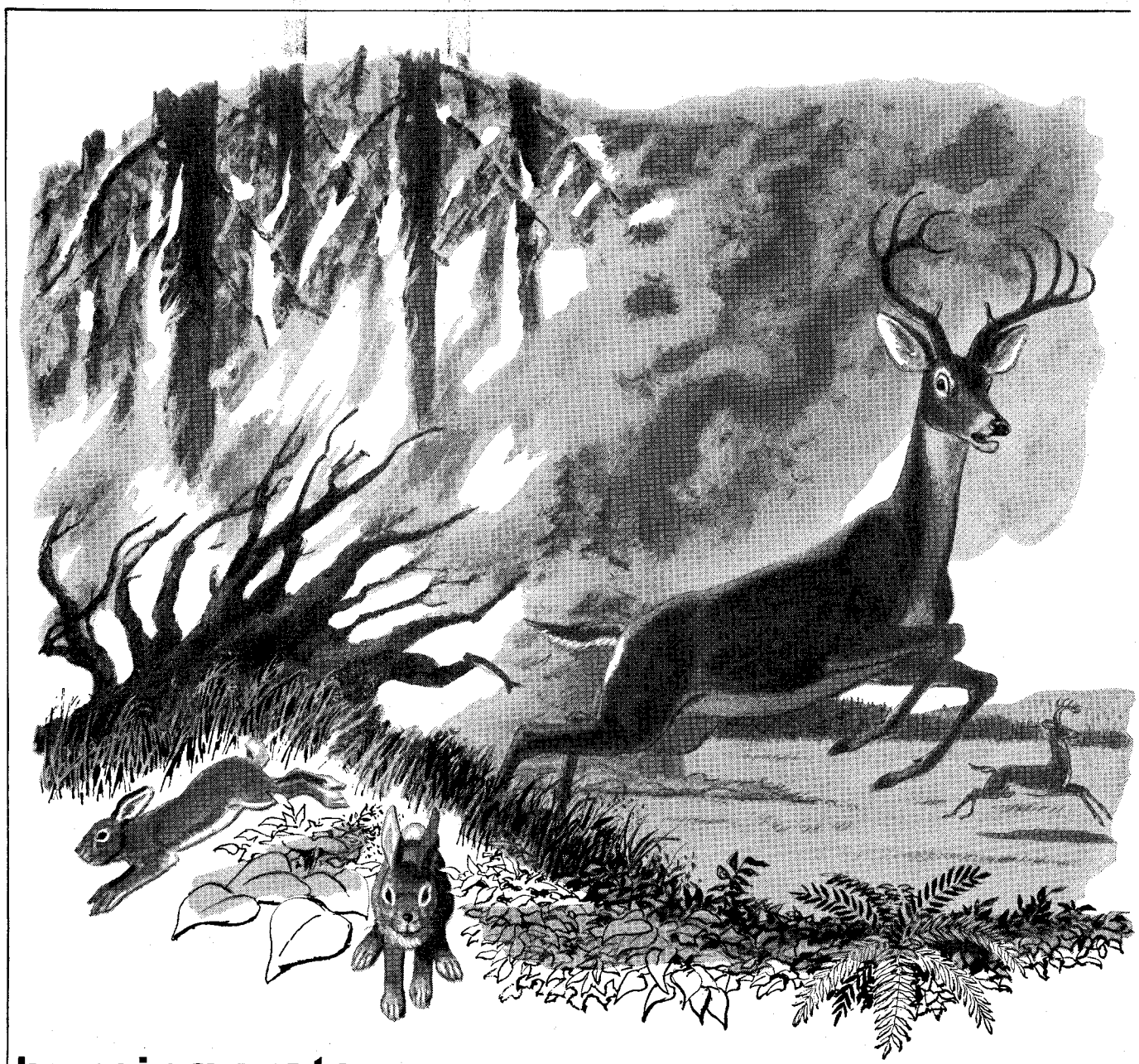
You need another job all right, Tom, and you need it tomorrow, he told himself.

"Just one more thing," Quinby said. "Parkinson's secretary phoned from the airport. He's due here right now. If I were you, I'd do all of the listening this morning and none of the talking."

"Why do you have to say that, Harry?"

"Because you've only met Parkinson. You don't really know anything about him yet. Bill Parkinson is Wright Foods, Incorporated. He makes all decisions. Bill runs every firm they own from the top down, not from the bottom up."

Tom got the point and stood up. He was trying not to remember that he was



burning water...

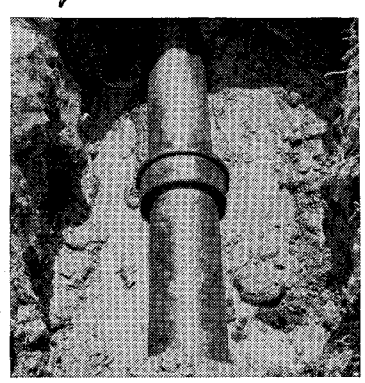
A carelessly flicked match or cigarette...

A forest dies. Water, no longer absorbed by the sunbaked soil, runs off... carries with it irreplaceable topsoil. Another natural watershed... life and health for thousands... is lost. Sometimes, for centuries!

You can help stop this criminal waste of God-given resources. In the woods, be careful of matches and campfires. As for water:

1. **Encourage future planning of water facilities.**
2. **Support realistic water rates and water supply bond issues.**
3. **Conserve water wherever you can.**

"Plentiful as water" no longer applies to America.



STILL GOING STRONG!

This 8" cast iron water main laid in Williamsport, Pennsylvania in 1855. Carrying water from the city's reservoir to its distribution system, it has been in continuous use for 102 years and is still in excellent condition.

Performance like this is another of the many reasons forward-looking water officials specify cast iron pipe. It's America's Number One Tax Saver... and the record proves it!

CAST IRON PIPE
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION (CAST IRON) SUITE 3440, PRUDENTIAL PLAZA, CHICAGO 1, ILL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the incomparable

LOWREY ORGAN

...is so easy to play!

Anyone can play the LOWREY... in mere minutes. And its wonderful versatility... the wide range of voices and fine organ effects . . . will provide the whole family with a lifetime of musical pleasure.

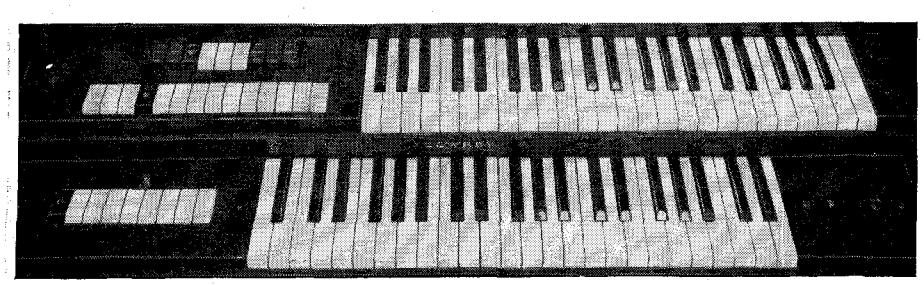
Here are some of the many wonderful features that make the LOWREY so appealing to the beginner, so satisfying to the virtuoso: Solo tabs control volume individually for each keyboard • Balanced twin speakers for hi-fi tone • "Minit-Music" starts *anyone* playing immediately • Distinctively styled in a wide choice of cabinets and finishes (there's one to suit *your* taste) • And the exclusive Lowrey "Glide" provides thrilling effects such as real slide trombone and many others! Budget terms make the LOWREY easy to own.

See your LOWREY dealer . . . or write us directly ...for complete information about the *incomparable* LOWREY Organ... and budget terms... TODAY!

The Lowrey Organ Company, Dept. 127
7373 N. Cicero Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois

LOWREY ORGANS

...YOUR KEYS TO THE WORLD OF MUSIC



fifty-one, trying not to think of how badly Ronnie needed extra money, trying not to think of how he would tell Natalie that the job was folding.

The door behind him opened and Gus Nance and Walt Mercer came in quickly. Mercer, assistant manager, was at least sixty. Gaunt and white, the old man wore such thick glasses that his eyeballs were magnified like goldfish swimming in a round bowl.

"Bill is here!" Walt announced in an oddly gay voice.

Tom felt the tension around him rise sharply, and then William W. Parkinson and his men walked in the door.

"Hello, Tom," Parkinson said. His smiling face was always friendly, but his eyes were incredibly dispassionate and absorbing. "How very nice to see you again."

After greeting everyone quickly, Parkinson introduced his men all around. Ehrenberg, his attorney, Garloch, his accountant, Vickers, his secretary.

"You're all to be congratulated." Parkinson picked up the business of the day fast. "Even with Sunland we won't be the biggest in Florida by a long shot, but we are big enough now to put a good orange juice on the market on a national scale. . . . We're pleased with your campaign, Harry. . . . Was it rough, Tom?"

"A tight game," Tom said. "Nip and tuck all the way."

In the conference room next to Quinby's office, Parkinson sat at the head of the table; Harry Quinby at his right; old Walt Mercer next to Quinby, with Gus Nance in the third seat.

On Parkinson's left, Ehrenberg sat first and Tom edged into the second seat. He didn't want to sit next to Parkinson, but neither did he want to sit in low-man position opposite Gus Nance. The accountant, Garloch, obviously felt shoved, but he moved down for Tom, and the secretary sat at the far end of the table.

For close to an hour the conversation analyzed the legal aspects of the coming merger. Tom listened carefully, but actually he was drowning in his own sense of catastrophe. It was one thing to say, "I've started over a dozen times in my life. I can start over again." It was another thing to do it at fifty-one.

"I am most interested, however," Parkinson was saying, changing the subject, "in the operation of the new concern. . . . Harry, how does it look?"

"Present production here at Florida Frozen," Quinby began, "is a little over twelve thousand cases a day, Bill. Sunland can only produce ten thousand a day, but Gus believes he can push that up to twelve thousand a day." He looked around the table to include everyone in the conversation but Tom. "With our men in all key positions, men who are tested and loyal to us"—he lingered over the phrase—"we plan to more than double our present production."

"And the market, Tom?" Parkinson asked quietly.

"Of course, we can sell it," Tom said. "I'm only concerned about the price, and that depends on whether we keep our present quality or improve it to match Sunland quality."

If he had shouted he couldn't have produced a more complete silence.

"Our juice is good enough," he went on, remembering to smile, "but Jim Moffat's is real quality."

The silence settled over them again. Quinby, Mercer and Nance stared casually, yet hard, at absolutely nothing on the table in front of them.

"Who says Sunland is better?" Parkinson asked, and Tom felt sure he knew the answer before he'd asked the question.

"Distributors, jobbers, buyers," Tom told him.

"They criticize our product to run down our price," Mercer said, and his eyes swam back and forth on the other side of his glasses.

"This is not a point of argument," Parkinson said pleasantly. "Either Sunland is better or it isn't. . . . What's the answer, Harry?"

"Sunland has a slightly better product," Quinby said much too quietly. "Anyway it's a higher-priced product. They couldn't sell it in competition with us. I wouldn't dream of using their price-quality formula after we have just proved it can't compete with ours."

"Why," Parkinson asked slowly, "is Sunland better?"

"They pay a little more for their oranges," Quinby said, as if it were a minor point.

"Any other reason?" Parkinson was looking directly at Gus Nance.

"No!" Gus was being defensive and Tom couldn't (*Continued on Page 80*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Seven-fifteen. All out for the rat race."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's good to know where to stop

That's true with most things. When you're buying a car, for instance, it's important to know how far to go with financing. The longer you pay, the more you pay—so avoid stretched out "easy terms." Your General Motors Dealer who uses the GMAC Thrift-Guard Plan can show you how to finance your car at reasonable cost. Last year alone, over 2,000,000 families financed their cars on the GMAC Plan. You, too, can enjoy the same convenience of financing where you buy. And remember, wherever you travel, nearly 300 GMAC offices throughout the United States and Canada can give you prompt assistance in emergencies.

GMAC

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION

TIME PAYMENT PLAN

WISE CAR BUYERS KNOW...

The best way to buy "on time" is to pay down as much as you comfortably can—then pay the balance as soon as you can.

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION

THE PLAN THAT HAS HELPED MILLIONS BUY CARS "ON TIME"

ASK YOUR DEALER in CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC new cars, and used cars of all makes; also FRIGIDAIRE • DELCO APPLIANCES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 78*) resist driving him back on his heels.

"They have newer machinery," he said flatly.

"Where'd they get it?" Parkinson's eyes came intensely alive.

"Jim Moffat designed it and built it himself."

"Who is this Jim Moffat?" Parkinson wanted to know.

"Bill," Quinby cut in, "he is a dangerous man—brutal, loud, unkempt."

Surprisingly enough, Parkinson laughed and turned to Tom. "But you don't agree?"

"No, I don't," Tom told him. "Moffat is one of those men who won't make a product unless they can be proud of it. His men like him. It was his stockholders who sold him out."

Ehrenberg turned around to Tom with an idea in his eyes. "Is Moffat a personal friend of yours?"

There was a short, uncontrolled laugh from across the table, and everybody looked at Walt Mercer.

"He hates Lasher's guts," Walt said. "I even heard Moffat is laying for him."

"Bill," Quinby cut in fast again, his voice rising, "Tom Lasher is interfering in a business policy which I ——"

"Yes. Yes, Harry," Parkinson said softly, quickly. "Tom obviously believes in the Sunland crew." He laughed irrepressibly. "I understand your point, too, however. You do not want Moffat and his men in your company. They hate you because you pushed them to the wall. You don't trust resentful men, and I don't blame you." He touched Quinby's arm as if to console him. "Now one more question, Harry. If Moffat were available to us, would you hire him?"

"No."

Parkinson looked at Walt Mercer.

"No."

The cool eyes moved to Gus Nance.

"Mr. Parkinson," Gus said, "if Moffat were working for me now, I'd fire him."

"Tom?"

Tom took a long drag on his cigarette and looked at the men across the table. If he sided with them he might save something from the wreck of his job. If he sided against Quinby, Mercer and Nance right there in front of Parkinson, he was finished.

He thought of Natalie and of Ronnie. He thought of Moffat and the beaten Sunland crew, men looking for jobs. Parkinson was watching him closely, and Tom blew his smoke into a cloud that curled its way lazily toward the ceiling.

"Yes," he said softly. "I'd hire Moffat."

"Recess, gentlemen," Parkinson said and stood up. There was a scraping of chairs and a growing murmur of conversation that had a deceptively casual sound to it. "Do you have any coffee around here, Harry?"

"It should be ready now," Quinby said, his voice a little too soft, too careful. "We'll serve it in the outer office."

He went to the door, expecting Parkinson to follow. Ehrenberg, Garloch and Walt took his obvious lead, but Parkinson stepped over close to Tom.

"Contact Moffat," he said, so quietly he could be barely heard. "Tell him anything within reason, but get him. We've got to have quality from now on—his quality."

"Yes, sir."

"Phone me."

Tom moved away toward Harry Quinby, who was waiting at the door, maybe not hearing, but certainly watching. Parkinson didn't follow immediately, and for a moment Tom was alone with his boss.

"Harry," he said, "you won't want me in the rest of the conference. May I be excused?"

He saw the things Quinby wanted to say and couldn't. He watched him boil it down to one phrase.

"Get out," Quinby whispered.

It was only a fifteen-minute drive to the Sunland plant, and Tom tried to think it through before he got there. Parkinson had known what he wanted produced by the new combine before he'd entered the conference room. Now what was he doing? Putting Tom on his team? Or was he just using him? Did Parkinson really think he could sell Moffat an idea? Great heaven! He was the man who had ruined Moffat! On the other hand, if he failed Parkinson now, he'd really be out. As long as he was on the payroll, he could only try.

The loading yard at Sunland was empty. When he turned off his engine the silence grabbed at him, and the slam of his car door echoed across the deserted concrete.

He went in through the front door of the plant and the great machines stood before him, dead. Conveyor belts hung flaccid over their polished rollers. The battery of extractor machines was motionless against a whitewashed wall, and the dehydrators were lifeless giants. This was defeat—Jim Moffat's defeat—and it depressed him even more than he had expected it would.

He climbed the stairs to the high balcony where the main offices looked out over the sleeping machines, and a middle-aged secretary stared at him with something close to terror. Obviously he had been seen coming, and he knew that here he was a man to be hated and feared.

"I'd like to see Mr. Moffat," he said as gently as possible.

Summer driving can be this cool in the car you own now!

Remember those days last summer when your car was a rolling steam bath? Well, decide to forget. You can afford car air conditioning — and the finest. You can drive cool — with windows closed against heat and humidity and buffeting wind.

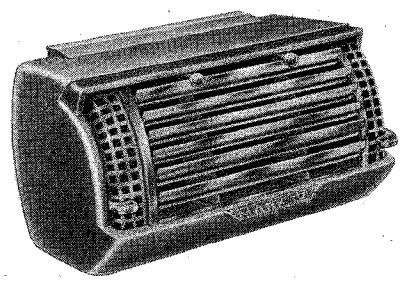
You can with a MARK IV. Old car or new, dash or trunk model is installed in a matter of hours. The price is low. The engineering . . . unexcelled. The unit . . . proved, and improved, through five years of use.

It is America's leading custom installed unit.

Of course, MARK IV has an advantage that built this popularity: patents, on the unique Robotrol control system. Our engineers developed it; only our company may make it.

It reduces wear, makes a clutch unnecessary, provides quick cooling even at slow speeds. It has put MARK IV years ahead of the industry.

But let's not talk engineering here. Your dealer can explain it all. However, a demonstration ride says it far better. Plan to take one this week.



There are distributors with factory trained installers in over 200 cities from New York to California. If yours isn't listed in the Yellow Pages yet, write us for his name.

MARK IV DIVISION

JOHN E. MITCHELL COMPANY

DALLAS, TEXAS

Manufacturers of Fine Machinery for More Than Half a Century

AMERICA'S LEADING CUSTOM INSTALLED AUTO AIR CONDITIONER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She nodded stiffly at a door, and he walked through it to see Jim Moffat looming hugely over his desk. Even Moffat's bushy eyebrows were red, like a flame over each green eye. The nose was gigantic, and his cheekbones were crags under a mountainous skull. The crate-sized chest was scarcely covered by a sport shirt, and the red hair curled out of the v of the neck and down the heavy arms to the freckled wrists. His right fist, big as a coffee mug, was clenched on the desk in front of him.

"What do you want?" He threw his words at Tom as if they were stones.

"Parkinson is down from New York. It looks like a shake-up."

"You think I don't know this?" Moffat shouted.

"The shake-up may get big enough to include a job for you—production manager of the combined operation." The big redhead whipped an obscenity through his teeth and Tom ignored it. "It's one of the best jobs of its kind in Florida."

"Get this straight," Moffat ordered: "I wouldn't work for men like you and Quinby if it was the last job on earth!"

"Quinby won't be in a position to say anything."

Under the edge of his mind he was telling himself that Parkinson was too smart to put Moffat and Quinby in the same cage. "You'll have to take my word for that," he added.

"Your word?" Moffat's voice went up with derision, and his lips tightened.

He was looking for an excuse, any excuse, to smash his fist into Tom's face, and Tom didn't blame him.

"I had a job to do," Tom heard himself saying. "I was told what to do. I was paid to do it. If I hadn't done it, someone else would have."

"Quinby has a lousy product!" Moffat yelled. "And you sold it with your big, fat voice! You didn't outsell us! You undercut us to wreck us! You had to! We had a better product!"

He reared up slowly from behind his desk, his mouth pulled tight over his teeth. Tom knew when a man was ready to fight, and for one terrible moment he was hopeless. He wanted to walk out.

Moffat, however, began stalking his way around the desk toward Tom, and that did it. Tom remembered leaving a half dozen jobs for better jobs. He'd been fired once for slugging the boss, and several times for trying to get bigger commissions. But he had never been fired because he was afraid to sell.

The old anger came suddenly awake in him and he stepped toward the big man and saw Moffat's muscles tighten from fist to ankle. Tom walked so close to Moffat that there was only a split second left before the fist would be smashed at him. He sat down in the chair beside Moffat's desk just as if the man were not towering over him like a mad bear.

"I didn't come here to crawl," he told him, and he looked directly up into the huge face, his own anger holding him steady. "And I think you ought to know," Tom went on, "I expected you to play this a lot smarter than you are. I'm here because I've got something to offer—something for both of us."

He was selling now. It was the old routine and it gave him a surge of confidence.

"Jim," he said, "you're playing for double or nothing. Play the fool and next week you'll have to start all over again. Work this out with me and you'll be producing Sunland juice in two plants instead of one."

Moffat flopped back into his chair. "Talk," he said, but the green eyes were distrustful.

"As it is right this minute, Quinby will produce his lousy product in your plant. All the production standards you've worked out won't be worth that!"

He tossed a dime onto Moffat's desk, and the big man stared at it.

"But do as you like," Tom went on. "Quit. Start over tomorrow. Only what are your men going to use for grocery money—men with families?"

"Now you're worrying about their grocery bills!" Moffat snorted. "Don't make me sick!"

"Think what you please," Tom said, "but remember, a lot of men are depending on your decision. Your men as well as you, my men—and even myself."

Moffat's head snapped around. His eyebrows moved three quarters of the way up his forehead and a strange smile cracked across his face.

"You will be out of a job?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I can't play ball with Quinby."

"I want you to believe something." Moffat sounded surprisingly cordial. "I would give a great deal to see you out on the street begging for a job!"

Economists tell us that credit is fast getting out of hand. Well, so is cash.

CY N. PEACE

Look here for the name of your nearest MARK IV distributor

Space does not permit listing the thousands of dealers and service centers who also sell and service MARK IV units. If your city is not listed here, contact your nearest distributor for the name of your closest MARK IV outlet.

ALABAMA
Birmingham... Alabama Auto Parts, Inc.
Alabama Auto Parts, Inc. (Woodlawn Branch)
Cullman..... Alabama Auto Parts, Inc.

ARIZONA
Casa Grande..... Jim Grady Company
Phoenix..... Dyna-tronics
Paul Bennett Tire Company
Tucson..... Neasham Service Center

ARKANSAS
Arkadelphia..... Auto Parts & Supply
Fort Smith.... Brown & Whatley Garage
Williams Auto Supply
Jonesboro. Frank Hughey Auto Parts Co.
Little Rock..... Fisher Esso Servicenter
Pine Bluff..... Spillyards-Palmateer
Texarkana..... The Auto Clinic

CALIFORNIA
Azusa. Pennock's Carburetor & Elec. Ser.
Bakersfield... Haberfelde Steel Company
Barstow..... Henderson & Barnes
Blythe..... Blythe Auto Parts
Compton..... Marfield's Auto Supply
Fresno..... Conditioned Air
Glendale..... Psenner Pauff, Inc.
Huntington Park.. Ray Jackson Tire Cen.
Indio..... Cliff Gentry Sheet Metal & Refrigeration Company
Long Beach..... Don Slocum
Los Angeles..... Ashton & Leigh
Coast Spotlight Company
Crown Coach & Body Corp. (buses)
Wm. A. Gulko Company
J. T. Jenkins Company (trucks)
David Lindstrom Motors, Inc.
Parts Wholesalers, Inc.
Ralph & Chuck's Automotive, Inc.
Thomas Motors
Vogue Automotive, Inc.
Mojave..... Smitty's Auto Refrig. Serv.
North Hollywood..... Bair Automotive
Oakland..... C. P. Hunt Company
Ontario..... Jack M. Clark Buick Co.
Palm Springs.. Tex Driskell Refrigeration Sales & Service
Pasadena..... Thale Engineering Corp.
Riverside..... Service Supply Company
Sacramento..... Langner & Rifkin
San Bernardino..... Bird Refrigeration
San Diego..... Motor Parts West
San Francisco. Pacific Auto Air Cond. Co.
Santa Ana..... Santa Ana Refrigeration
Stockton..... Brandstad & Doherty Tire Co., Inc.

COLORADO
Denver.. Barney Gross Supply Company

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport... L. T. Dobey Company, Inc.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington.. The Walter M. Ballard Co.

FLORIDA
Clearwater..... Auto Air, Incorporated
Jacksonville..... William Catlin & Sons
Miami..... Johnnie & Mack, Inc.
Orlando.... Dixie Motor Supply Co., Inc.
Tallahassee..... Gomez Auto Service

GEORGIA
Albany.... Lamar Davis Motor Company
Atlanta..... Mellen Parts Company
Columbus..... Cliff M. Averett, Inc.
Macon.... Smith & Stroberg Body Shop
Rome..... Marshall Jackson Motor Co.
Savannah..... Victory Motors

ILLINOIS
Chicago..... Beverly Auto Stores
General Auto Service
Roberts Super Auto Service
South Side Automotive Company, Inc.
Spitfire Battery & Ignition Co.
Spitfire Motor Service
West Side Ignition
Winner Supply Co.
Kankakee. Paul Lang & Sons Auto Parts
Mattoon..... Furste Auto Supply, Inc.
Peoria..... Peoria Auto Parts Company
Polar Supply Corporation
Springfield... Downtain's TV & Appl. Co.

INDIANA
Bloomington..... Arco Motors
Evansville..... Hocker Power Brake Co.
Fort Wayne... Brouwer Tire & Bat. Serv.
Gary..... Owens Auto Supply, Inc.
Indianapolis..... Fred Williams Jr., Inc.
Madison..... Koehler Supply Company
New Albany..... Victory Motors, Inc.
Terre Haute..... Ranes-O'Daniel Auto Sales, Inc.

IOWA
Atlantic..... Sidles Company
Boone..... Sidles Company
Cedar Falls..... Standard Battery & Electric Company
Cedar Rapids..... Barron Motor Supply
Centerville..... Sidles Company
Charles City..... Standard Battery & Electric Company
Council Bluffs..... Sidles Company
Decorah..... Standard Battery & Electric Company
Denison.... Automotive Parts Company
Des Moines.. Sidles Company
Iowa City..... Barron Motor Supply
Manchester..... Barron Motor Supply
Mason City..... Sidles Company
Missouri Valley..... Sidles Company
Newton..... Sidles Company
Ottumwa..... Friday's, Inc.
Perry..... Sidles Company
Shenandoah..... Sidles Company
Toledo..... Barron Motor Company
Waterloo.. Standard Battery & Elec. Co.
West Des Moines..... Sidles Company

KANSAS
Colby..... S & W Supply Company, Inc.
Concordia.... Regnier Automotive Parts
Ft. Scott..... Sisson's Tire Exchange
Great Bend.. Automotive Parts Co., Inc.
Hays..... S & W Supply Company, Inc.
Hutchinson.. Kingsley Wagner Sup., Inc.
Junction City..... Coover Chevrolet, Inc.
Kansas City..... Eaker Motor Service
Kinsley..... Automotive Parts Co., Inc.
Liberal. The Woolwine Supply Company
Manhattan..... Brewer Motor Company
Oakley..... Automotive Parts Co., Inc.
Parsons.. Haskett & Pedlar Auto Supply
Phillipsburg..... Sidles Company
Pratt..... Swinson Motor Company
The Woolwine Supply Company
Salina. Jim Sullivan Chevrolet Company
Scott City... Automotive Parts Co., Inc.
Topeka.... Wilson Tractor & Imple. Co.
Wichita..... Fisher's Auto Service

KENTUCKY
Bowling Green. Kirk's Auto Electric, Inc.
Lexington... Brock-McVey Refrigeration Sup. Co.
Louisville.... Southern Supply Company
Owensboro.... Marks Automotive Service

LOUISIANA
Alexandria.. Rapides Auto Sup. Co., Inc.
Baton Rouge.. Cooper-Barry Automotive Air Conditioning Company
Margot Brake & Spring Service
Lafayette..... Nelson-Billeaud, Inc.
Lake Charles..... Ed Taussig Ford, Inc.
Monroe..... Automotive Parts Company
Thermal Supply Company
New Iberia..... Himel Motor Supply
New Orleans... Rodosta Motor Company
Schulingkamp Motor Company
Opelousas... Daly Motor Supply Co., Inc.
Rayne..... Rayne Motors, Inc.
Shreveport..... Porter Howard Garage

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston..... Ellis, Inc.

MICHIGAN
Detroit. Auto Radio Wholesale Company
Flint..... Darby's Tele-sonic Labs

MINNESOTA
St. Paul.. Associated Mechanical Services

MISSISSIPPI
Columbus... Platt Lincoln-Mercury, Inc.
Forest..... Thompson Motors
Jackson..... J. D.'s One Stop Service
Leland... Molloy's Auto & Battery Shop
Meridian..... Jones Auto Service
Tupelo..... George Ruff Buick Company

MISSOURI
Bernie..... Thurston Auto Supply
Bonne Terre..... Dreier Motor Company
Boonville..... Davis Motor, Inc.
Cape Girardeau. Lorberg Appl. Company
Charleston... Galemore Brothers Garage
Chillicothe... Motor Parts & Equip. Co.
Columbia. John W. Woodward Sales Co.
Jefferson City..... McKay Buick, Inc.
Joplin..... General Motor Service
Kansas City.. Air Control Company, Inc.
Louisiana..... Wes Olson Pontiac
Maryville..... Motor Parts & Equip. Co.
Neosho..... North Brothers, Inc.
New Madrid... Hartwell Gas & Appliance
Piedmont..... McMurry Chevrolet Co.
Poplar Bluff..... King Motor Company
Saint Joseph... Motor Parts & Equip. Co.
Sedalia..... Brown's Supply Company
Sikeston... Dace Paint & Trim Company
Springfield..... Fellini Dukewits, Inc.
St.Louis. Southwest Auto Parts Co., Inc.
Thayer..... Hamilton Motors

NEBRASKA
Alliance..... Sidles-Chambers Company
Beatrice..... Sidles Company
Chadron..... Sidles Company
Falls City..... Sidles Company
Fremont..... Sidles Company
Grand Island..... Sidles Company
Hastings..... Sidles Company
Holdrege..... Sidles Company
Kearney..... Sidles Company
Lincoln..... Sidles Company
McCook..... Sidles Company
Norfolk..... Sidles Company
North Platte..... Sidles Company
Omaha..... Sidles Company
Scottsbluff... Sidles-Chambers Company
South Omaha..... Sidles Company
Valentine.... Sidles-Chambers Company
York..... Sidles Company

NEVADA
Las Vegas.... James Cashman Company
Ted Wiens Texaco

NEW JERSEY
Ho-Ho-Kus..... King Auto Parts

NEW MEXICO
Alamogordo..... Car Parts Depot, Inc.
Albuquerque..... Oden Chevrolet, Inc.
Artesia..... Car Parts Depot, Inc.
Carlsbad..... Car Parts Depot, Inc.
Hobbs..... Car Parts Depot, Inc.
Spaniol Ford Company
Las Cruces..... Car Parts Depot, Inc.
Roy's Automotive
Portales..... Hall Buick Company
Roswell..... Car Parts Depot, Inc.
Silver City..... Car Parts Depot, Inc.

NEW YORK
Brooklyn..... Marc Sales Corporation
Harry Smith Company
Vin's Motor Service
E. A. Wildermuth, Inc.
New York..... Forshay Brothers
White Plains..... Automotive Supply Co.

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville..... Rea Auto Supply, Inc.
Charlotte... Bob Robinson's Auto Service
Fayetteville.. Dickinson Buick Company
Greensboro..... Richardsons Motor Co.
High Point.. Lewis Motor Company, Inc.
Raleigh..... M. K. Davis
Rocky Mount..... Flake B. Chipley, Inc.
Wilmington..... Coastal Motors, Inc.

OHIO
Akron..... The Motor Rim Mfrs. Co.
Cincinnati..... The Harrison Tire & Rubber Co.
Cleveland..... The Motor Rim Mfrs. Co.
Columbus..... Bill Kay, Inc.
Youngstown..... Baber Auto Supply

OKLAHOMA
Ada..... Motor Sales Co.
Ardmore.... Gordon Leaman Downtown Gulf
Bartlesville..... Bluestem Motors, Inc.
Clinton... Mahanay Brothers Auto Parts
Duncan.... Auto Parts & Equipment Co.
Durant.... Steakley Chevrolet Company
Enid..... Fred Boston
Guymon.. Nash Brothers Implement Co.
Heavner..... Scrivner Motor Company
Hobart..... Caudill Motor Company
Lawton..... Fink Automotive Center
McAlester..... Central Auto Supply
Muskogee..... Bill Apperson Motor Co.
Oklahoma City.. Henri J. Abromeit, Inc.
Ponca City..... Auto Electric Company
Shawnee..... Shawnee Motor Supply
Tulsa..... Henri J. Abromeit, Inc.

PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia.... Barton Supply Company

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston.. McKethan Oldsmobile, Inc.
Clio..... Lipscomb-Martin
Greenville.. S. C. Air Conditioning Corp.

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga... Barnes-Rhodes Company
Dyersburg.... Bradshaw Auto Supply Co.
Jackson. Motor Parts & Bearing Company
Memphis... Fortunes Radio & TV Service
Tennessee Liquefied Gas Co., Inc.
Nashville..... Safety Service Company

TEXAS
Abilene..... Hoppe Auto Electric Service
Albany..... Bill Jones Motor Company
Alpine..... Car Parts Depot, Inc.
Amarillo.. Automotive Supply Company
Arlington..... Young's Garage
Austin..... Constant Service Company
Ballinger..... Nix Olds & Cadillac
Baytown..... Ted's Auto Parts
Beaumont..... Straus-Frank Company
Thermal Supply Company
Big Spring..... Walker Auto Parts
Borger..... Davis Chevrolet, Inc.
Bowie..... Widlake Brothers
Breckenridge..... McCathren Motor Co.
Brownsville..... Straus-Frank Company
Brownwood... Joe Keith Buick Company
Bryan..... Corbusier Chevrolet Company
Childress..... Brown Auto Supply
Cleburne.. George Liser Motor Company
Corpus Christi... Motor Supply Company
Straus-Frank Company
Dallas..... Alexander Motor Parts
Hargett Electric Company
Ryan Distributing Company
Straus-Frank Company
Del Rio.. Daniel Automotive Supply Co.
El Paso..... Car Parts Depot, Inc.
Floydada..... Bishop Motor Company
Fort Stockton..... Stockton Auto Parts
Fort Worth..... Fort Worth Battery Co.
Bill Herndon Service Station, Inc.
Lee Smith Company
Southwest Chevrolet Company
Straus-Frank Company
Horton Webb Service
Gainesville..... Hilburn Motor Company
Galveston..... Auto Electric Service
Straus-Frank Company
Thermal Supply Company
Grand Prairie... Paramore Motor Service
Harlingen..... Motor Supply Company
Hearne..... Straus-Frank Company
Hearne Auto Supply Co.
Henderson..... Temp-Aire Company
Houston..... Stone Supply Company
Straus-Frank Company
Thermal Supply, Inc.
Jefferson..... Blain Chevrolet Company
Kermit..... Car Parts Depot, Inc.
Stodghill Chevrolet Company
Kerrville... George Calicott Auto Supply
Lamesa..... A. G. Waugh Company
Lampasas..... McCormick Auto Supply
Laredo..... Straus-Frank Company
Yeary Battery Company, Ltd.
Levelland..... Levelland Auto Supply
Littlefield..... Jones Motor Company
Lubbock.. Lubbock Auto Company, Inc.
Womble Olds Company
Marfa..... Car Parts Depot, Inc.
McAllen..... Straus-Frank Company
Mexia..... McKenzie Motor Company
Midland..... Watkins Auto. Supply Co.
Morton.. Hawkins Oldsmobile Company
Muleshoe..... Ladd Pontiac Company
Odessa..... Carl Sewell Motor Company
Paducah..... Paducah Parts Company
Pampa. H. R. Thompson Parts & Supply
Pecos..... Car Parts Depot, Inc.
Plainview.. Bratcher-DePauw Motor Co.
Port Arthur..... Straus-Frank Company
Post..... Caprock Chevrolet Company
Quanah..... D. L. Hickey Chevrolet Co.
Ralls..... Al Cooper Motor Company
Rockwall..... Thompson Auto Co., Inc.
San Angelo. Angelo Axle & Spring Service
San Antonio..... Straus-Frank Company
San Marcos... Hageman Bat. & Elec. Co.
Seminole..... Bennett Motor Company
Shamrock..... Mayfield Auto Supply
Sherman..... H. E. Barrington Garage
Snyder..... Stelling Automotive Service
Stamford..... Motor Parts Company
Texarkana..... Cullom-Walker
Tyler..... Straus-Frank Company
Waco..... McDonald Auto. Supply Co.
Waco Chevrolet Company
Waxahachie..... Cowan & Langford Pontiac Co.
Wichita Falls, t.... Hodges Tire Company

VIRGINIA
Norfolk..... Holloway & Kiger, Inc.
Richmond.. Clements Auto Elec. Serv., Inc.

WASHINGTON
Seattle..... Fleet Service Tire Company

WISCONSIN
Milwaukee.. Billy Wisniewski Jr.'s, Auto Air Conditioning Shop

DOMINION OF CANADA
Toronto..... Modern Sales, Limited

EXPORT DISTRIBUTORS
Chicago..... Trans-World Trading Corp.
San Francisco..... Discal Corporation
Pacific Auto Air Conditioning Co.

FACTORY REPRESENTATIVES
J. McEwen Cherry & Associates
Nashville, Tennessee
Cochrane Sales, Inc.
Chicago, Illinois
R. H. Downi ng, Inc.
Akron, O hio
George D. Heath Company
Kansas City, Missouri
Fritz Keller Company
Fort Worth, Texas
Modern Sales Limited
Toronto, Canada
Lester D. Moss
Detroit, Michigan
Scully Brothers
Coytesville, New Jersey
Rolland Rife
Washington, D. C.
A. Walt Runglin Company
Los Angeles, California

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tom laughed. It was a good laugh and it relaxed his whole body. The more he saw of Moffat the more he liked him.

"Stay mad," he said finally. "Stay so mad you can't think, and I'll lose my job!" Then he bent toward Moffat. "But if I sell Sunland-quality juice you'll never worry about frozen assets again. You'll be fighting to meet the demand. Jim, you don't know anything about selling."

Moffat didn't answer. He leaned back in his chair thoughtfully and Tom let him alone. Moffat began popping his knuckles methodically, and Tom only listened to the snapping socket sound echoing around the bare office.

When Moffat started talking, his voice was grave but quiet, "I'd like to shut down Florida Frozen. Junk those dehydrators . . . build new extractors . . . new juice lines . . . in the meantime open up here again . . . keep a quality product on the market . . . double production of this plant . . . not that one." He looked at Tom. "But I wouldn't do it for a nickel under fourteen thousand."

Tom picked up Moffat's phone. "Get Parkinson at Florida Frozen," he told Moffat's secretary. "If anyone asks who's calling, say it's confidential."

When Parkinson was on the line, Tom went right into the middle of the conversation.

"Moffat wants to close down Florida Frozen and rebuild the production system. He wants to open Sunland in the meantime to keep a quality product on the market."

"You're fast, Tom. Faster than I am today," Parkinson said. Tom didn't bother to answer. He knew the man was stalling for time to think and he let him have it. "For how much?" Parkinson asked.

"Fourteen thousand."

"The total cost is steep."

"It is, but I can sell Moffat's product for a penny a can more than he got for it."

"Can you personally handle Moffat?"

Tom looked directly at Moffat when he answered. "There'll be no trouble between us." Moffat only eyed him silently.

There was such a long wait on the phone after that that Tom was tempted to talk only to find out if Parkinson was still there, but he didn't. He simply had to wait for the answer from the computer brain.

"I make decisions for a living," Parkinson said at last, and his word rate was cut down so drastically that Tom knew he was studying each word before he spoke it; "too many decisions actually. Maybe eighty per cent of them are workable, but this may be one of the good ones." He paused again for a long count.

Date Town

By Betty Isler

Baked white from its pounding desert stretch,
The highway enters now the neat
Cool corridors of date-palm farms,
Lushly shaded against the heat.
Here tall trunks rise to sweeping fronds,
And hanging clusters of the dark
Sweet fruit give off a tropic hint
Of mystery, of Arabian park;
A hybrid scene of ancient lore,
Crossed with Highway 74.

"I'll use Harry Quinby in New York. You manage this end. Can you handle it?"

"Yes, I can," Tom said, and his heart banged furiously.

"Tell Moffat," Parkinson went on, "that you and I will be over to see him tomorrow after lunch. I want to see that plant of his."

"I'll tell him."

When Parkinson hung up, Tom put the phone down as if it were made of glass.

"It will be the way you ordered it," he told Moffat. "I'll drive Parkinson over here after lunch tomorrow."

"I haven't said I'd do it yet. Where is Quinby?"

"Kicked upstairs. New York."

"Who's top-knocker here?"

"I am."

"Since when?"

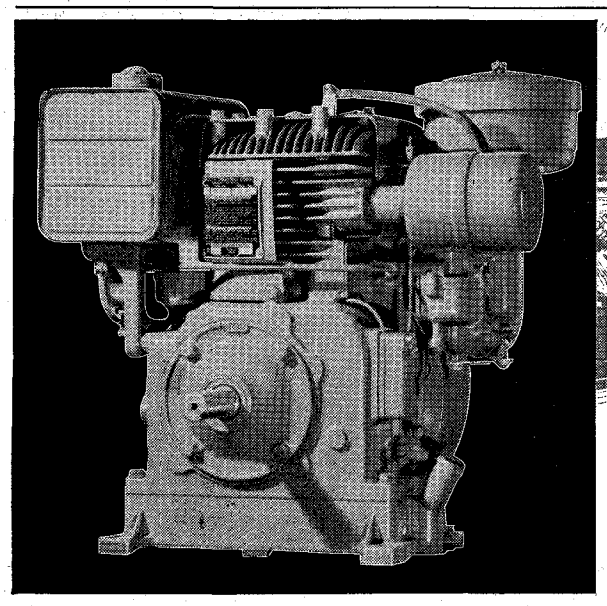
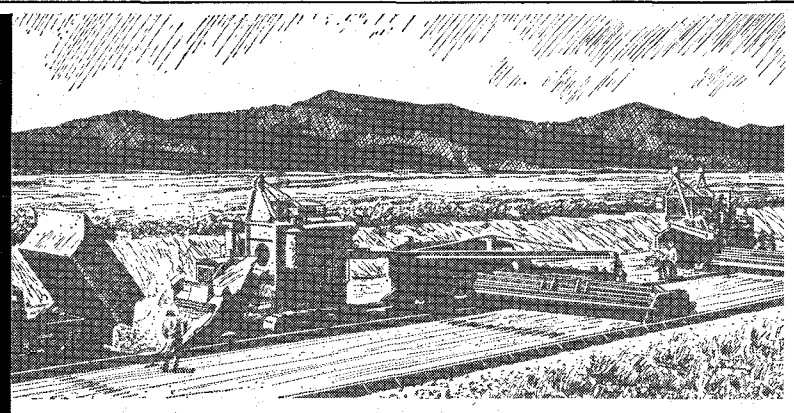
"Since fifteen seconds ago."

They stared at each other. Moffat popped his knuckles again and then rubbed his chin a dozen times.

"O.K., Tom," he said finally. "I'll go along. You're one hell of a salesman."

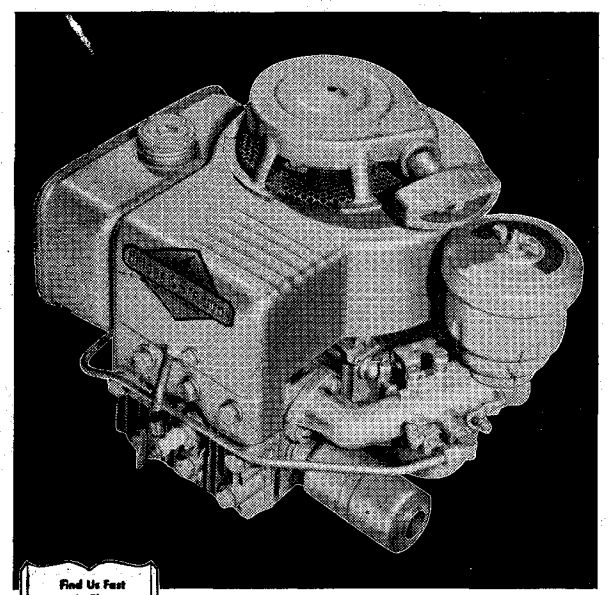
"I've been a salesman all my life," Tom told him. A flood of new worries was already moving in to take the place of the old ones, but the long, familiar pride was pounding through him like a brass band and it made his voice strong. "Name it!" he said. "I've sold it!"

THE END

To build better roads or make mowing fun...

These power partners make great products even better!



• The name's the same! The gasoline engines (to 9 hp) preferred for construction equipment are of the same Briggs & Stratton 4-CYCLE engine family as those on the most-wanted quality power mowers.

• Manufacturers of countless types of products for home, farm and industry choose Briggs & Stratton engines because they know these dependable *power partners* bring out the best in their products. Why? Because these engines start instantly, need no coddling, have the extra stamina to make tough jobs easy.

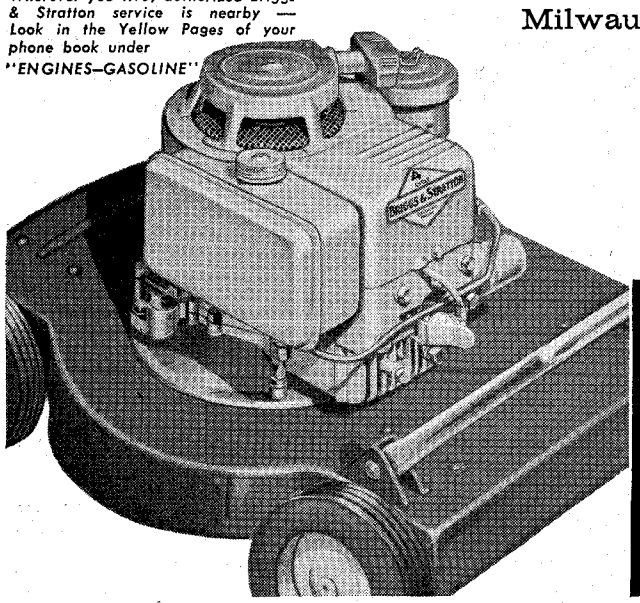
• Remember this! It pays to insist on Briggs & Stratton 4-CYCLE power — *No. 1 in use throughout the world!*

Find Us Fast in The Yellow Pages

Wherever you live, authorized Briggs & Stratton service is nearby — Look in the Yellow Pages of your phone book under "ENGINES—GASOLINE"

BRIGGS & STRATTON CORP.

Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin



4 CYCLE BRIGGS & STRATTON GASOLINE ENGINES ®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stars Rise Here (Continued from Page 45)

director Elia Kazan, Helen Hayes, Sam Goldwyn and Tennessee Williams as the world's foremost discoverer and developer of raw acting talent. The Method, which is a system of vocal, physical and emotional exercises, was invented about fifty years ago by Constantin Stanislavsky, a Russian actor and director.

Since The Actors' Studio has taken to popularizing the Stanislavsky approach to acting, The Method has become the No. 1 subject of conversation wherever actors and actresses congregate. It is constantly being explained, attacked, defended, ridiculed or upheld with wide-eyed adoration. Marlon Brando, who is perhaps the most successful alumnus of The Studio, bases all his acting technique on The Method. "It made me a real actor," he once said. "The idea is you learn to use everything that happened in your life and you learn to use it in creating the character you're working on. You learn to dig into your unconscious and make use of every experience you ever had."

Brando's original dramatic training came from Stella Adler, a true-blue Stanislavskyite. Later, Brando was one of the first actors to enroll at The Studio. Many of our leading drama tutors teach the Stanislavsky technique. Among them are Madame Bulgakova, Mira Rostova, Tamara Daykarhanova and Sanford Meisner. Meisner was Grace Kelly's acting coach. Since Miss Kelly never made a fuss about anything in her life, hardly anybody, even in show business, realizes that she was a satisfied customer of The Method. Shelley Winters, who, like Marilyn Monroe, broke her ties with Hollywood to come to New York and learn the art of acting at The Studio, is enthusiastic about it.

On the other hand, enemies of The Actors' Studio—and they are many—believe it spoils actors by encouraging them to imitate life so truthfully that they are not audible, intelligible, amusing or theatrically exciting. Rehearsals of Broadway shows, television plays and films have sometimes been disrupted by Method actors differing violently with a director over an interpretation of a line of dialogue. Until recently, it was considered heresy for an actor, unless he was a star of the first magnitude, to defy his director.

While staging Solid Gold Cadillac, for example, director George S. Kaufman told a Studio actor to cross downstage and wait four beats before uttering his next line.

The actor inquired, "What's my justification?"

"Your what?"

"Why must I wait four beats?"

"Why?" Kaufman asked.

"Yes, why?"

"Because I tell you to, that's why," Kaufman snarled.

Noel Coward, who loathes everything The Actors' Studio stands for, told me once: "I happened to see Marlon Brando in A Streetcar Named Desire. I had an excellent seat—twelfth row, center, orchestra. Brando gave a superb performance that evening—with the exception of one minor flaw. I couldn't hear a single damn word he said. A competent actor needs to do only three things—learn his lines, speak clearly and loudly, and be careful not to bump into the other actors while he's on stage."

Coward is unimpressed by the fact that a good many of our finest young performers, such as Julie Harris, Kim Stanley, Montgomery Clift, Paul Newman and Eli Wallach, had come out of The Actors' Studio. "Doesn't prove a damn thing," he says. "A lot of great actors came out of burlesque. Should we support burlesque because it produces great actors?"

Billy Wilder, the great movie writer and director, fears that The Actors' Studio will be the ruination of a whole generation of American actors. "They are being taught acting by the kind of people who don't believe in under-arm deodorants," he told me. "They are the type that believe in sitting on the floor, although there are six comfortable chairs in the room. They want to make every actress ugly and dirty. This they think is being true to life; this they think is realistic."

On the other hand, Pulitzer-Prize-winning dramatist Tennessee Williams believes that Studio actors have a more intense and honest style of acting. "They act from the inside out," says Williams. "They communicate emotions they really feel. They give you a sense of life."

The man responsible for all this theatrical furor, Lee Strasberg, is small of stature and has intense black eyes. His thinning hair is grayish black and his cheeks have the perpetually dark stubble of a man who has five-o'clock shadow all day long. He favors dark-blue sport shirts, and his badly fitting suits are usually rumpled. He could be taken, at first glance, for a harassed drugstore proprietor on the verge of bankruptcy.

But when he begins to talk he grows effervescent and emotional and, at times, brilliant. Once he is under way, it is almost impossible to check his flow of oratory. Playwright Maxwell Anderson once remarked, "I heard Lee Strasberg talk for three hours in one sentence." Another time, when one of his students kept disagreeing with him, Strasberg cried, "Look, for the sake of argument, shut up!"

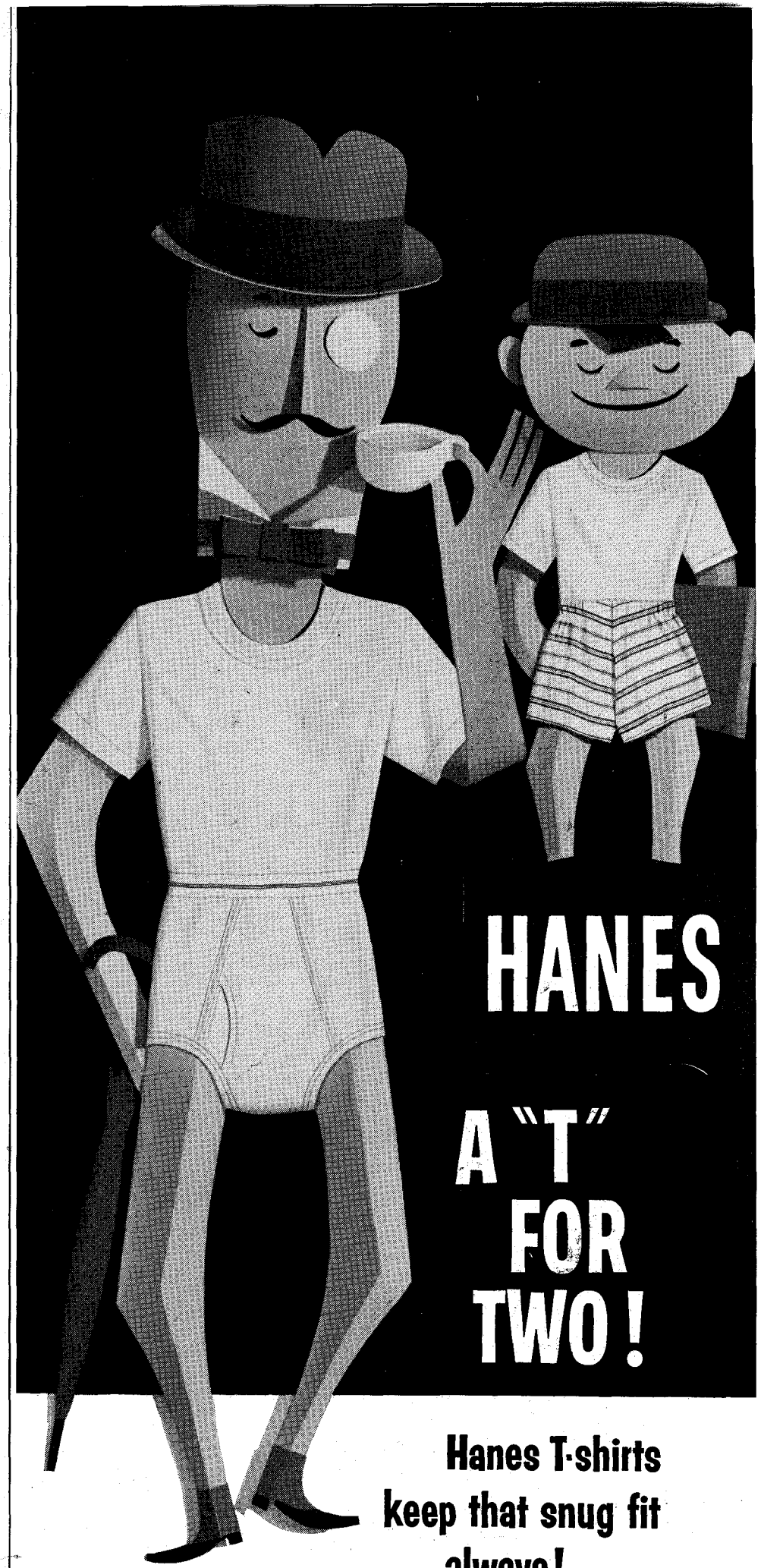
Each year, more than 1000 men and women come from all over to seek an audition with Strasberg. As part of the audition, they may find themselves subjected to a careful scrutiny by Strasberg.

"You can tell by looking in a person's eyes if he has real acting talent," he says. Among those into whose eyes he once looked and saw gleams of future greatness have been Eva Marie Saint, the late Jimmy Dean, Rod Steiger, Julie Harris and Kim Stanley.

One of the few young talents who have not worked at The Studio, incidentally, is Strasberg's daughter, Susan, whose sensitive portrait of an adolescent in The Diary of Anne Frank made her a star overnight. Until recently, Miss Strasberg was too young to be eligible for membership.

Strasberg's ocular theory of detecting potential stars is related to his definition of acting. "Acting," he says, "is to live on a stage. This means an actor must be able to react to an imaginary stimulus just as hard as he would to a real stimulus. Suppose I hit you in the face. You will either pull back, look angry, look sad, rub your cheek, perhaps shout at me or strike me. You had an honest reaction. I didn't have to tell you what to do or feel. Now the true actor, he will react just as honestly even if I pretend to slap him. A beautiful voice and good looks—no, this doesn't make the actor. Can he react? Well, that is the question, and the answer I find when I look into the eyes."

The only requirements for matriculation at The Actors' Studio are that the applicant be over eighteen years old and be able to pass a series of auditions. The auditions require the candidate to play a



Hanes T-shirts keep that snug fit always!

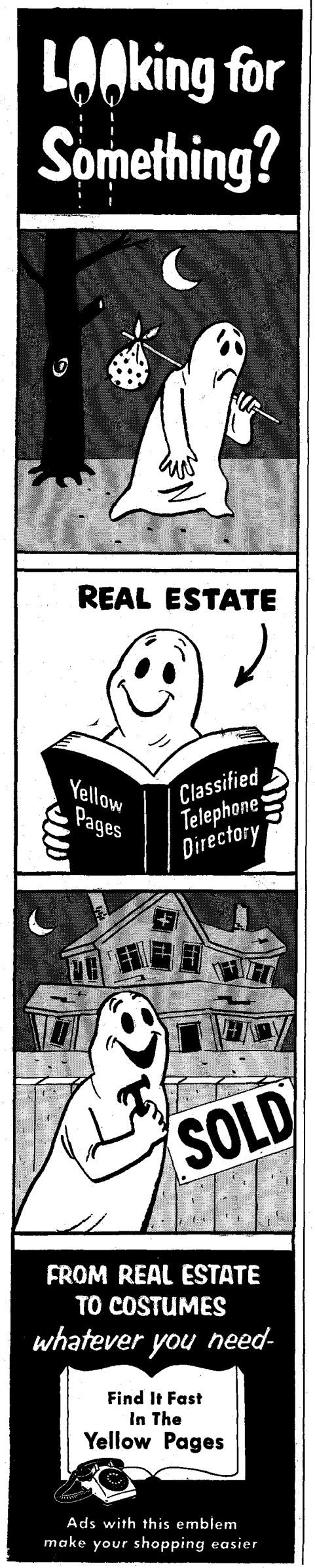
Every man's cup of tea—those Hanes T-shirts—and for lots of good reasons. For instance: that snug, smooth neckband is specially designed to keep its handsome good looks. It won't sag, no matter how often it's worn or washed. There's Hanes' extra-long tail, too. Stays tucked in when you run, bend or stoop. All this plus the whiter-than-white finish of Hanes' long-staple cotton. All yours for just **$1 for men, 75c for boys**

MORE GREAT BUYS	for men	and boys
Fig Leaf briefs	95c to $1	69c
Seamless-seat Givvies shorts	$1	69c to 75c
Whiter-than-white undershirts	79c	59c

GET MORE THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR . . . GET HANES

P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem 1, N. C. Canadian manufacturer and distributor, C. Turnbull Ltd., Galt, Ont.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



five-minute scene with a partner. The aspirant may choose a scene from any playwright except Shakespeare. Shakespearean dialogue is considered too difficult a test for the fledgling actor.

He may also choose a nondramatic vehicle. I have watched candidates audition with snatches of modern novels, short stories by William Saroyan, epic poems and even improvisations. Once, two candidates presented themselves to The Studio's three-member audition committee and did an improvisation intended to show how it felt to want to get into The Studio and have to go through the humiliation of auditioning before a committee of three Studio members. Before the improvisation was over, one of the actors gave a very convincing demonstration of a person having a heart attack. The three committee members remained unmoved. Only fifteen candidates were admitted to The Studio last year. The man who had feigned a coronary thrombosis was among those who failed.

Having hurdled the preliminaries, the newcomer finds himself part of a permanent roster of 127 members. An Actors' Studio member does not have to pay one cent for tuition or fees. Every Tuesday and Friday the worshipers convene at eleven A.M. in an auditorium with bare brick walls. For two or three hours they sit on hard chairs and perform scenes and exercises and criticize one another. But most of all they listen to Strasberg as he analyzes their defects and shortcomings and instructs them in the mystic art of mobilizing their emotions on a stage or in front of a camera. Out of these discussions has come a style of performing that stresses lifelike reality and psychological intensity. This style is reflected in such plays, movies and television dramas as Death of a Salesman, Marty, A Streetcar Named Desire, East of Eden, Tea and Sympathy, On the Waterfront, Middle of the Night, Patterns, A Hatful of Rain and Baby Doll.

When discussing their acting problems, Studio disciples speak in a specialized language that boggles nonbelievers even in show-business circles. They talk of justification, mood, motivation, contact, adjustment, plasticity, public solitude, concentration and objectification. During the filming of Bus Stop, Marilyn Monroe, who played the Southern "chantoosie," went around talking all the time in a thick Southern drawl. Upon being asked why she found it necessary to talk like this even after working hours, Miss Monroe explained, "Can't you-all see Ah'm makin' contact with the character?"

Besides using a vocabulary that makes sense only to the initiates, members of The Actors' Studio also tend to dress more or less alike. The men usually show up wearing blue denims or chino pants with T-shirts and lumberjackets. The actresses go in for plain blouses and skirts, and spurn the glories of make-up and salon coiffures. No matter what her income bracket may be, an actress would not be caught dead wearing a mink coat to The Studio. Motorcycles and Italian motor-scooters are the favored form of transportation. Studio actors seem to be serious intellectuals who like nonobjective paintings, the quartets of Bartok, and the poems of Yeats, T. S. Eliot and Dylan Thomas. They are interested in philosophy and religious mysticism. They can discuss the theories of Existentialism readily. By and large, they profess to be uninterested in money or success. They are worried about their souls and the meaning of life. Almost all of them have been psychoanalyzed, are now undergoing the couch treatment or are planning to get psychoanalyzed when they have some extra cash.

Studio people tend to take love seriously. Most of them married when quite young and have remained faithful to their original mates. They believe in having children. They usually live in modest apartments on the unfashionable West Side of Manhattan or in inexpensive homes in the suburbs. A problem that troubles any Studio actor who scores a hit in a play is that he is suddenly faced with the prospect of financial success. Broadway producers and Hollywood agents begin approaching him with offers of big money. Last season one of the members got so upset by being a success that he developed a duodenal ulcer and had to increase his visits to his analyst from two times a week to five times a week.

It is not true, as some people have suggested, that an actor has to be undergoing psychoanalysis before being allowed to work at The Actors' Studio. Strasberg's view is this: "An actor knows that his body and his personality is his instrument of expression. The more he knows about himself, the more he will be able to make use of himself. Therefore, to the extent that being psychoanalyzed helps an actor know more aspects of himself, it helps him be a better actor." Strasberg is a serious student of Freud, but has not been analyzed himself. However, the president of The Studio, Elia Kazan, underwent a seven-year analysis. So did Marlon Brando. And Shelley Winters and Marilyn Monroe have had shorter doses of analysis.

Essentially, The Actors' Studio is a workshop for professionals. It is a sort of emotional gymnasium where actors can flex their artistic muscles. An actor suffers from two occupational diseases. Either he is out of work and just lies around the house going out of his mind or he badgers his agent and makes the rounds of producers' offices. Or an actor may get trapped into playing a succession of stereotyped roles in movies or find himself in a long-run hit play. This also has a depressing effect on his morale, as it makes him function like a mechanical device. At the Studio, the actor between engagements can participate in discussions about theater art or rehearse a scene for practice. The actor in a hit show can find stimulation by experimenting with a type of role he doesn't usually play.

The sessions at The Studio follow no planned routine. Strasberg may give a lecture on European drama or the personal problems of American actors. Sometimes there will be a raging debate, in which everybody participates, concerning the merits of a scene presented by two members. Sometimes the members are given exercises in improvisation. For instance, they may take three words—"bird," "sky," "God" or "child," "mother," "death"—and try to invent an impromptu scene using just these three words. They may be assigned to improvise a scene while singing the words of a popular song like Tea for Two or Some Enchanted Evening and see to it that the action is in some way related to the lyrics. Once, three actors at The Studio—Mike Gazzo, Ben Gazzara and Tony Franciosa—decided to extemporize a scene showing the effects of heroin addiction on three young men lacking the money to buy their day's supply of the drug. Actor Frank Corsaro was in the audience that morning. He was so impressed that he told Gazzo, who had been thinking up most of the action as the scene unfolded, that he should try to write a full-length play about a drug addict. Three months later Gazzo finished the play. Corsaro decided to try his hand at directing it. The first performance of the play was given at The Actors' Studio for the members and their friends. A year later, with almost the same cast, it became one of Broadway's biggest hits, under the title of A Hatful of Rain, starring Shelley Winters and Ben Gazzara. Today, Gazzo is a professional playwright, with his second play, All That Jazz, in the process of production, and Corsaro is one of the hottest young directors on Broadway.

One of The Method techniques, called justification, requires an actor to find some emotional, logical or factual causation for every action he performs. Once, Eli Wallach did the scene from Hamlet in which the Prince stabs Polonius to death as Polonius hides behind the arras. As is customary in The Studio, Wallach, once finished, explained to the assembly what he had tried to do. The floor was then thrown open for discussion.

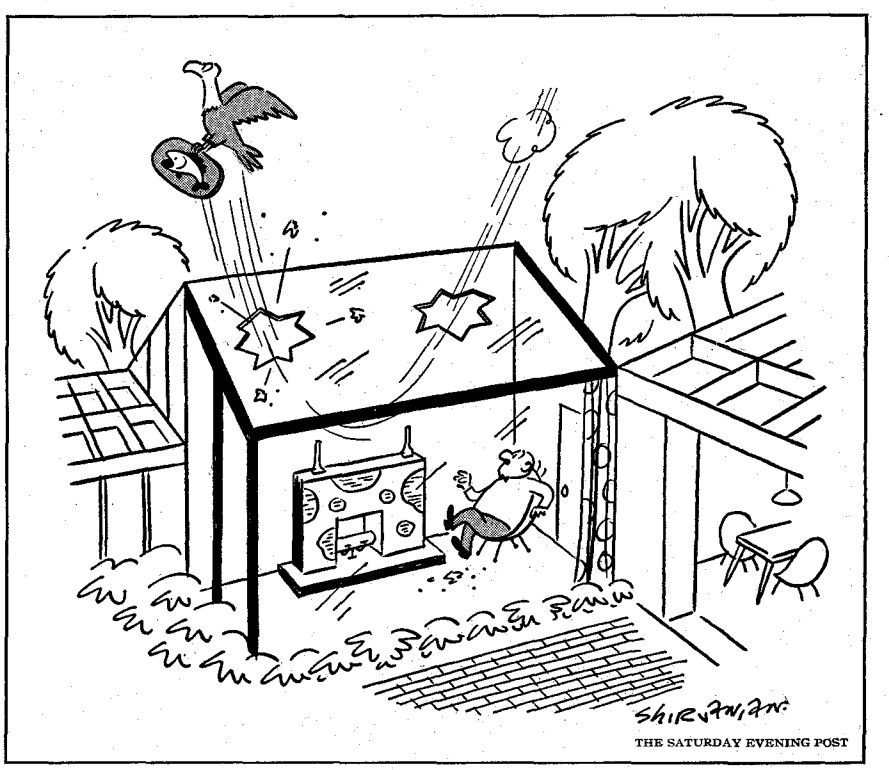
A fellow member called out, "Say, Eli, how did you know Polonius was really dead?"

Wallach was taken by surprise. "I just knew it," he said, shrugging.

"Maybe he's still alive," the skeptic insisted.

"I stabbed him pretty hard, didn't I?"

"But you didn't feel if his heart was still beating." (*Continued on Page 86*)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Shades of Rome...tempting ravioli ready in minutes"

SET YOUR TABLE the way Italians do—with heaping plates of ravioli . . . real Italian-style ravioli . . . Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli. You'll think you're dining in Rome!

You can serve a real Italian meal right in your home with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Italian-style Ravioli! It may not have the atmosphere of the Colosseum by moonlight . . . but it will have all the savory, satisfying flavor of this famous Italian dish.

It's been prepared for you by a master Italian chef, Chef Boy-Ar-Dee. His recipe captures the tantalizing taste and aroma of the finest ravioli—as it's served in Italy.

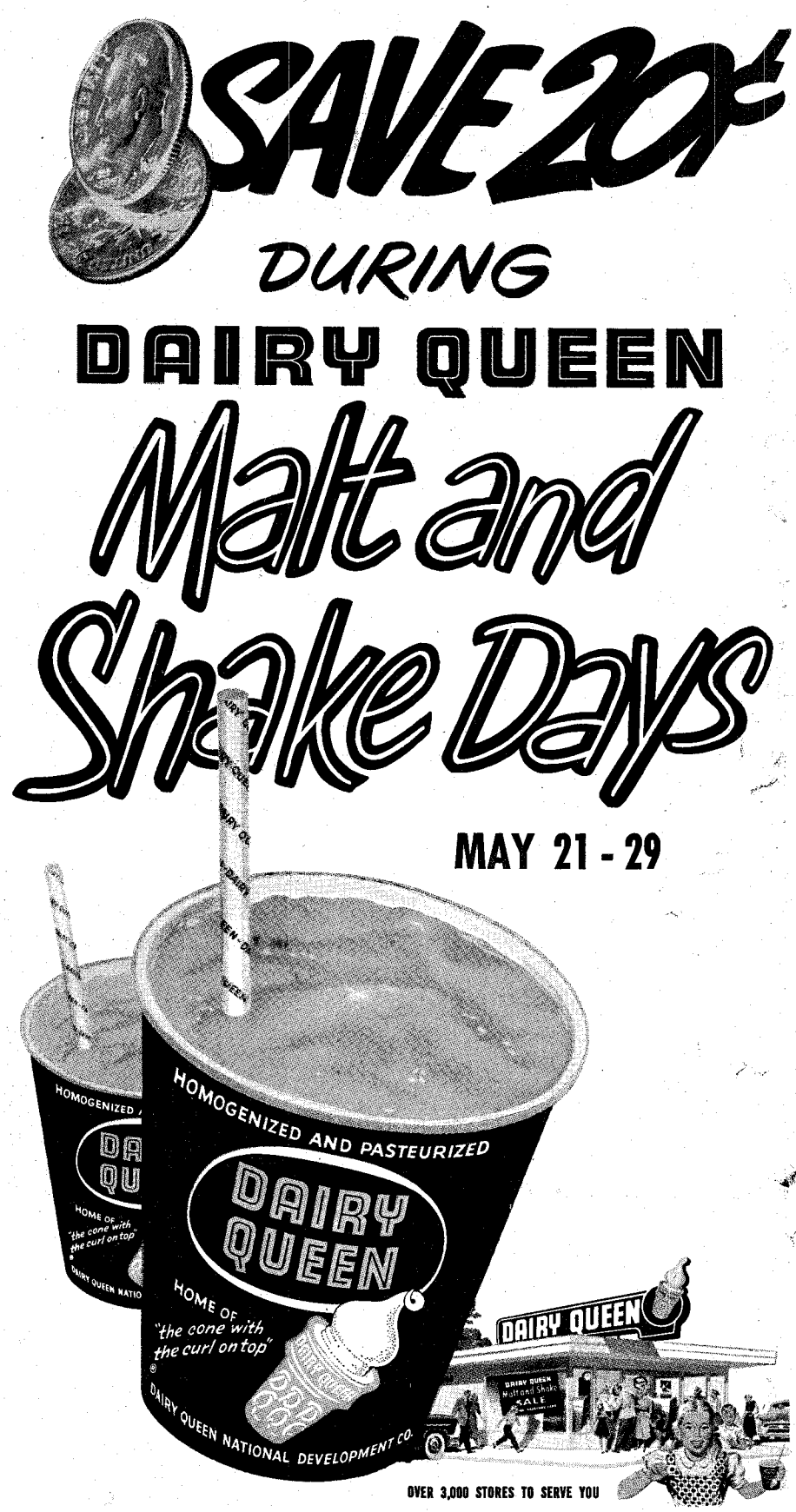
These miniature macaroni pies are filled with juicy beef . . . then simmered slowly in a rich tomato sauce that's full of meat . . . spiced to perfection the true Italian way.

You'll find guests appreciate the appeal of a dish so different. And you'll appreciate the speed and ease with which it's ready. Just open the can, heat and serve . . . and watch it disappear, at lunch, at dinner or as an evening snack.

And, most important when you're watching your budget, Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli costs *just about 14¢ a serving.*

real Italian-style
CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Ravioli

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Clip these coupons — cash 'em at DAIRY QUEEN! The savings are pure pleasure! You get 10c off on a regular size malt or shake with each coupon, and as always, your choice of delicious flavors!

HURRY — coupons are good only through May 29 at DAIRY QUEEN stores featuring Malt and Shake Days!

© 1957
DAIRY QUEEN NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT CO., ST. LOUIS 21, MO.

SAVE 10¢

Good for 10¢ toward purchase of one Malt or Shake at any participating DAIRY QUEEN Store displaying special Malt and Shake Days Poster. Coupon void after May 29, 1957. Void in any place where its use is prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Cash value 1/10 of 1¢.

SAVE 10¢

Good for 10¢ toward purchase of one Malt or Shake at any participating DAIRY QUEEN Store displaying special Malt and Shake Days Poster. Coupon void after May 29, 1957. Void in any place where its use is prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Cash value 1/10 of 1¢.

Konstantin Stanislavsky (1863–1938), director of the Moscow Art Theatre and protagonist of The Method—"realism in acting." Lee Strasberg studied under two of Stanislavsky's Russian disciples, and is now considered the high priest of this actors' cult.

Members Paul Richards, Pat Sales and William Smithers (left to right) arrive at The Actors' Studio's unprepossessing building. Motorcycles and Italian motor scooters are favorite transportation here.

(*Continued from Page 84*)

"No," agreed Wallach, feeling trapped.

"You didn't feel his pulse?"

"No."

"Did you hold a mirror over his mouth to see if he was still breathing?"

"No, but I felt the sword going through his body."

"But did you touch the body to feel if rigor mortis was setting in?"

At this, Wallach exploded. "Listen," he yelled, "I was playing Hamlet, not the medical examiner of the homicide squad!"

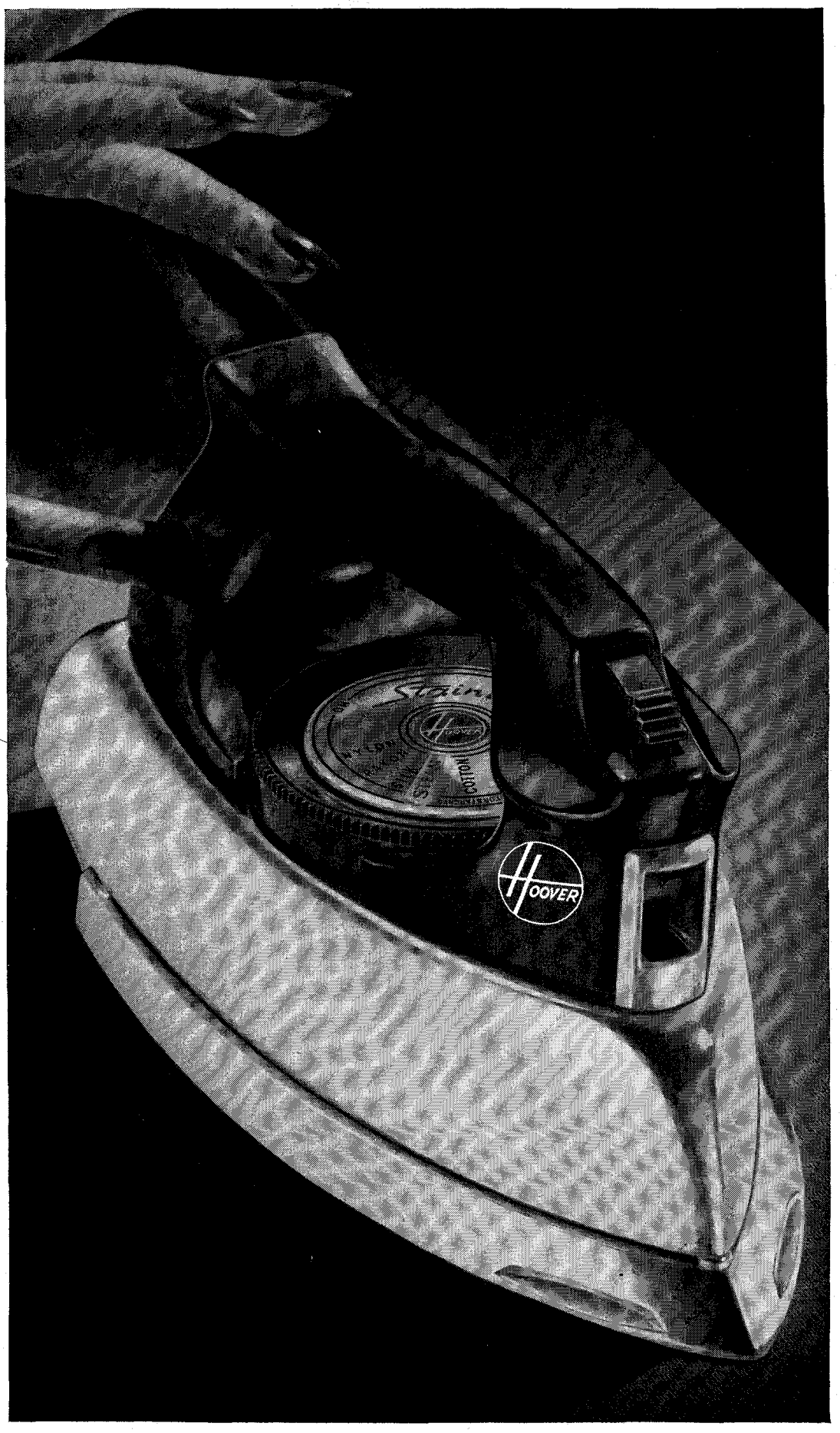
The theory of justification explains some of the fantastic preparations of Method actors. Long before Teahouse of the August Moon went into production, Marlon Brando, who played the role of Sakini in it, began eating some of his meals in Japanese restaurants in downtown Los Angeles. At home, he took to receiving friends while squatting cross-legged on the floor. He bought recordings of Japanese music and Japanese poetry so his ears would become attuned to Japanese inflections.

Another Method dogma is objectification, or working in terms of concrete objects, trying to relate yourself emotionally to all the physical objects of a scene—sunlight streaming through the window, a staircase, a couch, a fireplace, a vase of flowers. One time a fairly new member of The Actors' Studio tried to impress the others with his ability to work with "objects." He took out a pack of matches to light a cigarette while playing a scene. He didn't want to take the matches for granted, so he held the pack up to his nose and scrutinized it carefully for several minutes. "It looked," recalled another actor, "like either this guy was nearsighted and should have strong eyeglasses prescribed for him or that he suddenly discovered his matchbox was diamond-studded."

Students of The Method are also taught to master sense memory and emotional memory. The well-tempered Strasbergian must learn how to summon up, at will and in all their intensity, great emotional experiences and sensations from his past. He then has to be able to keep these memories in hot storage, so to speak, and be able to channel them out at the very moment he needs them during the playing of a scene. It sounds slightly absurd and it takes a long time to get the hang of it, but I am told by many actors that it works beautifully, once they have mastered the technique of total recall. Strasberg himself estimates that it takes about twenty years to learn acting—ten years to learn how, and ten more years for the knowledge to become second nature. Ultimately, the goal of objectification, justification, contact, mood and some ten other (*Continued on Page 88*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...outglides all others!



New Hoover Steam-Dry Iron moves easiest because it has the first

stainless steel soleplate

When it comes to ironing, nothing glides so easily over any fabric as stainless steel. So Hoover has bonded stainless steel to aluminum to bring you the first steam iron with a stainless steel soleplate.

No other iron in the world like it. No other iron so smooth, so easy-gliding, so free of "dragginess."

Feel the difference at your dealer's. The new Hoover steam-dry iron with the first stainless steel soleplate—get it and make ironing next thing to a breeze.

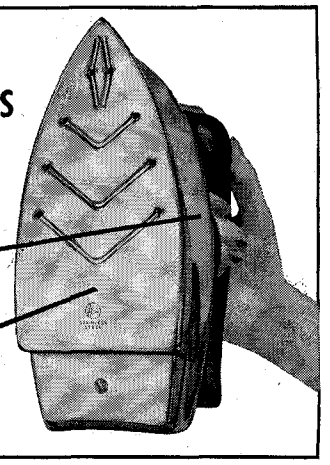
HOOVER FINE APPLIANCES

. . . around the house, around the world

Only Hoover gives you both

The lightness of aluminum

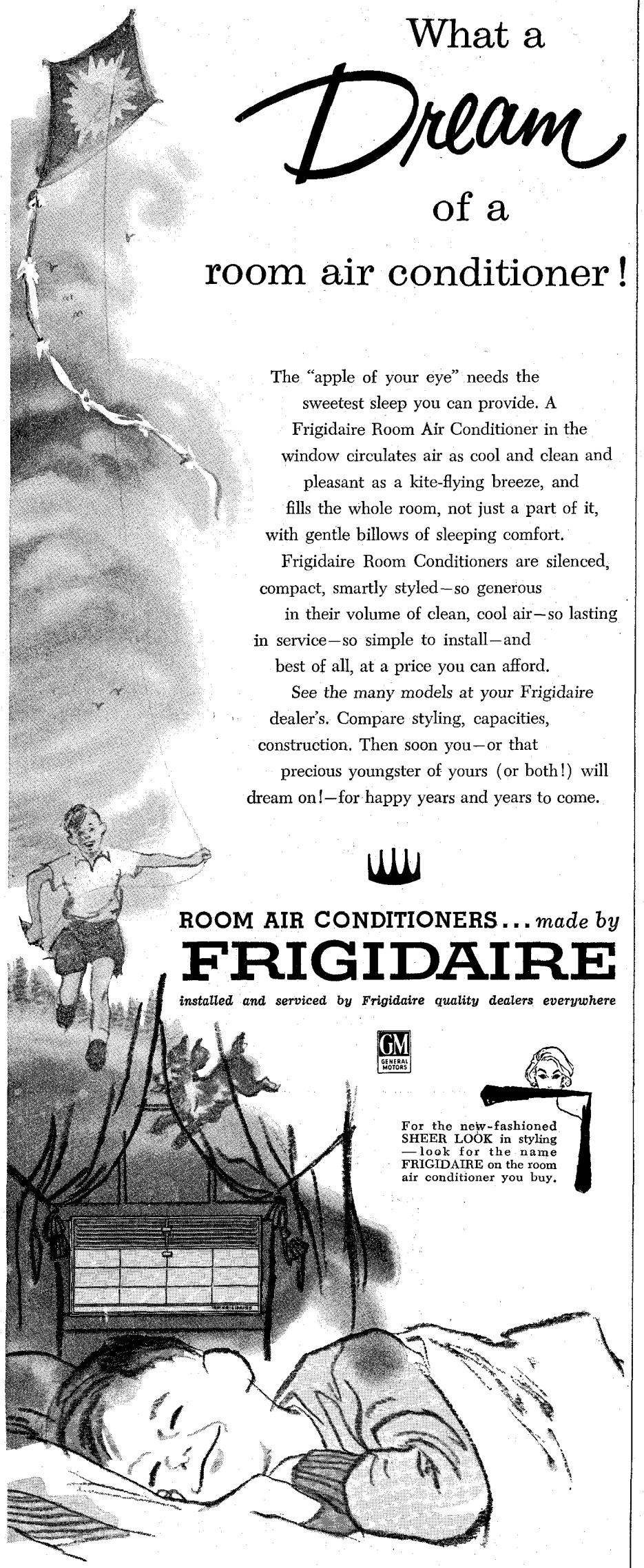
The smoothness of stainless steel



New HOOVER® Steam-Dry Iron

See Hoover's Citation, world's finest cleaner.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


What a
Dream
of a
room air conditioner!
The "apple of your eye" needs the sweetest sleep you can provide. A Frigidaire Room Air Conditioner in the window circulates air as cool and clean and pleasant as a kite-flying breeze, and fills the whole room, not just a part of it, with gentle billows of sleeping comfort.
Frigidaire Room Conditioners are silenced, compact, smartly styled—so generous in their volume of clean, cool air—so lasting in service—so simple to install—and best of all, at a price you can afford.
See the many models at your Frigidaire dealer's. Compare styling, capacities, construction. Then soon you—or that precious youngster of yours (or both!) will dream on!—for happy years and years to come.
ROOM AIR CONDITIONERS... made by
FRIGIDAIRE
installed and serviced by Frigidaire quality dealers everywhere
GM GENERAL MOTORS
For the new-fashioned SHEER LOOK in styling —look for the name FRIGIDAIRE on the room air conditioner you buy.
FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DAYTON 1, OHIO

(*Continued from Page 86*) Studio techniques is to lead to a mastery of concentration. Concentration, according to Strasberg, brings out the purest achievements in acting. To be "concentrated" during a performance is to be so thoroughly immersed in the action of the play that one achieves an almost trancelike state of unawareness of the audience and exists entirely in terms of the make-believe world of the setting and of the dramatic event.

The highest form of this state is demonstrated in the condition called public solitude, which, according to Studio devotees, occurs rarely and is comparable to the state of nirvana that Buddhists hope to attain. When an Actors' Studio actor achieves such a high point he brings to the theater a quality of truth to life that is deeply moving.

Many of these acting techniques had already been developed by 1923 when Stanislavsky brought his Moscow Art troupe to Broadway for a season of Russian plays. In the audience one evening was Lee Strasberg, then only twenty-two years old and operator of a prosperous wig-supply enterprise. He became so excited about the realism of the Moscow Art Theatre that he decided to make acting his lifework. Strasberg sold his business and invested every penny he had on his acting career. Richard Boleslawski and Maria Ouspenskaya, formerly of The Moscow Art Theatre, had opened a drama school. Strasberg was one of their first pupils. He learned The Method from the fountainhead.

In subsequent years, Strasberg himself became a successful actor, director and teacher. He was one of the three directors of the famous Group Theatre—which produced many hard-hitting dramas of grim realism between 1931 and 1941. During this period Strasberg gave a weekly lecture on dramatic theory and the recondite mysteries of Stanislavsky's Method to members of the Group. Among those who drank in the wisdom were Cheryl Crawford, a codirector of the Group, and Elia Kazan, a young intense man, fresh out of Yale.

In time, Kazan became a leading movie and play director and Miss Crawford became a topflight Broadway producer. In 1947, Miss Crawford was lunching with Kazan and they began remembering the glorious days of excitement and artistic experimentation of the Group Theatre.

Miss Crawford said she wished there was something like it around Broadway. Kazan said, "Let's start something. I need some kicks. I'm getting too bored with success."

They rented a small room for twenty dollars a month. At first, there were two separate classes, one for neophytes and one for veteran actors. In that very first year The Studio attracted such actors as Julie Harris, David Wayne, Tom Ewell, Maureen Stapleton, Eli Wallach, Kevin McCarthy, Kim Hunter and many others who are now in the top ranks of American acting.

"I'm proud of the fact that we never charged one cent to any actor," Kazan says. "I like to think of The Studio as a place where a real theater life can take place. The Studio isn't only for actors. We have had drama critics like Henry Hewes at the classes, playwrights like Louis Peterson and Arnold Sundgard, producers like Herman Shumlin. It's a place to exchange ideas and to get stimulation and excitement and growth. Most of all, it's a place to learn from Strasberg, who knows more about the theater than anybody else living today. Lee is a powerful inspirational force. He has a genius for enlarging the horizons of creative people. He has that quality of every great teacher of being able to light a fire inside a human being."

Kazan is president of The Studio and Miss Crawford is the vice president. John Dudley, a real-estate executive and an amateur actor, is the secretary-treasurer. The Studio operates on a yearly budget of $20,000. The expenses are covered by donations from wealthy people in the theater and by benefit *premières* of such movies as On the Waterfront and Baby Doll. The Studio is a nonprofit corporation, chartered under the laws of New York State. Except for one full-time paid secretary, all the duties at The Studio are done on a volunteer basis by the actors, who serve on various committees in charge of the kitchen, the office, the props and costumes. The House Committee is in charge of keeping the place clean and brightly painted. Once a year there's an All Hands Call and every member is expected to pitch in and help clean The Studio from top to bottom.

As the years went by, directors like Kazan, Harold Clurman, and Daniel Mann began to bring out into stardom one after another of the formerly unknown boys and girls who had been slowly perfecting their craft at The Studio. At the same time the controversy over The Method has been growing in bitterness.

Some Studio actors delve so deeply into the unconscious of a character that they get to feel a contempt for the written dialogue. One actress, when told by her director that she was expected to memorize all her lines letter-perfect, drew herself up and said, "There are more important things in acting than the lines." But regardless of the extravagant degrees to which some of the enthusiastic disciples carry it, The Actors' Studio is here to stay. There isn't a serious young actress or actor on Broadway or in Hollywood who wouldn't give almost anything to be able to get into The Studio.

Come next Friday at eleven in the morning, there will be 75 or 100 excited actors, ranging from Marilyn Monroe to the unknown kids who may become the stars of tomorrow. And they will all listen intently as Lee Strasberg, sitting in the front row, begins to talk, sometimes softly, sometimes loudly and insistently. He always gives them a great deal to ponder on.

At a recent meeting he said, "The actor must develop his own capacity to feel really alive when he is on a stage. The first thing to be trained is the actor's will and the actor's initiative. The first problem is the actor's ability to use himself. His second problem is to satisfy the playwright. The author's words are like a blank check. If there's no money in the bank, a check is no good. If the actor doesn't have feeling and emotion to back up the author's words, there's no reality even if the actor speaks the author's words clearly and perfectly. Playwrights do NOT write speeches or dialogue. They write scenes, they write events, they write human behavior. Something must take place between the people on the stage. Something must happen emotionally. Now we want to help you find out how to make it happen again and again. The problem of repetition is basic in acting. How to be spontaneous and alive every night at eight-thirty." THE END

Letting your wife know who's boss from the start is very thoughtful; it saves her the trouble of telling you.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saddle Brothers (Continued from Page 35)

but he thought he'd see if this business worked both ways. "Well, I don't care for that old blue hat, either," he said. "Why can't you wear a sunbonnet, like other women? You look like a man in that thing."

"When you got the right to tell me what I'm going to wear, you let me know, will you?" said Charlotte.

Ira went down to the creek, spat out his chaw and rinsed out his mouth. When he came up the bank again, strewing good scrap tobacco in the mud to show he meant it, something went sailing over his head into the creek. It was the blue hat.

Later, they sat on the trestle with their arms around each other, feet dangling over the creek, and planned. Now and then something came over them—you know what—and they forgot everything just to kiss. Ira was by no means unkissed, but the honest, wholesome hunger in the way Charlotte went at it was mighty stirring, mighty stirring. Yes, she was the one.

When they went up to the section house, all was settled. If Sheriff Luke Hobart would go for it, Ira would homestead, but keep his deputy's job. If Luke bucked, they'd just have to get by on what he could crop out.

They'd still start with more than most young marrieds. Ira had two hundred saved, in county salary warrants that could be cashed—maybe—when taxes came in—if they came in. Charlotte owned a cow, two mules, a span of oxen, a wagon and a chill-point sod plow, inherited from her grandmother. Her brother, Shugrew, was using them now, but Shug would have to make do without them.

"We'll let Hallie tell old bullheaded Carroll," said Charlotte, at the door. "He'll be fit to be tied!"

"Him?" Ira cried. "Why, I was just thinking how glad he'd be! Why, Carroll's the best friend I ever had!"

"Let somebody else have him," said Charlotte. "Just let!"

Ira frowned. *Her own brother-in-law*, he thought, *and my best friend.* Family trouble? Well, he'd fix that!

Hallie was fourteen years older than Charlotte. Her first husband had died and left her with four kids. She had then married Carroll De Greves, who had been Ira's shipmate on that voyage to the Sandwich Islands, and then, for seven long years, his sidekick all over the West. The same blanket had covered Ira Baird and Carroll De Greves so many times they had forgotten which one owned it. No brothers, no father and son, could have been any closer.

Carroll and Ira had gone broke riding through here last summer, and had taken jobs on the gang that was laying the rails to Coffeyville. Then Carroll had met Hallie, had married her and taken the job of section boss. He had thirty hard men under him, but no man ever got too hard for Carroll De Greves. No man! Yet Carroll had become the marriedest man Ira had ever seen! All he talked about was Hallie, Hallie's kids, Hallie's cooking—that stuff.

Hallie was red-haired, too, with a nice shape for a woman of thirty-one. She leaned on her hands in the bread dough and listened to Charlotte's news. The look she gave Ira was not the cheerfulest one he had ever received.

"I reckon it has to be," she said shortly. "Are you hungry, Ira? You usually are when you come here."

Ira was eating when Carroll stopped to fill his water keg, before taking the gang out again. Hallie told him the news. Carroll turned around and walked out without a word. Ira followed him out to the well.

"Carroll, what's the matter with Hallie?" he said. "Has she got something against me marrying her sister?"

Carroll squatted to hold the keg while Ira pumped. Not until it was full did he say, "You wait a minute, Ira. I want to talk to you."

He took the keg over and set it on the push car on the tracks, where the gang waited. From the push car he took a double-barreled shotgun he carried—for rattlesnakes. Or so he said. Ira thought it was really because Carroll had packed a gun of some kind all his life, and Hallie had taken his old .45 away from him.

He came back with the shotgun.

"Yonder's your horse," he said, "and yonder's the road from my place. I want you to get out of here, Ira, and never show your face around here again. Charlotte's too young and nice for a no-account, hard-drinking, poker-playing, woman-chasing saddle bum, and by the Eternal, she ain't going to marry one! Ira, I know you too well to have her married to the likes of you!"

Ira felt sick. He and Carroll had fought many a time, but always over things that could be forgotten when they had both sobered up. But this deal—well, it made a man ask himself if any girl was worth it.

He asked himself, and she was. "Hey, you've got mighty pious since you got married!" he said, trying to smile.

"Ira, git! Let's stay friends. Don't force me."

Ira began to choke on his temper. His hands were wet with sweat. It was Carroll who had taught him to control that temper; so he controlled it. "How come you're good enough for Hallie, but I ain't good enough for her sister? If I ever chased a woman that I didn't trip over you in the dark, it was because you was drunk or in jail or in a four-day poker game somewhere. I'd like to know where you get the gall to read the Scripture to me!"

"I don't claim I'm good enough for Hallie," Carroll said quietly. "And it ain't what you been—it's what you still are. If you don't get tired of Charlotte and go to chasing women again, you and that damn badge will try to take in the wrong man someday, and they'll tote you home on a board."

Ira whooped with laughter. "Oh pshaw, Carroll, this ain't the Brazos! This is Kansas! All that ever happens on this job is some nester beating up his wife. Why, I ain't fired a gun since I hired out to deputy for Luke!"

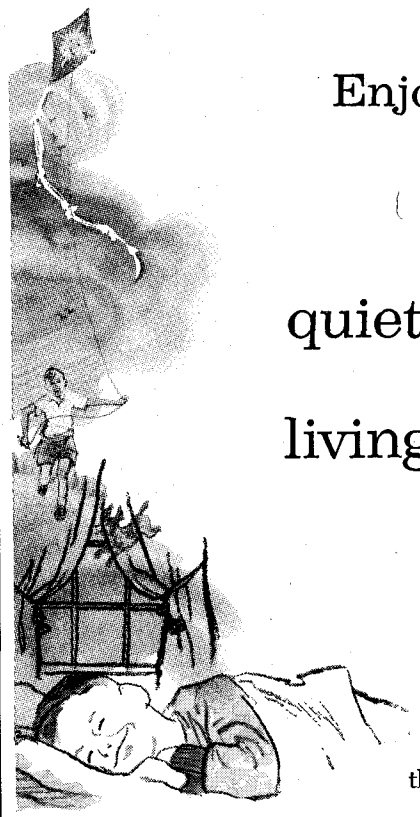
"But you will," Carroll said softly. "You will! You think you can sling a gun, boy, and you can. And this Kansas ain't tame by a hell of a lot. Nerve ain't enough for a married man—I found that out. It takes brains too."

He raised the shotgun until its muzzles touched Ira's belly. "You know I'm right!" he went on. "I think you're man enough to let her alone, rather than tie her down to a no-good saddle bum that could leave her a widow any day. I think you love her that much, and you always shot square with people you liked. Ira, do you think you're good enough for Charlotte Mentor?"

"Well, no, but ——"

"All right, ride! If you can't, just say so, and I'll save us both some time and trouble and blow you in two right now!"

Ira got on his horse and rode away, partly because he knew Carroll was just worked up enough to do it, but mostly because he knew Carroll was right. You



Enjoy this *Dream*

plus

quiet, clean, healthful living in every room!

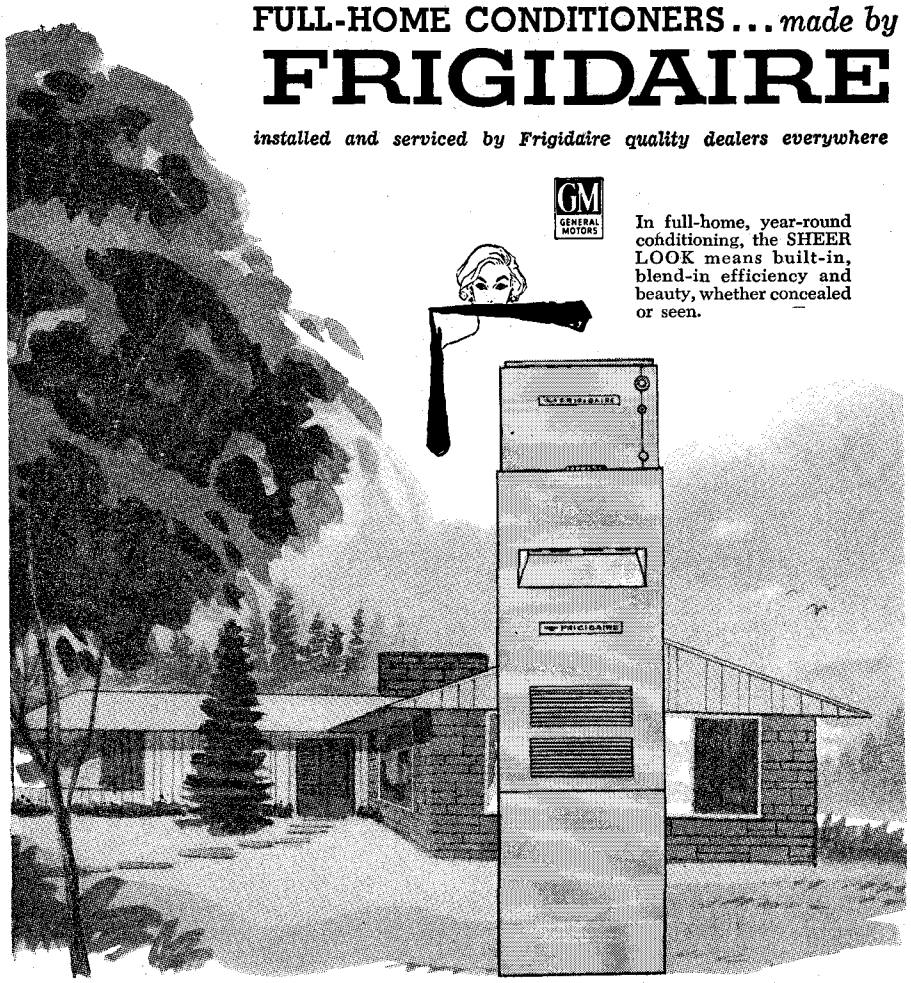
Twenty-four-hour-a-day comfort *every day of the year* is a dream that's ready to come true right now! Frigidaire makes the right, compact, hide-away system that thriftily spreads the magic of year-round air conditioning throughout your entire home. You sleep and eat better, enjoy your home-life to the fullest. Many allergies are relieved. Outside noise is quieted. Your home stays wonderfully cleaner. The cost? To learn how little, and how you can budget these benefits, call your Frigidaire dealer. In ONE HOUR OR LESS—and without obligation—he can tell you the cost of full-home conditioning and set the date when this dream of new comfort can come true throughout your home.

Phone him today.

FULL-HOME CONDITIONERS . . . *made by*

FRIGIDAIRE

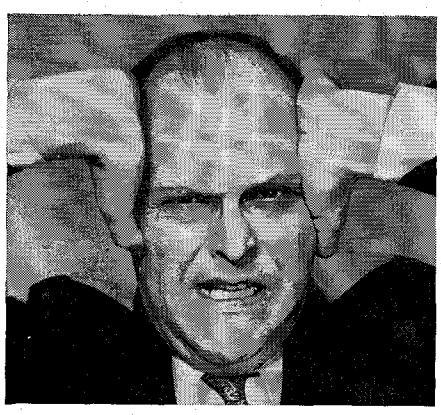
installed and serviced by Frigidaire quality dealers everywhere


GM
GENERAL MOTORS
In full-home, year-round conditioning, the SHEER LOOK means built-in, blend-in efficiency and beauty, whether concealed or seen.

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DAYTON 1, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNDER PRESSURE ?



What you may need is the NERVE NUTRITION you get from RYBUTOL high-potency vitamin and mineral formula

Now you too can feel more relaxed and at peace with the world if your nervousness is due to a vitamin deficiency! Take RYBUTOL—the high-potency B_1 and B_2 formula that contains 11 important vitamins and 9 minerals in every Gelucap.

Nutritionists now believe that a critical shortage of certain B-complex vitamins, particularly Vitamin B_1, can result in poor "nerve nutrition."

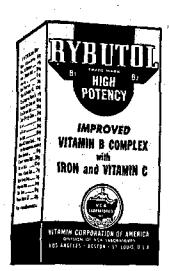
One daily Gelucap of RYBUTOL supplies you with 15 times the minimum daily requirement of Vitamin B_1 and 3 times the requirement of Vitamin B_2. This is enough Vitamin B_1 and B_2 not only to maintain daily needs but to help you correct definite deficiencies. And there's no worry about surplus vitamins storing up because those you don't need are simply discarded by the body. And RYBUTOL doesn't stop there . . . because it's a *multiple*-vitamin formula. It gives you Vitamin C and iodine—100% of your minimum daily requirement. There is iron for red blood cells, as well as 3 micrograms of "wonder vitamin" B_{12}. All these vitamins and minerals work together to help you feel better fast. In fact *—you're guaranteed to feel better and more relaxed in just 7 days or money back!*

SPECIAL SUMMER OFFER

SAVE $3.55

RYBUTOL

Bottle of 250



REG. $13.50

NOW $9.95

Limited Time Only

VITAMIN CORPORATION OF AMERICA

couldn't rinse out some things from your life as easy as you could the taste of a chaw. The worthless drifting, the fighting. The poker, the women, the drinking. Above all, the memory of how Carroll had taught him to handle his temper. They were working down on the Brazos with a man by the name of Porter, rounding up mavericks to be sold in Mexico. And by mavericks was meant anybody's stray cows.

Everybody was doing it, but when you ciphered it down, they were just two-bit cow thieves. It would be hard to explain to Charlotte, and the hardest part would be how they got mixed up with anybody like Porter at all.

Porter was a tall, humpbacked Kentuckian who sat on his haunches by the fire every night, mumbling to himself in a way that drove Ira crazy. He'd sooner have a snake touch him than this Porter. And in his saddle roll Porter carried a gun with four notches in it.

Carroll didn't think Porter was so tough. It was all he talked about. "This fella ain't so tough! He ever starts it with me, he'll wish he surely hadn't!"

Ira sweated cold sweat. "You let that crazy fool alone! You don't want to start trouble with a man with notches in his gun, Carroll!"

"Anybody can have notches. All it takes is a file."

"That ain't how Porter got hisn. You ever listen to him mumble? Someday he's going to blow clean up!"

Ira had been just nineteen then, but he still remembered Carroll's soft, eager, "Well, let him. Just let him!"

The time came. No particular time. They were jawing at each other around the fire one night, and both of them got nasty. It had happened before, but Ira knew this was the time, and you never saw a kid so scared.

Both of them stood up. The fire had burned down and gave plenty of light without blinding them. Carroll baited the Kentuckian viciously, calling him things no man could take.

He gave Porter first grab. Ira saw Porter shift into his stance, sloping to the right in order to swing his holster free of his body. Porter's hand dipped down. You never saw a human hand move so fast!

Carroll batted his gun out of the leather and dropped to one knee. He got two shots away before Porter really had a firm grip on his weapon. Both were heart shots. Porter fell on his face in the fire, and Ira jumped in and pulled him out, yelling like a fool.

Porter had a record as long as his rope, and there was no need to run. Yet run they did. They were clear up in Alberta before Carroll could talk about it. Could get it off his chest and go home.

"It's a kind of temper. It is temper," he said, "and the time to stop it is before it starts. Ira, I'd no call to kill that man."

"He was no good," said Ira. "He forced it on you."

"I forced it on myself. No, I had to prove I could kill a man with four notches in his gun."

They were riding through a Canadian snowstorm, bound for the States, for which Ira gave thanks. If a man had to run, let it be to someplace warm, he thought.

"He wasn't so tough," Ira said. "I know that now. I'd like to see the likes of him try anything with me."

Carroll's mittened hand smashed across his mouth.

By the time Ira quieted his horse, Carroll was sitting there with the snow falling on the gun that had killed Porter. It was held firmly and in plain sight in his bare hand.

"Now's the time to stop it, Ira," he said, "before you work yourself up to a killing. If you can't, just say so, and I'll save us both some time and trouble and blow you in two right now. Kid, you're going to learn these things easier'n I did or I'll knock your brains out!"

The same man Ira had seen only last week, holding Hallie's youngest in his lap and singing:

"*Wee Willie Winko's loose on the town, Gaddin' around in just his nightgown.*"

Or he called it singing. Carroll couldn't carry a tune in a bucket.

Remembering his own crazy jealousy of that killing, and Carroll's firm yet endless patience, Ira bowed his head gratefully now. *My friend,* he thought. Carroll had seen him through those crazy kid days as no father, no brother, would or could.

But it was not so easy to be quit of Charlotte, who had something to say about it herself. She passed word for Ira to meet her up the creek a piece, and after a few of her sweet, hungry kisses, he broke down and told her about it.

"Of all the gall!" Charlotte said. "Honestly, you men! Is that all I mean to you?"

"Sweetheart, I swear I ——"

"Swearin's cheap. You come back here and have it out with Carroll! I hate to go home when Hallie needs my help so bad, but I don't know how much longer I can stand that bullheaded Carroll."

Ira returned that evening to have it out. Carroll just sat there shaking his head and patting a split lip, a swollen cheek and a black eye. Three of his men had jumped him that day, and it took a pick handle to quiet them down.

Ira, Carroll, Hallie and Charlotte—they were all just snapping at one another. Until Carroll slammed that heavy hand of his down on the table.

"No!" he said. "You can run away and I reckon we'd have to make the best of it, but you'll never show your faces in any place of mine again!"

Confused and hurt, Ira could not argue with him. Carroll did shake hands, though, and walked out into the dark to talk it over, man to man.

"I hate this!" he burst out. "But, Ira, I know I'm right! You're just a fiddlefoot saddle bum. Hallie says so herself."

"She does?" Ira said, heartsick. "She's wrong! I've done reformed! I swear I have!"

"You just think you have. We're just exactly alike, Ira, only I'm fifteen years the older. A man like us, he's no good until he's had the immortal spook scared out of him like I did—and you know what I mean. Just don't come back here no more. Let's stay friends."

"I don't know as that's so important!" Ira blazed. But, as Carroll walked into the house, Ira had never felt this lonely, this miserable.

Charlotte was game to run off, but Ira kept hoping to make it up with Carroll. There was also a question of where they'd live. It wouldn't be pleasant around here, with bad feeling between sisters' husbands. If he filed farther up the creek he'd be too close to the Mentors, and have Young Tony and Shug and Landis borrowing everything he owned. If he took up anywhere else where land was decent, he'd be too far out to hold down his job.

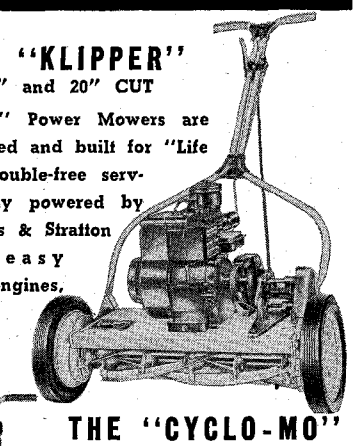
"On the creek I can still use you," said Sheriff Luke Hobart. "Not that you're much good to me lately. I declare, boy, I don't know where your wits have gone!"

That was Ira's state of mind when the Orten gang hit town and cleaned it out like a cyclone. Besides Ed and Howard

Cooper
POWER MOWERS
PERFORMANCE PROVED

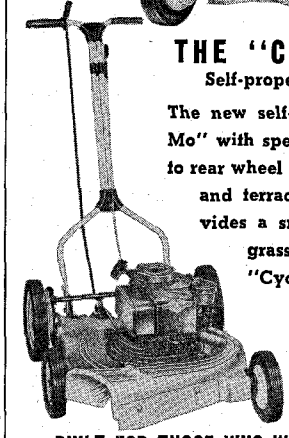
THE "KLIPPER"
18" and 20" CUT

"Klipper" Power Mowers are engineered and built for "Life long" trouble-free service. Fully powered by Briggs & Stratton 4-cycle easy starting engines, rope or recoil starter.

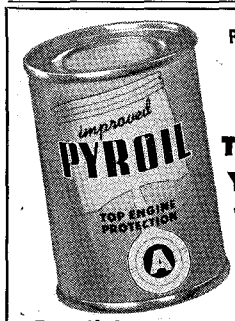


THE "CYCLO-MO"
Self-propelled - 21" cut

The new self-propelled "Cyclo-Mo" with special power take-off to rear wheel drive, handles hills and terraces with ease. Provides a smooth cut for fine grass or toughest weeds. "Cyclo-Mo" trimmer type available in 18" and 20" cuts. Write for attractive literature.



BUILT FOR THOSE WHO WANT THE BEST
COOPER MANUFACTURING CO.
996-998 So. 1st Ave. - Marshalltown, Iowa



Pyroil "A" add to gas
3 oz. can 30¢ . . .
at your service station
35¢ in Canada

TUNE UP YOUR ENGINE WHILE YOU DRIVE

Pyroil Stops Ping Quick!

frees sticky valves and gives your motor more pep and power. Lubricates the hottest, driest part of your engine, makes it run better and last longer. Write for trial offer. Pyroil Co., Inc., Dept. SE-57, La Crosse, Wis.—Toronto, Can.

PYROIL Manufacturers of Super Lubricants • Flex-O-Fix Champ and Silver Bullet Oil Filter Cartridges
World Famous Since 1929

Decorates, seals masonry, wood, all surfaces indoors or out. 10 colors

liquid plastic

SEAL-KOTE inc. Wooster, Ohio

Helps You Overcome
FALSE TEETH
Looseness and Worry

No longer be annoyed or feel ill-at-ease because of loose, wobbly false teeth. FASTEETH, an improved alkaline (non-acid) powder, sprinkled on your plates holds them firmer so they feel more comfortable. Avoid embarrassment caused by loose plates. Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Orten, there were Willie Stack and Ray Beale and Rupe Aufenkamp. They came up from Texas hard and fast, and crossed the river at St. Joe. Then, for two weeks, nobody heard of them.

Panicky nesters compared them to Sam Bass and the James boys, but Ira had known Rupe out in Oregon, and he wasn't so tough. Ira had seen him quit cold when a grown man called his hand.

A family of Indians was camped on the creek, trading horses and stealing anything loose, and Ira was over there laying down the gospel to them. He heard the shooting, but by the time he got to town, it was all over. The harness maker had shot Howard Orten deader than a doornail, but the others had got away.

They had hit at noon, taking $1300 from the bank and about $800 from merchants, working both sides of the street and herding hostages ahead of them. The man who had killed Howard Orten was organizing a posse—storekeepers, kids, anybody that could dig up a weapon.

That was all right with Ira. He had a pretty good idea what Ed Orten would do. Ed wasn't about to trot over the prairie in plain sight, on the kind of horses he had. The one Howard had left behind was a stiff old scarecrow with a rough coat and a foul smell. These horses had been ridden too hard too far, coming up from Texas. They had broken down inside and out. You couldn't give dead Howard's bonebag to a self-respecting Indian.

"You boys go ahead, but be careful," Ira said. "I don't want anybody shot up."

"Ain't you going with us?"

Ira said no, and the harness maker said contemptuously, "Ha! All right, we'll round up our own bandits! . . . Come on, boys!"

He looked mighty brave, loping out of town in the wrong direction. Ira went into the empty hardware store and helped himself to a double-barreled, twelve-gauge shotgun and a dozen buckshot shells.

This country was too settled for a whole gang to ride through, even on good horses. Ira was pretty sure what Ed was going to do, because he and Carroll had once got in a gang fight in a place out in California, and had left the same way, their horses not being worth saving. It was an old trick, but there was a way to handle it.

The railroad and the town had disagreed about where the town was going to be, the disagreement being almost two miles. The depot, track shanties, section house and water tank were strung out along the rails near the south fork of the creek, in the edge of the open range. Ira rode down to the depot and left instructions with the agent there.

"All right," said the agent. "I got it."

"I hope I have," said Ira.

He circled widely again, crossing the creek two miles above the tracks. He rode north a mile and then cut back sharply toward the railroad. Here the rolling prairie was cut by a scarp of low, stony bluffs that never would be anything but graze. In a thicket of elderberries, Ira got off and tied Horse firmly.

He made sure of both his .45 and his shotgun, before going on afoot. He threaded the bluffs cautiously, climbing steadily, but keeping low to the ground. When he reached the top he sat down.

Below him was a steep slope of a hundred feet, at the bottom of which the tracks curved over a soft muskrat slough, keeping close to the firm ground near the bluffs. Even this early in the spring, bluestem grass grew belly-deep down there. You could dig down anywhere and find water in ten feet, and here the railroad had set its water tower, with three windmills to feed it. Carroll had nothing but trouble with this sharp curve of swampy track, which kept sinking despite all the rock ballast he tamped under it.

To Ira's left ran a gully with an exposed ledge of white limestone where Carroll got his ballast. Sure enough, there in the old quarry stood four stove-in horses, and the cold-campfire signs that showed where the Orten gang had rested after their pell-mell flight up from Texas.

It was too close to town for comfort, but their horses were done for. The raid was a necessity, and its timing made Ira pretty sure he had them euchred. If he was right, all four were hiding somewhere down there in that deep, lush bluestem. All he had to do was sit and wait.

There was a southbound freight due any minute. It would stop at the depot first, and then come on out here to take on water. The gang would wait until the train had watered and was moving again.

When it had about half passed, they'd jump for an empty. The trainmen would not see them, because both ends of their train would be hidden around the bluffs by the curve. And somewhere down near the end of the line they'd drop off and steal fresh horses and move on.

Meanwhile, posses would be beating every road and trail within a hundred

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"While you're there, tell your mother to teach you to cook."

Yours for a "song"... this summer in Florida

Cool breezes, grand beaches, famed spectacles

Thrift season is on in Florida all summer. Glamorous resorts, such as you've read about and seen on TV, offer their cool comforts well below the cost of even ordinary vacation facilities elsewhere. Take advantage of the savings to explore all of this famed vacationland.

Tour along the incredibly white sand beaches that border the Gulf of Mexico from Pensacola eastward to Panama City and Carrabelle; thence southward to Clearwater, St. Petersburg, Tampa, Bradenton and all the way to Naples. Choose a secluded strand for picnicking. Take refreshing dips in the blue surf. Fish for prize silver tarpon.

Swing through picturesque Central Florida where big bass teem in thousands of lakes. Then stop on the trade-winds cooled Atlantic shore for exciting fun on the Florida "Gold Coast."

Be sure to visit Daytona for a drive on its famous beach and do see historic St. Augustine.

It's a rewarding holiday loaded with cost-free things to do plus hundreds of spectacles to see. You can make it in less than two weeks and have change to spare from your vacation budget.

Enjoy swank seashore lodgings on east or west coasts.

Relax and have fun at lakeside resorts in Central Florida.

See ancient structures, earliest history at St. Augustine.

FREE Color-Photo Booklet
Simply mail coupon for your copy

State of Florida • Room 1606-C
Commission Building, Tallahassee, Florida
Gentlemen. Please rush your 36-page booklet of color pictures and vacation tips to:

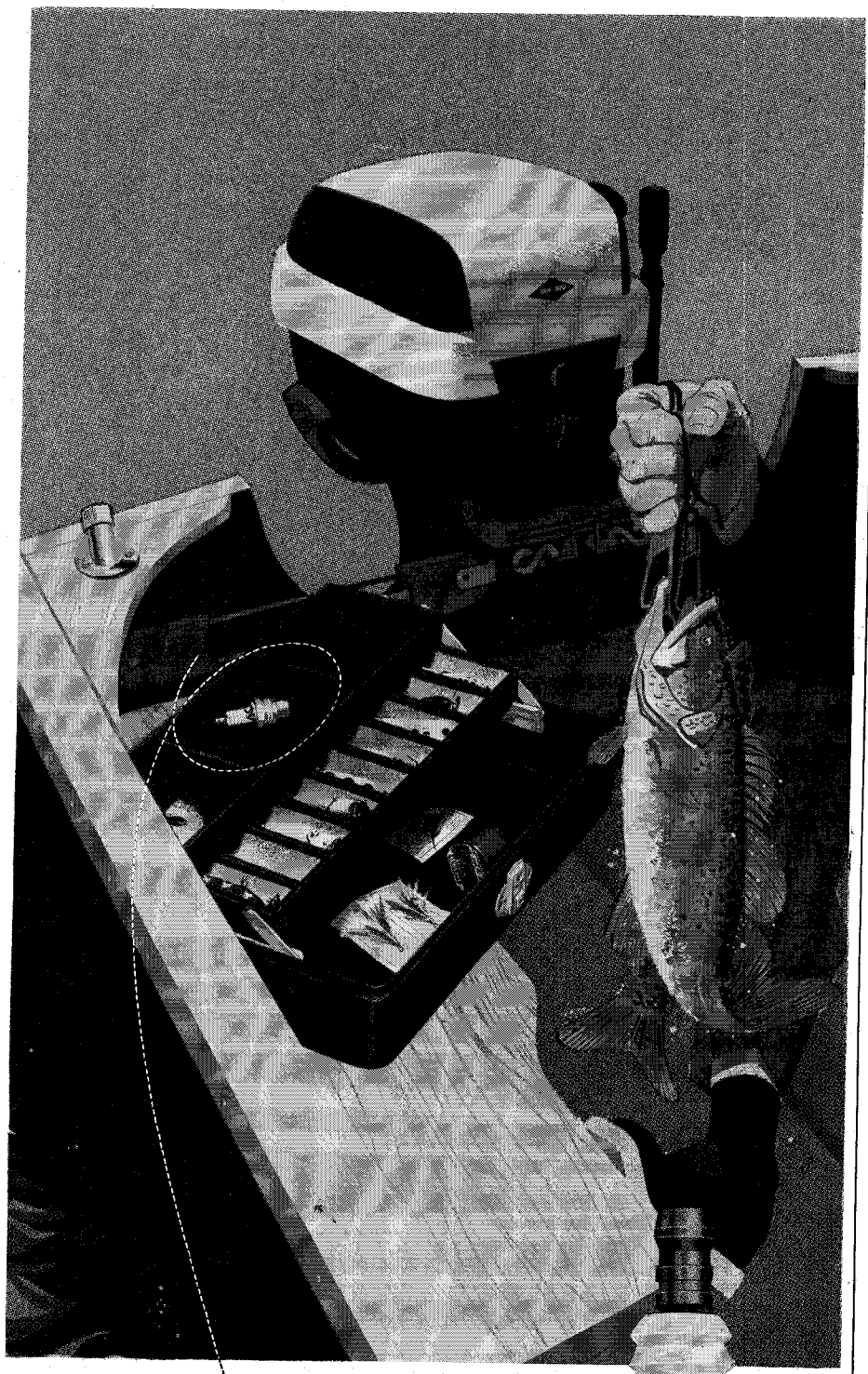
Name.....

Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....

FLORIDA
... land of good living

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



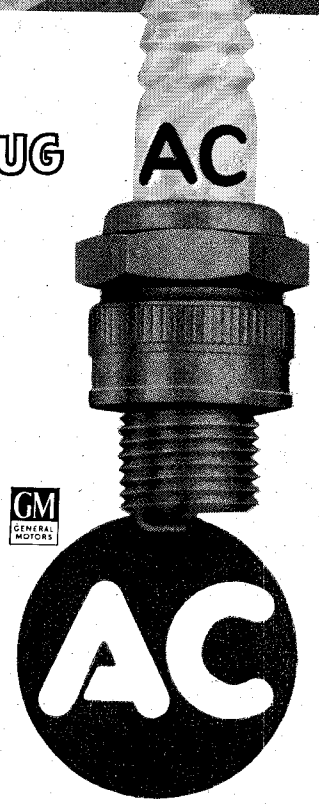
the

MOST IMPORTANT PLUG

in your tackle box!

It takes more than colorful lures to land the big ones! Rod, reel, boat—and smooth, dependable motor all play their part.
Many experienced fishermen take no chances on quick-starting, smooth-running engines. They carry spare AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs in their tackle boxes wherever they go.
AC Spark Plugs are marine-engineered for outboard or inboard engines. The exclusive "Hot Tip" burns away fouling oil and carbon deposits as soon as they form. They're rustproofed to prevent the corrosive coating that causes shorting through flash-over.
When you go fishing, carry spare AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs in your tackle box. Get them from your nearby AC retailer now!

Watch "WIDE WIDE WORLD"—NBC-TV



HOT TIP SPARK PLUGS

AC SPARK PLUG ✿ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

miles of here. That was how Ira and Carroll De Greves had escaped a real good beating by those town boys out in California. That was how Ira knew.

In about three minutes the train came into sight, far in the north. It stopped at the depot, did a little switching, and then coupled up and whistled out of town. Only this time the engineer, warned by the agent, did not stop for water. Ira saw his scared face as he headed into this soft curve, but he had guts—he held her wide open. The engine bucked like a steer as its truck hit the yielding rails on this tight, swampy curve. The hammer of steam in the cylinders and the clank of hard-driven side rods almost drowned out the chuff of exhaust in the stack.

Four men stood up in the waist-high grass. One of them lost his head and yelled and waved his hat. The three others just stood there looking foolish.

Ira waited until the train began slowing down around the bluffs. It would take quite a while to get it stopped.

"All right, get your hands up and turn around!" he called. "Easy, now! This cannon is loaded with buckshot!"

They had an instinct. They raised their hands quickly and swiveled at the hips, looking up with tired, rolling eyes that asked bleakly what else could happen.

Rupe Aufenkamp gave out a shrill yell, "I know you from some'rs, don't I?" He pleaded with the others, "I don't recall his name, but he'll cut you down like a dog."

"Shut up, Rupe!" Ed Orten said disgustedly. To Ira he said, "All right, John Law, I reckon you hold the fiddle; you may call the tune."

Ira almost lost his shotgun as another man rose in the deep grass. He, too, had a shotgun—the one he carried for snakes—the one with which he had offered to blow Ira in two unless he stayed away from Charlotte. On his hip was the old .45 with which he had made the same offer, if Ira didn't learn to control that fool temper.

"Carroll De Greves! Howdy, Carroll," Rupe said, with a sick, pallid smile. "Howdy, Ira—now I call your name! Well, she's a small world, ain't she?"

"She is," said Carroll. He knew he had startled Ira. He took charge quickly. "Go up there and stand on the tracks, all of you. . . . Now unbuckle your guns—easy does it. . . . Now turn and walk ten steps down the tracks and face me."

Rupe kept talking about people they had both known out in Oregon, but he wasn't that brave or that philosophical. It was just nerves. He didn't know what he was saying. For that reason, Ira watched him closely, for Rupe might not know what he was doing either.

All four carefully dropped their guns. Holding their hands very high, they wheeled and marched slowly ten steps down the track—first Beale, then Ed Orten, then Stack. Last came cowardly, ugly, hysterical little Rupe.

Watching Rupe plod past those four holstered guns, still jabbering about Oregon, Ira somehow knew what he was going to do, whether Rupe did or not. He lifted the shotgun and squeezed one trigger as Rupe reached for the last gun—Beale's—where it had dropped on the white stone ballast between the ties.

The heavy buckshot ripped into both of Rupe's feet. He got hold of Beale's gun, and then dropped it and began tearing off his boots, screaming and weeping with pain.

"Cover them, Carroll," said Ira. "I'm coming down."

He reloaded the fired barrel and slid down the slope. He collected all four guns and threw them into the grass beside Carroll.

"You ain't hurt!" he told Rupe, who seemed to be trying to cuddle both feet in his lap. "But you will be if you start anything else. I was at the end of this cannon's range, but I ain't now."

The train came backing around the curve. The crew on the rear platform were armed with a rifle, a fire ax and their brake sticks. There would be no more trouble with this poor hungry, defeated, dispirited Orten gang.

Ira tucked the shotgun in the crook of his arm and waded through the tall grass to Carroll. "You seen that," he said. "I could've killed that man, but I just stung him a little."

"Well, what about it?" said Carroll.

Ira grounded the shotgun, leaned on it and crossed his legs. "What about it, the fella says!" he commented sarcastically. "This is the fella that done reformed. It all comes back to me now! It wasn't me he meant that would go out after the wrong man someday and go home on a board—it was him! This old settled-down Carroll De Greves—he tells me which side of the horse to get off of!"

Carroll still said nothing. Ira pointed to Carroll's .45. "I reckon you need that for snakes, hey? You wouldn't use it on a man even to save your life, I reckon!"

Intellectual Observation

The world would certainly
abound
With minds remarkably
profound
If children all grew up to be
As smart as they appear at
three.

By Richard Wheeler

"Don't you go climbing on my back!" Carroll said in his old bossy way.

"You tarnation fool, this is my job!" Ira exploded. "When I want any fool citizens in my way, I'll ask them. What in the name of sense got into you, floundering around down here in the grass like a fool? They could've ducked down out of sight and blowed you to pieces, Carroll!"

He was good and sore, but all the same it was wonderful that they should both be here. Of all the people in this town, only he and Carroll had thought of this. Their minds still ran together. Nothing—not even the jealousy of women—could keep them from being closer than brothers.

That was all that was wrong, and Ira saw it clearly. Hallie was jealous of him, and Charlotte was jealous of Carroll. Women didn't understand how two men could be such friends. Women had an instinct that warned: *Break it up. Break it up before they go gaddin' off somewhere again.*

Women's first thought was to protect their homes, but Hallie and Charlotte would get used to it. They had to. He and Carroll weren't about to go nowhere. This place here—this suited them.

It seemed to come over Carroll what a fool he had been. Ira at least had been wily enough to come up behind them over the bluff. Just let him try to explain this to Hallie!

Ira put his hand on his old friend's shoulder. And friend was the word.

"Come on, married man. Let me lead you home before you get lost," he said.

Carroll just grinned. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR OUTDOOR LIVING

Delta
LIGHTS THE WAY!

DELTA POWER-KING
12-VOLT ELECTRIC LANTERN
SHOOTS LIGHT 1/4 MILE

$7.25 less two 6V batteries

Summer nights are outdoor nights—at home or far away from city lights. You'll need a Delta Electric lantern to *light your way*. Sixteen models. See your dealer.

DELTA POWERlite
A spotlite—floodlite. Less 6V battery $5.60

DELTA FLASHING POWERlite
Flashing red top. Side spotlite. Less 6V battery $5.69

Delta ELECTRIC CO.
MARION, IND.
ORIGINATOR AND WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF ELECTRIC LANTERNS & ELECTRICAL BICYCLE ACCESSORIES

FARM, GARDEN, HOME, INDUSTRY
STOP BUGS, WEEDS

ROOT-LOWELL DUSTERS-SPRAYERS
OVER 100 MILLION SOLD!
• So easy to pump
• So easy to use
SEE YOUR DEALER

Hot, Perspiring, Sore, Tired Feet?
You Need Dr. Scholl's Fast-Acting Relief!
Take a minute each day to sprinkle soothing, cooling Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your feet and into your shoes. You'll have another day of real foot contentment. Dr. Scholl's eases new or tight shoes . . . lessens perspiration . . . helps prevent Athlete's Foot. 15¢, 40¢. Large economy size 75¢. Try it!

Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

ROUGH IDLING?
Clean your CARBURETOR with GUMOUT now!
Just add to the gas—cleans as you drive.

GUMOUT
FOR CARBURETORS
GUMOUT • CLEVELAND 4, OHIO

I Used to be Blind (Continued from Page 49)

of the piece of steel—was performed that morning and my eyes bandaged. Two days later, when the bandages were removed, the mist had thickened and hardened into something resembling a heavily frosted pane of glass. The world moved invisibly on the other side of the opaque pane, and only the knowledge of light and dark was left to me.

It came as a shock. I had been warned that this would happen, but secretly and irrationally I had hoped for—even perhaps counted on—a not-unheard-of miracle. Lenses had been known to heal themselves, the pupil could recover its functions. More than most people, I felt, I needed that eye. Most of my life had been an active, outdoor one; the thing I loved most doing, and the only thing I did really well, was sailing a boat, and for years I had earned my living as a yacht master. But now I had to face it: I was blind, and likely to remain that way.

My dejection lasted a surprisingly short time. The suicidal gloom of the train ride to London could not survive in the face of the cheerful efficiency of the nurses, the friendliness of the other patients, and above all, the voice of my surgeon—calm, terribly English, with a hands-in-the-pockets assuredness that brought, if not optimism, at least a feeling that everything that could possibly be done would be done. For the time being, at any rate, the specter of a groping, helpless future was shoved into the background and I began to find my way about the country of the blind.

There were surprises for me there. It was not, I found, a blank, unpeopled world, but one thronged with images. Voices were not merely voices; they acquired features, hair, clothes—all "seen" with complete clarity. And "see" is the only word to use. These were not vague mental pictures we built up, as one constructs a picture of a radio actor; we "saw." Rarely, of course, was there any relation to the reality, but the people and things in our world stubbornly retained their form. The Scottish nurse in charge of our ward was, to me, an ash-blonde, her hair crisp and short, her features fine and tightly molded. And so she remained, even after I learned that her hair was black and worn in a bun, her face rounded, warm and expressive. So strong was this sense of sight that we even "saw" the postures of the people to whom we were talking, and often reached out to touch a hand that wasn't there. Improbable things crept into this world: one patient woke one morning to "see" a small rusty steam engine beside his bed. He described it in detail, and even furtively asked a visitor if, in fact, there wasn't something there. His engine stayed beside his bed for two days; on the third morning it had been removed.

This "sight," of course, was only with those of us who had seen. What was in the world of those who had been born blind we could never know—as well ask a color-blind man to describe what he sees in terms we can understand. We had, though, one brief and disturbing hint of what might lie behind eyes that had never known daylight.

His name was Michael, fourteen years old, blind from a few weeks after birth, a cheerful, intelligent lad. He was to be operated on now to give him back the sight he had no memories of ever having possessed. In the two or three days preceding his operation he moved constantly about the ward, sure-footed and unconcerned, passing around cups of tea and helping the nurses make the beds. There was no self-pity in him, nor any complexes about the disability that had shut him away from a major part of the world. We met his parents, a pleasant, rather shy, suburban couple, more tense and excited about the coming operation than was their son.

The operation was performed, and then the slow days passed while Michael's eyes remained covered in white mounds of bandage. We were all of us now impatient and deeply concerned, and our lives for those days focused on the passionate hope that the operation would succeed. Finally one morning the bandages came off, Michael opened his eyes, and at last saw the world he had known only by sound and touch. The surgeon had done his job magnificently, the operation was a brilliant success—and the results shocked us all. For Michael hated what he saw. People were hideous to him and he shrank in disgusted terror from the faces bending over his bed. The new world that had been opened for him he greeted with a storm of weeping, and for hours afterward he sobbed on his bed. Michael wanted only to be blind again.

Nor, in the days that followed, did he adjust himself to sight. He had to be forced to open his eyes and keep them open, and when left alone, he screwed them tight shut. His parents came to see him; he looked at them once, closed his eyes and gave way again to his racking tears. They were, he said, ugly. Virtually everything terrified him. Buildings were on the verge of toppling, walls were closing in on him, the bed was tilting and unstable. He refused to try to walk—it was inconceivable to him that people could balance on their long skinny stilts of legs and move about. A week after the bandages came off he went home, still miserable, still longing for his accustomed darkness. He left behind a depressed and gloomy ward.

My own life dragged on, most of it spent utterly immobile in bed, for long periods forbidden to wash, shave or even feed myself. If I changed position in my sleep an alert night nurse was there to straighten my head on the pillow until finally I learned to sleep flat on my back, moving hardly a muscle through the night. Hope flickered, surged and died over and over again as the weeks and months went by. Again and again I saw patients come in with injuries similar to and no more serious than mine, and go out sightless. Operation succeeded operation—operations of an unbelievable delicacy, with the surgeon working to within thousandths of an inch; he was a big man, with enormous engulfing hands, and the instruments he worked with were, I knew, minute—tiny forceps and scalpels which had to be sharpened under a microscope.

Throughout each operation I lay fully conscious on the table, terrified that I would make some involuntary movement that would destroy once and for all any hopes of my ever seeing again. And each time the bandages were removed the frosted glass was as opaque as ever.

Through these months my psychological make-up underwent a gradual, imperceptible change, until eventually I found myself thinking and reacting, not as a man unable to see, but as a blind man. The random, half-conscious thoughts of the future instinctively accepted blindness. Even my memories of the past were affected. Reliving some scene—and I learned over this time to live like a camel, on my hump of memories—I would wonder suddenly how I knew what this person, that place, looked like. And it was with a conscious effort of thought that I reminded myself—but, of course, I could see then.

Eager!
Sure he's eager—he knows it's Ideal! And it makes *you* feel mighty good to know you're feeding the dog food that provides complete nutrition to keep him healthy and alert...and a pleasure to have around.

Ideal
"The 7-COURSE MEAL"
PRESSURE COOKED!
Inspected and Certified a normal maintenance ration by the U. S. Government, Ideal Dog Food provides a *total balance of all* the vitamins, minerals, proteins and nutrients essential for dog health. Sealed in the can and *Pressure Cooked* to retain every vital element. Ideal is a real "7-Course Meal!" Costs less than left-overs.

THE FAMOUS Ideal "7-COURSE MEAL"
1. MEAT ANIMAL PROTEIN—Growth and health
2. BODY BUILDING MINERALS
3. WHEAT GERM—Vitamins: B complex, E
4. COD LIVER OIL—Vitamins A, D
5. CARROTS—Minerals, Carotene
6. SOY, BARLEY—Protein, Carbohydrate
7. IRON OXIDE—Blood Builder

Ideal For Cats, Too!

©Wilson & Co. Inc., Meat Packers
Chicago 1, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I learned, surprisingly quickly, the tricks of the blind. My memory developed astonishingly; I, who had frequently had trouble remembering my own telephone number, now had scores of them tucked away in a most efficient mental filing system. My hearing improved, both in receptivity and sensitivity, so that ultimately there must have been a hundred or more people I recognized by their voices, and many I knew immediately by the clearing of a throat or a footstep.

Once allowed out of bed, I found, after a period of fumbling uncertainty, an accurate sense of distance and direction which enabled me to move with assurance about the wards. Some of the simple actions of living, however, baffled me to the end. Eating, for example, was perhaps the most infuriating of all my activities. One never knew what, if anything, would get to one's mouth. The frustrations attendant on eating sliced meat or bacon and eggs are beyond forgetting. Ten times the fork would make its trip empty; on the eleventh it might carry the entire egg, messy and dripping. Our mealtimes could hardly be described as adventures in gracious living.

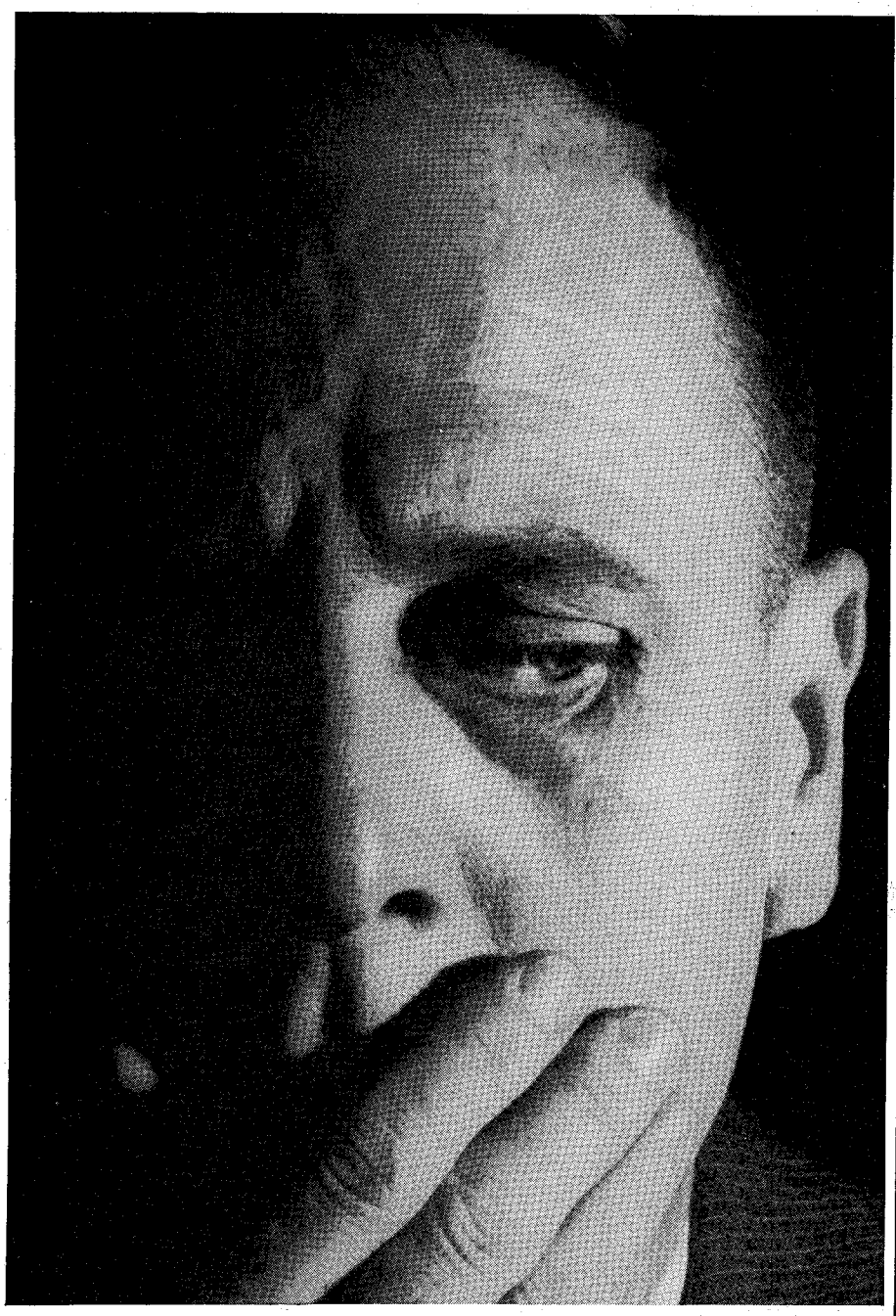
But the most remarkable discovery of these months was that, after all, life was still livable, and even amusing. Human contacts were in no way diminished, I found, by the fact that I was unable to see the person to whom I spoke. Perhaps, in fact, there were even fewer barriers, for I was freed at last from the tyranny of beauty. There were still pretty girls in my world—more, in fact, than ever before—but their beauty was no longer determined by a molding of face, a perfection of figure, a taste in dress. Rather, a warm and sympathetic personality, a gay or gentle voice, evoked before my sightless eyes a physical loveliness. Since most of the hospital staff had these qualities, I lived in a world of glamour that Hollywood couldn't match. The crisp rustle of a nurse's uniform created a picture more entrancing by far than the most seductive evening gown my memory could recall.

Pleasant as all this was, by far the greatest source of strength lay in my fellow patients. Their generosity, their emotional unselfishness, created a brotherhood that sustained me throughout my stay in hospital. There was no man, though condemned himself to eternal sightlessness, who did not sincerely rejoice at the success of another's operation. There was, for example, the morning I lay in bed, dreamily drowsy from the pre-operative sedative, waiting to be wheeled into the theater for another operation. I felt a hand touch the foot of the bed, fumble along its length until it rested on my shoulder. I had been out of hospital for ten days or so prior to this fairly lengthy operation, and I did not recognize the rather aged, profoundly compassionate voice which said, "I just wanted to wish you luck; we're all praying for you, you know." The next day, out of the anesthetic, I learned that the voice had belonged to a patient whose own operation had failed, and who had left the hospital knowing he would never see again.

It would be foolish, of course, to pretend that life was uniformly gay and agreeable; it wasn't. There was many an endless, silent afternoon, when lunch had been served and the ward slept, when depression and bitterness flowed over me in a great gray wave and there seemed no future worth living for. There was, worst of all, the first time I was allowed out of hospital for a few days, after nearly three months in the ward. I had thought myself adjusted to my blindness; I was, in fact, adjusted to a world where blindness was the norm, where everything had been designed to revolve around us. Now, suddenly, I was helpless, humiliatingly pitied, a cripple and, it seemed to me, virtually a freak. My reaction, oddly, was abject embarrassment. One evening, in the lounge of the club at which I was staying, I sat for two hours, miserable and self-conscious, unable to force myself to get up and walk the few steps that would take me out to the hallway. When finally, compelled by necessity and desperately aware of the silence and the eyes that followed me, I arose and made my way to my room I gave way utterly to self-pity and refused to go out to the dinner to which I'd been invited. I longed to return to hospital.

Here in this outside world my newly developed senses produced odd effects. Never before had I been aware of the appalling noisiness of life. Voices, doors, traffic crashed about my eardrums. Walking down Oxford Street with a friend one morning, I was suddenly conscious of a monstrous, menacing thunder: the pounding tread of thousands of unseen feet. It was, somehow, an indescribably frightening sound.

It didn't last, of course, this dejected self-consciousness. (*Continued on Page 96*)



YOUR DENTURE BREATH CAN'T BE BRUSHED OFF. When you brush false teeth, you risk offensive Denture Breath. You're safe with Polident! It soaks into places no brush can reach, to keep plates odor-free.

Unless you face these facts about

FALSE TEETH

...you may be in trouble!

You can't clean false teeth the same way you clean natural teeth and expect them to be naturally white . . . and odor-free!

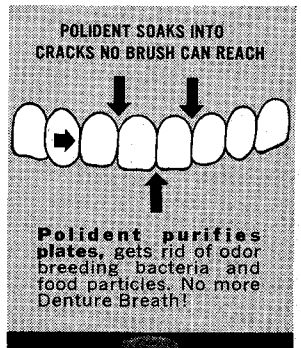
But it's so easy to clean dentures properly with Polident. This wonderful denture cleanser dissolves film – sweetens your mouth as no toothpaste can.

With Polident, you're never embarrassed or self-conscious because of denture breath or dingy film!

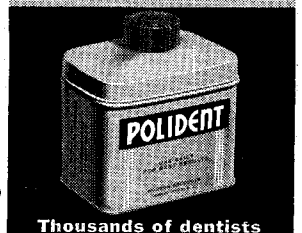
Easy to use . . . Instant Action . . . Just mix Polident powder with water. Slip your plates into this amazing "bath". Stubborn stain loosens. Film dissolves. Clinging food particles and odor breeding bacteria are washed out of tiny cracks and crevices no brush can reach. Suddenly your false teeth start looking naturally white again . . . and no more Denture Breath!

With Polident it's a soak, a rinse, a clean fresh mouth. No wonder thousands of dentists recommend it.

POLIDENT®



Polident purifies plates, gets rid of odor breeding bacteria and food particles. No more Denture Breath!

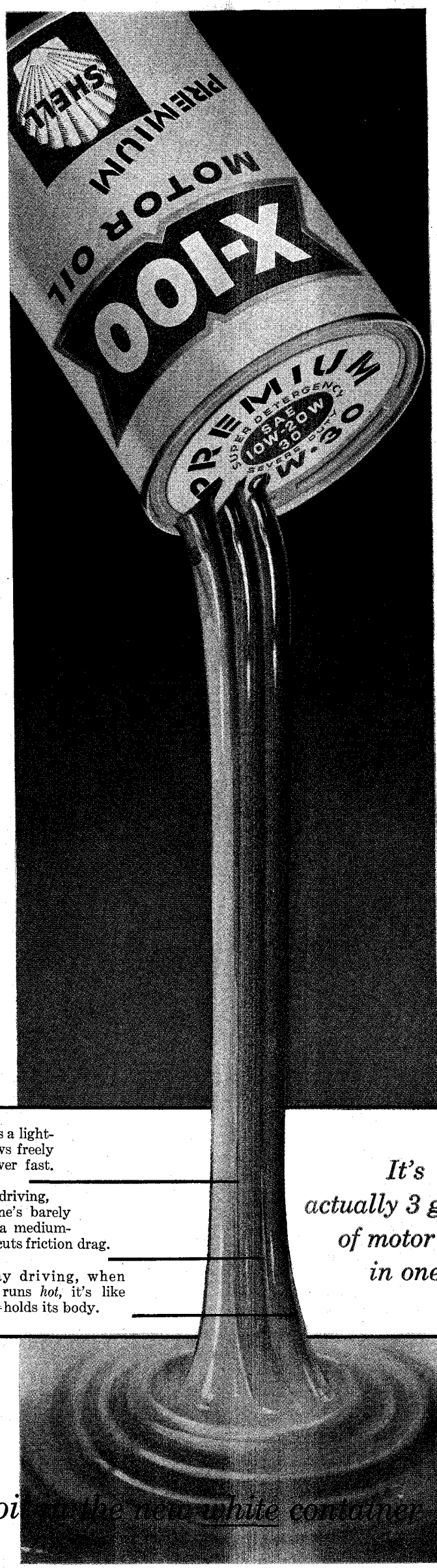


Thousands of dentists recommend safe, scientific Polident. Buy Polident today...At any drug counter...

"Now here's a little something different in bird baths. . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now—from Shell—a motor oil that adjusts automatically to all engine temperatures! It's thermostatic!



Prevents low-temperature sludge, which clogs oil passages and damages vital engine parts

Holds its body—protects under the highest engine temperatures

Neutralizes acid action—the major cause of engine wear

On an average day, your car's engine undergoes temperature changes of over 100°F. New Shell X-100 Motor Oil Premium adjusts to all these temperature changes automatically. *It's 3 grades of motor oil in one.*

First, since your engine *always* starts cold, summer or winter, X-100® Premium adjusts to the special demands of *cold engine* operation. Like a light oil, it flows freely . . . saving your engine extra work. And it prevents cold sludge, which clogs oil passages and can result in big repair bills.

During short-trip driving X-100 Premium adjusts to *moderate* temperature conditions . . . cuts engine drag and power loss.

Then at highway speeds—when your engine runs hot—X-100 Premium adjusts again to resist thinning out, protects under heat.

And X-100 Premium is an *alkaline* motor oil. It adds to the life of your engine because it neutralizes acid action.

Ask your Shell Dealer for new X-100 Motor Oil Premium.

S.A.E. 10W For *cold* starts it's a lightweight oil. It flows freely . . . for full power fast.

S.A.E. 20W For short-trip driving, when the engine's barely warm, it's like a medium-weight oil that cuts friction drag.

S.A.E. 30 For highway driving, when your engine runs *hot*, it's like a heavy oil—holds its body.

It's actually 3 grades of motor oil in one

Change to the oil in the new white container

SHELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 94*) Far too many heart-warming things happened to me to permit an extended bout of self-pity. I like to remember, among others, the taxi driver who brought me back to hospital after that first venture out. I asked him to find me a florist, so I could buy a bouquet to take back to the nurses. He drove a long way to find one in the tough East End of London, and while we drove we talked. He was simply, uncloyingly sympathetic about my plight, the more so when he heard I was an American, far from home. Eventually we found a flower market. I told him what I wanted to pay—enough for a reasonably modest bouquet—and he hopped out to buy it for me. Through the open window of the taxi I could hear him talking to the flower vendor, "Go on, put some of these 'ere in. The gentleman's blind; 'e's an American. Now let's 'ave some o' them there." Eventually he opened the door and shoved into the back of the cab a bouquet of stupefying proportions. "That'll please the girls," he said complacently. Arrived at Moorfields, he led me, virtually invisible behind my enormous mass of blooms, to the door, refused any payment for the ride, wished me luck and drove away. Feeling remarkably happy about life, I went back to bed and waited for the next operation.

Now, as the fourth month of blindness was rounded out, there was a guarded optimism about my chances of seeing again. Guarded because, just as I couldn't see out through my frosted glass, so the surgeon couldn't see in to assess the damage to the retina. Nevertheless, none of the feared complications had set in, and with a little luck —— I mustn't expect anything like normal vision, of course, but it should be enough to get me around.

And then, one morning, another operation behind me, the bandages were again removed. There seemed, at first, to be no change; it was like all the other times the bandages had been removed. I dozed a while, opened my eyes again—and saw patches of color where before there had been thick mist. They were vague and formless, and I dared say nothing. But as the morning wore on, they became brighter and clearer—the counterpanes of the beds across the ward. Figures, formless as the colors, moved through the splashes of sunlight on the walls and floor. My unbelieving excitement grew, and finally I told the nurse. The long night was over.

That afternoon I was taken to the surgeon's consulting room. A pair of glasses was slipped on to replace the destroyed lens of my eye and, incredibly, miraculously, the world popped into focus. A bit wavery, a little distorted in shape, its horizons rather close-to, but there it was. With a feeling of giddy achievement, I read out the second line from the top on the eye chart.

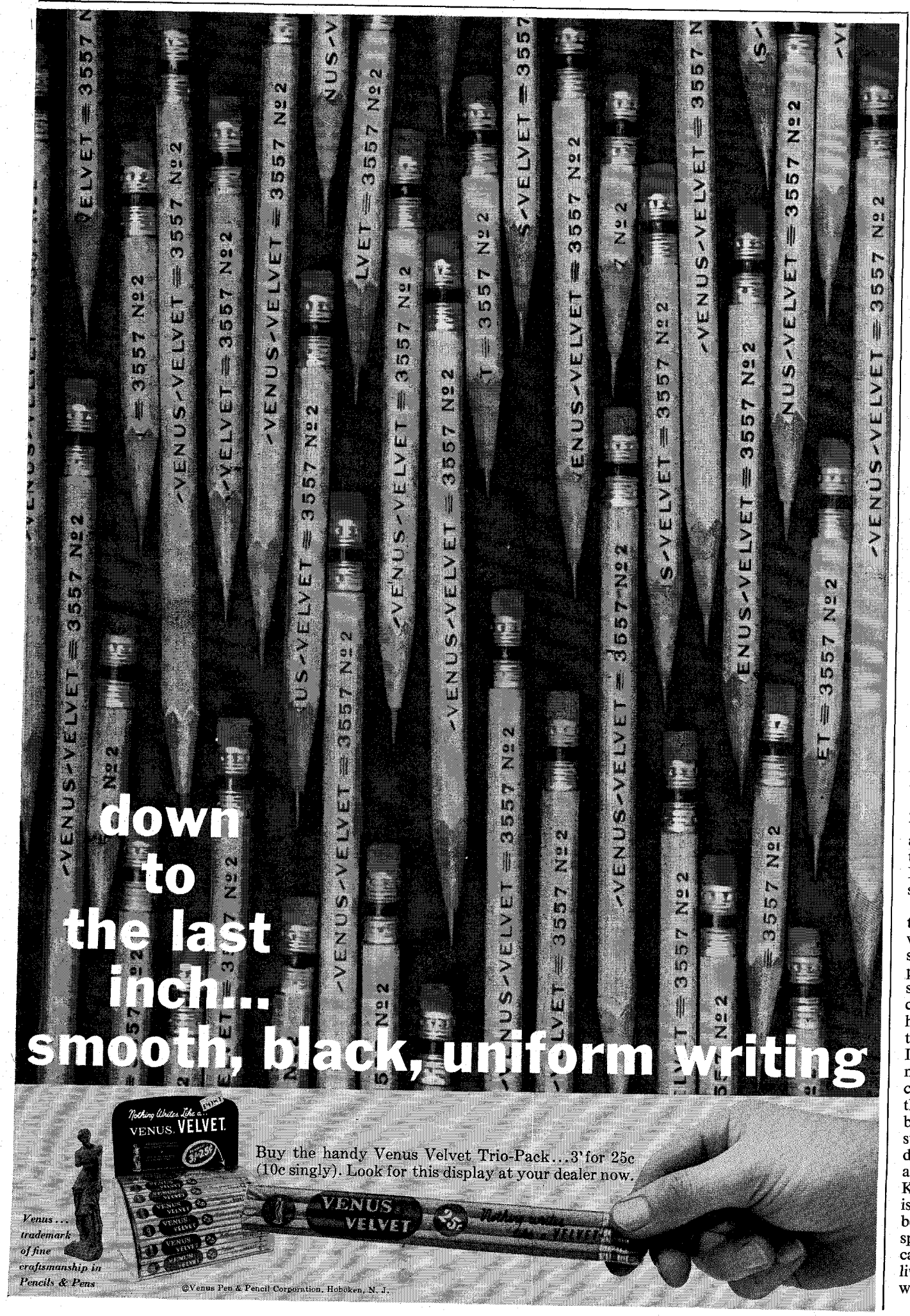
I looked out the window and there, infinitely beautiful, was a London bus, enormous and red and lumbering. I could almost read the huge advertising poster on its side. I saw, for the first time in the months we had known each other, the nurse who had brought me to the consulting room. She was, if anything, more beautiful than the bus. I was very close to hysteria.

As the months went by, the full extent of my surgeon's success became evident. An out-patient now, I visited the hospital weekly, and each visit showed an improvement. I progressed to the third line on the chart, the fifth, and then the sixth, representing normal vision. And still the eye improved—I read the seventh line, and the eighth, and finally the ninth and last. These were unbelievable, unheard-of results. I was back in business.

Exactly one year from the day of the accident, early on a June morning, I slipped my moorings in Southampton, sailed down the river and around the Isle of Wight, and headed my boat—the start of all the trouble—for France, ninety miles away. The weather wasn't good and the forecast wasn't promising, but the gesture was too good to miss. What better way to mark the anniversary of that gloomy Sunday? In fact, the forecast, like that forecast of a year before, was inaccurate. Halfway across the Channel the sea flattened and the sun shone, and I sailed into Le Havre on a glorious summer's evening.

I have sailed much farther since that triumphant day—to Spain, and the Riviera, and Italy. I have sailed through the star-dusted Mediterranean nights and picked up the faint flashes of distant shore lights, and come to many an island, clear and green against the dawn. I haven't yet lost the wonder of seeing such things and, while I can see them, I think I never shall. For I have not only the memory of the long months when I couldn't see my hand before my eyes, but the knowledge that I may again know blindness. I know that the injury I suffered can, at any time in my life, produce delayed complications that will once again shut me off from the sighted world. Knowing this, every sunrise, every new island discovered, takes on a heightened beauty. Knowing, too, that the human spirit has reserves of imagination that can find beauty and humor and joy of living even in the world of the blind, I worry not at all about the future.

THE END


down
to
the last
inch...
smooth, black, uniform writing
Nothing Writes Like a VENUS VELVET
Buy the handy Venus Velvet Trio-Pack...3 for 25c
(10c singly). Look for this display at your dealer now.
Venus... trademark of fine craftsmanship in Pencils & Pens
©Venus Pen & Pencil Corporation, Hoboken, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case of Colonel Nickerson

(Continued from Page 32)

In the military, where the slightest infraction of the rules can wreck a man's career, these are serious charges. They would indicate that Nickerson was something of a nefarious character. Yet interestingly the record showed just the opposite. A West Pointer, he had fought in an artillery battalion through Europe in World War II, and had been decorated for heroism (two Silver Stars, *Croix de guerre*). In his nineteen years of Army service he had accumulated a superb file of fitness reports. He owns a master's degree from California Institute of Technology and took a three-year, postgraduate course in nuclear weaponry. He leapfrogged over many of his contemporaries to an important and trusted post in the Army guided-missile field. Those who knew him well concluded that Nickerson had deliberately sought the trial to marshal public sympathy for the Army's case. For this reason he has been called the Missile Age Billy Mitchell.

At Redstone Arsenal Nickerson's scientist colleagues, a brilliant team of experienced rocket experts, silently but firmly backed him to a man. They believed that Wilson had been discriminating against the Army—and Redstone—for too long. They were dispirited and angry. Many of them were thinking seriously of quitting if Wilson, as Dr. Ernst Stuhlinger put it, "denied further appealing projects." If this pool of genius should be dispersed, it would be an appalling loss of a critical national asset. Huntsville's leading lawyer, Robert Bell, with Ray Jenkins, had volunteered to serve as Nickerson's counsel. The mayor of Huntsville, Alabama congressmen and Southern editors had taken up the Nickerson crusade. Unsolicited funds have been coming in. A wall in the courtroom at Redstone had been knocked out to make room for the throng of newsmen expected at the court-martial.

Nickerson is a tall, slender man, who paces about nervously, plopping from chair to chair, swinging his lanky legs. He looks like a schoolteacher, and speaks softly, with a lingering trace of Kentucky accent. He is said to have the deep, penetrating eyes of a zealot, but it is hard to tell behind the glasses. He keeps pretty much to himself, and is devoted to his wife, Caroline, and their four children. He is doubtless a dedicated patriot who spends much more time worrying about the future safety of the nation than most of us. He is especially convinced that Army missiles—and Army technical know-how—are superior to those of the Air Force and the aviation industry. But Nickerson is no Billy Mitchell. This is not a man whose mind is swimming in broad global concepts of war and strategy. He is a frustrated scientist, a carper, who has led himself into deep trouble. But it is also clear that he got himself there by playing the role of a fool, not a knave.

The Nickerson trial comes as a dramatic prelude to the incredible guided-missile revolution that is bearing down on us. The revolution is not here yet. Today it exists largely on a few pieces of paper and in the minds of a handful of brilliant men like Nickerson. But already billions of man-hours and dollars have been spent in laying the groundwork, and experimental hardware is now beginning to flow so fast that defense experts like Mr. Wilson can hardly keep up with it. The best Wilson can hope for is that the $6,000,000,000 his department will spend on guided missiles next year will go into the right place. This huge expenditure—thrice the amount devoted to developing the first A-bombs—has inevitably caused a curtailment of conventional armed forces, especially ground troops. Only recently Great Britain announced a drastic plan to reduce her army, including her NATO forces, in favor of guided missiles, some of which will be supplied by the United States.

To put the Nickerson trial in proper perspective and to gain insight into the missile revolution, it is necessary to turn the clock back a few years in order to examine the birth and growth of the guided missile. A good place to stop the hands would be at 6:38 P.M. on September 8, 1944. At that time, just outside The Hague, Netherlands, one of a group of German scientists and soldiers pressed the button that fired the first tactical V-2 ballistic missile against England. Propelled by a small but powerful rocket engine, the forty-six-foot-long bullet rose from its launching site with a deafening roar. It smashed into Chiswick-on-Thames, near London, less than six minutes later. Its 2200-pound warhead erupted in an explosion which destroyed eight houses and severely damaged fifty others.

The launching of this weapon will be remembered as the starting point of the ballistic-missile age. The history of rockets can be traced as far back as 1232 A. D. when the Chinese defending the Great Wall launched such weapons against invading Mongolian hordes. But not until the V-2, had rockets achieved the range, lethality, surprise and accuracy to rate them as a major threat. Modern rockets were developed by a group of men who had played with them in the late '30's as a hobby. Hitler ignored them for years, but eventually 1300 of these "vengeance weapons" were fired against England. They gave no advance warning. It was impossible to build a defense against them. Nearly 3000 civilians were killed; property damage was enormous. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower later wrote: "It seemed likely that, if the German had succeeded in perfecting and using these new weapons six months earlier than he did, our invasion of Europe would have proved exceedingly difficult, perhaps impossible."

At the close of the war, United States Army Ordnance intelligence teams corraled the German rocket scientists, including the V-2's principal architect, youthful Dr. Wernher von Braun. They learned in detail about the V-2, as well as other projects, such as an antiaircraft rocket, Wasserfall, and a plan to build a 3000-mile ballistic rocket to be fired against the United States. The cream of the German rocket scientists, plus their families, were brought to the United States. The major components to build 100 V-2's "liberated" from the V-2 production plant near Nordhausen were shipped under separate cover, on sixteen Liberty ships. The remaining German rocket scientists and the Nordhausen plant were taken over by the Russians. Von Braun and his group, all United States citizens today, ultimately wound up as the technical nucleus at Redstone.

Compared to the V-2, United States guided-missile efforts in World War II had been primitive. Our scientists, preoccupied with atomic energy, produced mainly a couple of guided "glide bombs." A copy of the German V-1 flying bomb, renamed the Loon, was rushed into production at the eleventh hour, but never used in combat. But the V-2 had made a strong impression on the minds of men who deal in weapons, and soon guided-missile projects bearing exotic names began to sprout amid a blizzard of premature publicity in just about every military workshop in the country. It would take a book to describe all of them. Broadly, they are divided into four categories: surface-to-surface, surface-to-air, air-to-air and air-to-surface. This review is confined largely to the first two categories. They are the principal weapons of the coming revolution and figure most prominently in the trial of Colonel Nickerson.

Surface-to-air missiles are essentially modern replacements for the antiaircraft gun, which served well in World War II, but was rendered obsolete by the advent of high-flying, speedy jet airplanes. They caused the first, violent jurisdictional fight between the Army and the Air Force.

By a ruling created before these weapons were operational, the Air Force was assigned primary responsibility for defending the United States against air attack. When the Army proposed Nike-Ajax, its first antiaircraft missile, which had been developed mainly to protect Army troops in the field, for defense of United States cities, the airmen argued

NEXT WEEK

If H-Bombs Fall...
Now Disclosed: Results of the Government's Five-Year Disaster Research

I Call on Groucho
Pete Martin Visits TV's Master of the Insult

So We Moved Into the Governor's Mansion
Public and Private Life of Maine's Young First Lady

They Said I Was Neurotic
His Strange Disease Almost Defied Diagnosis

The Fabulous Jock Whitney
Life of a Multimillionaire Who Made Good

IN COLOR:
THE BODY WORSHIPERS OF MUSCLE BEACH
Santa Monica's Strenuous Strand

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the twenty-five-mile-range Nike rockets were an extravagant waste of money and, more important, an unwarranted encroachment on their private preserve. They could do the job better, the airmen said, with manned fighter-interceptors, supplemented by a 200-mile, airplane-type missile under development called Bomarc. The protest came too late. During the Korean emergency Nikes were rushed into production, and today expensive Nike installations ring many of our cities.

Later, to replace Nike-Ajax, which is now considered too short-legged and feeble-minded to stop enemy jets armed with H-bomb air-to-ground missiles, Army scientists built a sixty-mile-range antiaircraft rocket called Nike-Hercules, which can be equipped with a nuclear warhead. The Air Force balked. If this kept up, they reasoned, the Army would ultimately absorb their air-defense responsibility and all the glitter—and money—that went with it. In place of Nike-Hercules, the Air Force fought for acceptance of a ram-jet missile of comparable performance, the Talos, which they had borrowed from the Navy. The battle soon spilled into the press, and Congress threatened an investigation. Mr. Wilson resolved the issue, temporarily, by giving the land-based Talos to the Army with orders to evaluate it alongside the Nike-Hercules and pick the better weapon. Mr. Wilson then clamped his limit on the range of Army-operated missiles. The Army has yet to choose between Nike-Hercules and Talos. It will be months, perhaps years, before either missile can replace the obsolescent Nike-Ajax.

The interservice battle was important because the antiaircraft missile will play an increasingly critical role in the coming missile revolution. Without doubt they will grow up to become antimissile missiles, the fantastic bullets that streak hundreds of miles into outer space to intercept incoming missiles. They are a long way and many billions of dollars from reality, and could never be called a foolproof defense against an intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM). They would require an electronic warning net with at least 1000-mile-range computers to identify and plot interception courses, and an automatic firing system. With its impressive background in antiaircraft missiles, the Army would appear to be the logical service to build and operate these tremendously complex weapons of the future. Although presently restricted in range, the Army is pressing ahead optimistically with plans for two antimissile missiles. It may be that events will force a reconsideration of the arbitrary range Wilson has put on the Army.

Surface-to-surface missiles like the V-2 were originally conceived as supplementary weapons to the aircraft for short- and long-range bombing. It would seem logical that our postwar missile development program in this field would simply pick up with the V-2 where Von Braun and company had left off. Some of our scientists—Dr. Theodore von Karman for one—had been fascinated by the German transoceanic rocket project and believed it was worth exploring further. Engineers at Convair actually designed a V-2-like rocket called the Atlas, with a range of 5000 miles. Powered by a cluster of seven engines, it stood tall as a twenty-story building. However, there were many scientists of great influence in Washington who believed transoceanic rockets were too expensive and complex ever to be worth while. Dr. Vannevar Bush told a congressional committee in 1945, "In my opinion, such a thing is impossible today and will be impossible for many years. . . . I do not think anybody in the world knows how to do such a thing and I feel confident it will not be done for a very long period of time to come. . . . I wish the American public would leave that out of their thinking." A physicist who evaluated the Convair Atlas said, "It will take two Nobel prizes to get that thing in the air." Nevertheless, Convair kept the project going, off and on, with their own money.

Since Doctor Bush and others had pooh-poohed the V-2-type ballistic missile, and Convair's twenty-story dream seemed impractical, the Air Force and Navy set about to make combat guided missiles out of airplanes. This was a natural course of action because they were experienced in handling airplanes. The toughest problem was to find a way to guide the drone to the target. Electronic wizardry did the trick. Today the Air Force has a jet-powered drone in operation called the Matador—one with a jam-proof guidance system is being rushed into production—the Navy has one that outwardly could be the Matador's twin, called Regulus—with a faster, longer-range version in the works. They are fired from launching racks with the help of a small booster rocket and guided as far out as 500 miles. When the missiles arrive over target, the wings and tails flip off, and they hurtle their atomic warheads toward the ground at tremendous speed. Air Force Matadors form a part of the NATO shield in Western Europe. The Regulus has been fired from both submarines and surface ships.

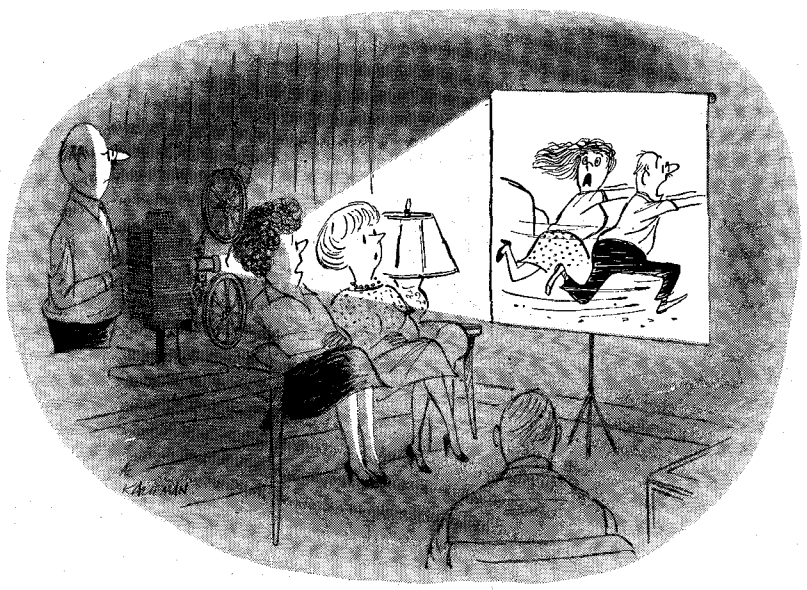
A faceless genius, or group of geniuses, somewhere in the electronics and aviation industry doped out a way to guide an airplane drone from continent to continent. This is a complicated device that keeps an eye on the stars, and then tells the missile which way to go. It was installed in a drone called the Snark. At the Air Force's 1000-mile missile-test range at Cape Canaveral, Florida, probably 100 or more Snarks have been fired. Many experts think the Snark's brain is neurotic. It has dumped so many Snarks into the Atlantic that the waters around the cape are Snark-infested. One Snark wound up in the jungles of Brazil. But Snark was recently put into production anyway. In the future lies an even faster Air Force intercontinental drone called Navaho which is flung into the air by an enormous rocket and powered the rest of the way by ram-jet engines at speeds up to 2000 miles an hour. Navaho is designed to evade enemy antiaircraft fire when nearing the target. Small test models have been fired at Cape Canaveral, but in its present state Navaho sends the engineers back to the drawing board about once a month.

Army guided-missiles experts, like Von Braun and Colonel Nickerson, did not share Doctor Bush's views on the ballistic missile. They believed it had promise and set to work trying to improve its accuracy, which in large part depends on the ability to shut off the rocket engine at a predetermined point in space. After that the missile coasts to the target on a fixed ballistic trajectory. It was discouraging work. Rocket engines, temperamental as a diva, blew up, fizzled out and failed to fire at all. One missile zoomed off the Army's firing range at White Sands, New Mexico, and smashed into Mexico. Enterprising Mexicans sold pieces of it as souvenirs.

Edward Teller, the father of the H-bomb, holds that if enough minds are put to work on impossible technical problems, the solution will come eventually. This principle was dramatically illustrated in the case of ballistic rockets and should be remembered by the pessimistic scientists as an object lesson. As the years passed by, nuclear weapons became smaller and lighter; engineers at North American seeking an adequate booster for the winged Navahos, had built a rocket engine almost twice as powerful as the V-2. Some of Von Braun's men perfected an amazing, jam-proof guidance system called "inertial," which would throw a missile up into space on course at the right angle of attack, and shut off the rocket engine when the precise speed and "aiming point" had been reached. By 1953 the German-Americans had fitted all these elements together in a ballistic missile called the Redstone, which could carry the heaviest of the 1951-model atomic bombs 200 miles.

Air Force men sneer at the Redstone. Says one, "Von Braun and the Redstone group worked ten years and succeeded only in building a missile with less range than the V-2." That may be true, but it is not the real point. The Redstone is actually a vast improvement over the V-2. It is far more accurate; engine and flight performance are reliable. It can carry almost three times the payload of the V-2. Redstone missiles are now in production; troops are being trained to fire them. A Redstone missile with a light warhead has been fired 500 miles; a Redstone served as the first stage of a Rube Goldberg research missile which Army scientists shot a record-smashing 3400 miles.

Although the Redstone was a significant advance in the art of the ballistic missile, the 5500-mile ICBM, like Convair's Atlas, was still beyond reach. It was now theoretically possible to build one with an atomic warhead, but there was no assurance that it would land close enough to the target to do any real damage. Then one of those Teller breakthroughs, on which many minds had been working, occurred. One day in the spring of 1954, during the "Castle Tests," Atomic Energy Commission scientists exploded a device called Jughead, which proved that hydrogen bombs, then 40,000-pound behemoths, could be made small enough to fit into a practical ballistic missile. Because of Jughead's enormous area of destruction, accuracy requirements could be relaxed. Convair's dream was now within the realm of feasibility.



"I thought we'd never get the camera back from that bear!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In the Air Force, one of the first men to grasp the full meaning of Jughead was the youthful Assistant Secretary for Research and Development, Trevor Gardner. Gardner was a controversial, blunt-spoken executive who believed, like the Navy's Admiral Rickover, that the shortest distance between two points was a straight line, even if it bisected six brass hats. Aided by a lanky, soft-spoken Air Force weapons expert, Col. Bernard A. Schriever, and a panel of the nation's leading scientists, bossed by the late, famed mathematician, John von Neumann, Gardner compiled convincing scientific evidence that intercontinental ballistic missiles were practical. Then, without much consultation with the air staff, he sold Mr. Wilson, who in turn sold the National Security Council, on a ballistic-missile program that would soon grow to be the largest scientific undertaking in the history of the nation. It would also insure the Air Force of a dominant role in the missile age.

In late 1954, Schriever, promoted to brigadier general, was placed in charge of a highly secret Air Force organization known as the Western Development Division (WDD). At that time elaborate security precautions were taken: Air Force men wore civilian clothes, meetings were held in unlikely places, including a school. WDD's object was to translate Convair's plan for Atlas into hardware. The missile design they ultimately settled on looks like a page out of science fiction. Standing nearly ninety feet, the finless rocket will be powered by a main engine of 135,000 pounds thrust—almost three times the power of the V-2 engine—plus two "boosters" of 135,000 pounds each. It will hurtle more than 700 miles up into space at speeds up to 15,000 miles per hour. Its nuclear warhead, especially designed in a blunt shape, and made of ceramics to resist heat generated when it re-enters the atmosphere, will zoom from launching point to target, 5500 miles away, in thirty minutes or less. A test version of Atlas, carefully shrouded under canvas, was recently moved by truck from Los Angeles to Cape Canaveral, Florida. Engineers are now preparing to fire it a distance of 1800 miles.

WDD grew like Topsy. To back up the Atlas project, the Air Force conceived a second 5500-mile missile, Titan, taller than Atlas and more refined. Today every major company in the aircraft and electronics industry has a part of the ICBM missile program. More than 100,000 men, including the cream of United States science, are working on nothing else. Money is no object. An Air Force assistant secretary said the project is already costing a billion dollars a year. It may take as much as $5,000,000,000 to deliver the first operational weapons to combat units. In every corner of the nation, weird rocket test stands, windowless factories with special air-conditioning and new laboratories are growing in fields and valleys. Air Force ICBM firing teams, to be (*Continued on Page 100*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As a family man, do you have the sense of complete security that comes from being Hartford-insured? Life is more enjoyable when you're carefree.

Now...from your Hartford Agent—

full 4-way Accident and Sickness Protection planned-to-order for you and your family

TODAY, one-way accident and sickness protection —hospitalization, for example—isn't enough. Not nearly enough for *your* family!

You need, they need, full 4-way protection.

And for peace of mind, you want this protection in an organization like Hartford: highly regarded by the Medical Profession — doctors, nurses, hospitals — and widely known and respected by the general public for financial strength, integrity, and considerate treatment of its policyholders.

Here's the 4-way protection you need

1 — Insurance to help you meet hospital bills.
2 — Insurance to assist you with major medical expenses of long illness or serious accidental injury of any family member.
3 — Income to help replace earnings lost through accident or sickness disability.
4 — Benefit payments for support of your dependents should you, the breadwinner, suffer fatal or crippling injuries.

Now, through your Hartford Agent, you can get this complete protection. Get it in the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company whose reputation and long record of dependable performance warrant your utmost confidence.

With the Hartford Man to help you plan...

...you can rely on getting exactly the right protection program for your requirements. In amounts carefully adjusted to your needs and means, without duplicating any insurance you now have.

So see your local Hartford Agent or broker soon. Or, for more information by mail, return the coupon below.

Year in and year out you'll do well with the

Hartford Fire Insurance Company Group

Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company
Citizens Insurance Company of New Jersey, *Hartford 15, Connecticut*
New York Underwriters Insurance Company, *New York 38, New York*
Northwestern Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Twin City Fire Insurance Company, *Minneapolis 2, Minnesota*

—FREE DETAILS — JUST MAIL THE COUPON — No obligation —

Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
Hartford 15, Conn. Dept. AL-5

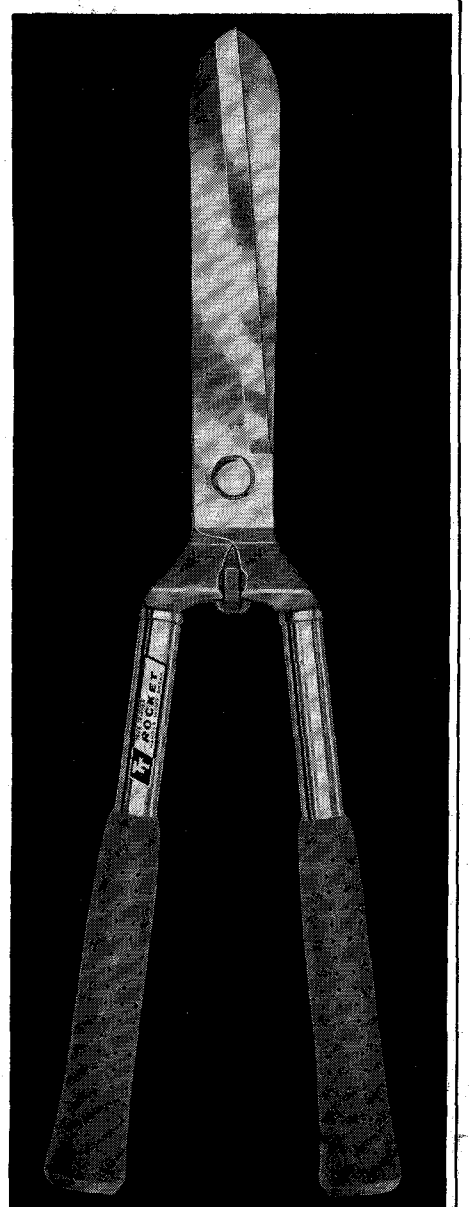
I am in good health and under 59 years of age. Please send me full information on Hartford 4-way Accident and Sickness Protection.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone___ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


These make
trimming hedges
almost fun
Use these lightweight, perfectly balanced and comfortable True Temper ROCKET Hedge Shears. They trim so fast and easy it's almost fun. Less tiring, too.
Rubber bumper, cushion grips and tubular steel shafts soak up shock. Hands won't slip, wet or dry, bare or gloved.
ROCKET construction, famous for strength, assures long life. See these handsome shears at leading hardware and garden supply stores. No. AT85 full size, No. ATL6 small size. $7.95.
Reduce tiresome grass clipping. Use new No. 22 GARDEN CLUB Grass Shears. True draw-cut action cuts grass quick and clean. Sheath on lower grip avoids blisters. Extra clearance prevents scraped knuckles. $2.75.
TRUE TEMPER
Finest quality in Shears · Garden, lawn and farm tools · Shovels · Hammers, axes, hatchets · Fishing tackle · Golf-club shafts

(*Continued from Page 98*) trained from the ground up, are now being organized. In the Pentagon, WDD requests carry the highest priority; the paper work, specially marked, is hand-carried. In a private conversation President Eisenhower recently assured Schriever, now a major general, that the resources of the nation were at his disposal.

The ICBM is the key weapon in the coming missile revolution. It will take years to perfect these awesome "birds," and perhaps a hundred test versions may be fired before the Air Force is satisfied that they are ready for production. Huge underground launching facilities costing millions will be needed to house them. In the beginning, ICBM missiles will supplement, not replace, Air Force strategic bombers. Although Gen. Nathan F. Twining has said the Air Force would soon be splitting its procurement dollar fifty-fifty between missiles and airplanes, it will be ten or perhaps fifteen years before the aircraft yields completely to the ICBM as the principal instrument of strategic bombing. Even then, some aircraft may be required for reconnaissance work, unless a missile can be adapted for this purpose.

While WDD scientists worked round the clock, United States intelligence agencies kept a close watch on Soviet progress in the ballistic-missile field. Building from the base of captured V-2 scientists and production facilities, the Soviets in the postwar years had mounted a large program to realize the full potential of the revolutionary ballistic missile. By 1954 they had accomplished the amazing feat of building a rocket engine with a thrust of 250,000 pounds—almost twice as powerful as our best engines. The Soviet engine was large and it lacked the polished refinements of United States engines, but, with the addition of a second stage, it was enough to throw a ballistic missile with an old-fashioned heavy atomic warhead many hundreds of miles. In 1955 the Soviets fired such a missile—called the T-2—a distance of 950 miles. Since then the Soviets have test-fired more than 100 missiles of this type. During the recent Suez crisis Premier Bulganin threatened to send "rockets," presumably T-2's, winging against Britain if she did not pull out of Egypt.

It was grimly apparent that while our missile experts were working on a weapon of great promise, the Soviets had stolen a march and perfected a missile that left United States bases overseas and NATO nations vulnerable to attack—or blackmail. Few believed the Soviets would make use of this capability, for fear of a retaliatory attack by our long-range SAC bombers. Nevertheless, it left many, especially our European allies, with a feeling of uneasiness. A special presidential committee, headed by M.I.T. president James Killian, recommended that as a countermeasure to the Soviet missile, the United States build as quickly as possible, a 1500-mile Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile (IRBM) which could be deployed overseas.

Air Force and Army engineers—including Colonel Nickerson—scrambled to present IRBM designs and soon clashed head on in a bitter fight. The Air Force proposed a single-engine missile called Thor, which the experts claimed could be built with only a 10 per cent increase of effort at WDD. The Army, which had been quietly working on plans to increase the range and effectiveness of Redstone, came up with an IRBM named Jupiter, which it claimed was more rugged and could be handled by troops in the field. The Air Force challenged the Army's right to build and operate a missile of 1500-mile range, on the ground that it invaded their private territory. Army generals argued, as Nickerson did later, that long-range Army missiles would be needed on the long and deep battlefields of the nuclear age.

Temporarily setting aside the question of which service would operate the IRBM, Mr. Wilson gave the green light to both the Thor and the Jupiter projects. The Navy, sensing the potential of a ship-based IRBM, joined forces with Army engineers at Redstone. Wittingly or unwittingly, Wilson had set in motion one of the most intensely competitive weapons-development programs the military has ever experienced.

Not long ago the first test version of Thor was fired at Cape Canaveral. When it blew up at an altitude of three feet, Army scientists chortled and promptly leaked the story to the press. A test version of Jupiter, fired shortly after, zoomed high into the sky, and Air Force men were quick to point out that it failed to reach its planned destination. When civilian representatives from the Thor project indicated a desire to visit Redstone Arsenal to compare notes, Redstone's commanding general refused to let them on the base. In return, certain segments of the aviation industry vowed to wipe out the arsenal "at any cost."

> If there isn't any room for argument, a woman will lead you to where there is.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

It was at the peak of this furious competition that Wilson drafted and, on November twenty-sixth, signed his famous document on guided missiles. The paper reaffirmed the Air Force's exclusive hold on the 5500-mile ICBM. In addition, Wilson gave the Air Force sole authority to operate land-based 1500-mile IRBM's. The Navy, in a signal victory, won the right to operate 1500-mile shipboard IRBM's, which granted it—for the first time since World War II—a firm footing in the field of long-range strategic bombardment and insured an important role in the missile age. Allowed to do as they chose, Navy admirals quietly pulled out of the Army's Jupiter project and laid plans to build their own IRBM project, a missile called Polaris, especially suited for either surface ships or submarines. Experts believe the withdrawal may cost the Navy another three or four years' delay.

Army men, as they see it, went down in crushing defeat in the surface-to-surface field, limited to missiles of 200 miles, or about the range of the Redstone. Moreover, in an unfortunate series of statements and clarifications of the missile memorandum, Mr. Wilson created the erroneous impression that the Jupiter development program itself had been canceled. This double blow utterly demoralized Army scientists at Redstone, who felt that, whether the Army used it or not, Jupiter was superior in many respects to Thor. Colonel Nickerson, assigned to the Jupiter project, was one of these, and it was at this time that he picked up his lance and rode off to tilt at the windmills.

According to the Army charges, this is what Nickerson did: he wrote two papers entitled "Considerations on the Wilson Memorandum," one twelve pages in length, the other fourteen pages, which contained secret defense data; these documents were reproduced, along with other guided-missile papers containing secret information, and transmitted by Nickerson or persons acting for him to several men who were not properly cleared to see the data, including Washington columnist Drew Pearson; in addition, Nickerson delivered several guided-missile documents containing secret information to Erik Bergaust, editor of Missiles and Rockets Magazine; Bergaust says he returned the documents without reading them.

Drew Pearson, who wanted to print Nickerson's document, took it to the Department of Defense for security clearance. In short order the document landed on Wilson's desk, and not long afterward the Army Inspector General was en route to Redstone Arsenal, trailed by a retinue lugging brief cases and tape recorders. "They came suspecting everybody," a Redstone man says. They soon traced the documents to Nickerson, even though, the Army charges, Nickerson lied to interrogators.

Colonel Nickerson and counsel prepared to argue that the secret data in question did not merit classification. If they advance and win that point, it will have an important bearing on Nickerson's future Army career. They considered requesting that the charges be thrown out because certain statements supposedly made by Secretary Wilson have, in effect, exercised command influence in the proceedings, prejudging Nickerson guilty.

In any event, it seems unlikely that Nickerson will be a decisive factor in lifting the Army to a position of greater responsibility in the missile age. Some Army generals feel Nickerson has hurt the Army's case by infuriating Wilson. (Counsel Bell told a reporter he is convinced that, if circumstances required, Nickerson would not hesitate to repeat his actions.) Actually, the razzle-dazzle march of science may already have rendered the Nickerson case obsolete. Army generals refer ominously to the "gap"—the hole that exists between the 200-mile Redstone and the 1500-mile IRBM. They leave no doubt that they have made a pitch to plug that gap, and are optimistic that Wilson may lift the Army's 200-mile limit.

But the Nickerson case will at least help to educate us lesser mortals in the intricacies and problems of the missile age we are about to enter. Aside from the jurisdictional conflicts, this question arises: Involved, as we are, in a critical race with the Soviet Union, are we making the best use of our limited missile talent? Healthy competition between the services on development projects has its good points. But when the situation reaches the point where competing agencies refuse to share information with each other, and where the scientists of one project are angry and provoked, then it may be time for a reappraisal.

Recent diplomatic dispatches from behind the Iron Curtain report the Kremlin has created a "Rocket Force" on a par with the Red Army, Navy and Air Force. Such an organization would not help our own armed forces, but it does indicate that the Soviet Union is shifting into high gear for the missile revolution. It becomes more important than ever that we make the fullest use of our limited talent in order to get our own deterrent in place as rapidly as possible. Meanwhile, with the knowledge that nuclear oblivion will soon lie thirty minutes away, it behooves our statesmen to bring new vigor and imagination to bear on the problem of establishing a workable system for international control of armaments. As one general says, "Not since the apple was offered in the Garden of Eden has mankind been at such a crossroads between immediate temptation and future disaster."

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Swindler in the Statehouse

(Continued from Page 36)

scraping the bottom of the barrel." That was odd. The budget period wasn't half over.

"Hodge used to work for the auditor's office, when he was a young man, as a bank examiner." That was news to Thiem. He had Hodge figured as a big amiable personality boy who didn't know much about the workings of his own office. Maybe Hodge was sharper than he let on.

"Epping's got a habit of having checks written without the bills." Edward A. Epping was Hodge's office manager. Thiem never had met him. "A more seclusive, self-effacing guy you never saw," Thiem said later. "In time, I understood why."

In paying a state bill—Hodge's office paid them all, every one—a voucher is typed out, then a check is written. Usually the bill is attached to the voucher, to show where the money went. "But Epping will say, 'The bills will come along later,'" Thiem was told.

As it turned out, this bit of news was tremendously significant. When Thiem tugged long enough on that thread, it would unveil the whole machinery of what has been called "one of the most amazing governmental thefts of all time." Thiem was gazing that moment at the solution, but he didn't know it.

Another bit of gossip: veteran employees had been moved aside, here and there, for Hodge's own men. But only in certain operations, including keeping payroll records and writing checks.

These chunks of miscellaneous information amounted to nothing at the moment. Later, in the light of Thiem's growing suspicion, they would glow like fluorescent rocks under a dark lamp.

Hodge had said Thiem could look at any vouchers for which Thiem had check numbers. The vouchers would show for what purpose the checks had been written, and answer Thiem's chief question: Was Hodge spending a lot of state money on personal expenses? So on Friday, May twenty-fifth, Thiem went back to the auditor's office.

Here, for the first time, he met Ed Epping. Epping was thirty-eight, a certified public accountant, a partner in an East St. Louis accounting firm. The firm did a lot of work for the auditor, and Epping was part of the service. He was not on the state payroll. His firm paid him $1000 a month.

Not long before, Epping had been keeping books for a dairy company in O'Fallon, Illinois. How he got together with Hodge, to do the state two or three million dollars' worth of harm, is a mystery. In 1952, when Hodge was running for office, Epping joined Fred M. Mersinger in the accounting firm. Mersinger had had some state business before. When Hodge took office in January of 1953, the firm got much more.

The fanciest theory about Epping is that this boyish-looking accountant was put into Hodge's office by Hodge's gangland masters. Thiem found Epping unimpressive—"a mail-order CPA who could add and subtract, but that's about all." Still, mild and pleasant.

"I want to see your office file of vouchers," said Thiem, just as if he had a lot of numbers to look up.

Epping returned that shot with ease. "We don't keep one," he said blandly. "Just the originals, and they're over in the warehouse." Which would mean, "mixed with thousands and thousands of vouchers from other state agencies."

This was nonsense. Every other state office had such a file. It was double nonsense coming from an accountant. "How do you know whether you've paid a bill?" Thiem asked.

"Fact is," said Epping (later he called this "a fib," told at Hodge's orders) "we have been cutting down paper work, and maybe we've cut too far."

Now Thiem produced his one and only check number. Hodge had paid a $5200 bill from the St. Nicholas Hotel in Springfield with a state warrant. One of Hodge's employees had happened to note that check and jotted down the number just in case it was a mistake; the amount seemed large. He had given the number to Thiem. Here was the whole crime in microcosm, though Thiem didn't suspect it.

"Let's go to the warehouse," he said. Two of Hodge's aides went along. Having the check number, they found the voucher at once. It didn't tell Thiem anything new. At this point, he seemed to be at a dead end.

But Fate loves to let malefactors flourish and then trip them up with some ironic triviality. One of the aides at the warehouse was Robert Reitzler. A career man, he knew the operation of the auditor's office from start to finish. Now he took an expert's pride in describing the methodology. "You see," he said, "you can't get anywhere in our system without check numbers. Come along to my office and let me show you how it works."

Reitzler spoke in all innocence, with no idea he was braiding a rope for Hodge's neck. In Reitzler's office, in the state armory, were the big over-all records of all of Hodge's appropriations. What Thiem saw there had him all but baying like a foxhound, and off on a far hotter lead than any he had found before.

This is where the experience and industry of a good reporter are literally worth millions to the public. These figures had meaning to Thiem. From long experience he knew what kind of items and accounts are likely to contain "fat," and lend themselves to finagling. "Contractual services," for instance. That can mean "paying the light bill and the towel service." But it is so vague that it can also hide the purchase of mink coats and tickets to Europe. One million dollars had been appropriated for "contractual services"—$700,000 more than Hodge's predecessor had needed.

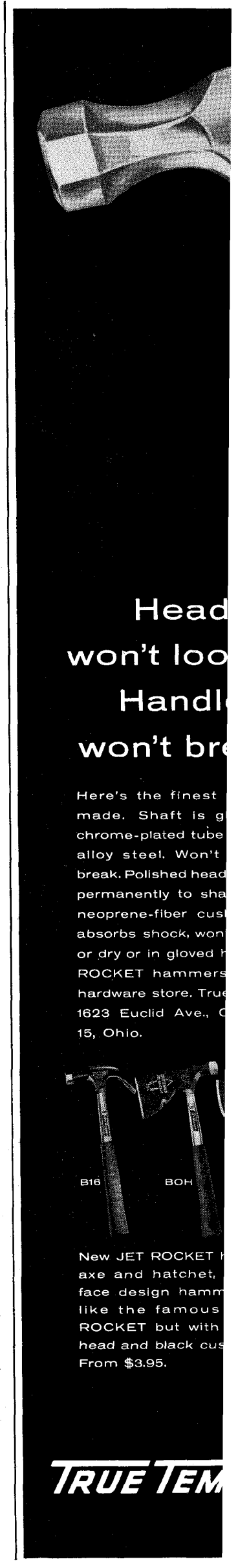
One account had started out with $1,450,000, supposed to last twenty-four months. With more than a year still to go, it was down to $33,000. Another had been drained from $197,000 to $8.33.

Here was one of Hodge's cardinal mistakes. He stole too fast. If he had spread his stealing over the whole two-year budget period, he might have been all right. He rode a good horse too hard.

The records showed the serial numbers of the checks written against these accounts. Hoping he wasn't buzzing like a Geiger counter in the presence of uranium, Thiem singled out the $197,000 account and copied the numbers of the larger checks—those over $2000—which had all but exhausted it.

All these checks might be legitimate, but they could also represent a lot of graft, which was the worst Thiem suspected. Hodge could be paying out a lot of money and getting part back in "kickbacks." Thiem spotted two identical checks. Maybe this was the duplicate-check racket, where an honest bill is paid twice.

All he had were numbers and amounts, no names. And he didn't know where to get the names. When next he talked to Everett Norlander, the News' managing editor, Thiem said soberly, "Ev, there's a



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

million dollars in this thing. I don't know where, but it's there." A conviction was taking form in Thiem's mind that he didn't relish. He prefers to think well of people. He liked the big, friendly Hodge, and had been Hodge's guest. But he was getting the uneasy feeling that Hodge was not engaged in ordinary graft, but was somehow an out-and-out crook.

There is a major distinction there. You find plenty of boodling in government. Usually all it amounts to is overcharging the public. But big-time crime, in a governmental setting—plain, crude robbery, in this case—is rare.

The statehouse grapevine brought two exciting bits of news. "Epping's lying about that office file of vouchers," was one. "There is such a file, and it is kept under lock and key." The other tip said that Thiem's request to see the file had brought on feverish activity. Epping was carrying out a suitcase when he left for the day. Then, with a couple of girls from the office, he set up offices in Hodge's St. Nicholas suite or in Epping's apartment.

Why the night work? It seemed likely that Epping was doctoring records, in case it became necessary to produce them. Unless Thiem got hold of something substantial, and quickly, all traces of misconduct would be gone. He knows now that in the last weeks of May and in June, Epping was altering the records and burning canceled checks by the bundle or dumping them into Lake Springfield. There is much that never has been found.

So it had become a race. Now came an odd discovery. Thiem talked at night—"this was getting to be cloak-and-dagger stuff"—with a couple of long-time employees in Hodge's office. They were scared, and seemed to think Thiem should be. It hadn't occurred to him that danger might be involved.

Hodge wasn't a vicious man, he felt sure of that. Still, he came from an end of the state celebrated for gang wars. There had been talk of links to gamblers and hoodlums. He might have associates who favored direct action.

But only something very big would justify violence. Something criminal, something big. What could it be? Thiem didn't know. He had been pumping hard, but like the pump on his farm, bringing up more sand than water. Sand like those check numbers. That was all he had to go on, and he didn't know where to go next.

On Decoration Day, regretfully giving up a trip to the farm, Thiem went fishing on Lake Springfield. His object was to get pictures of Hodge's handsome lakeside home. Thiem felt certain that it was going to figure in big news, and soon.

Up on the farm, old Frank Guilland, an eighty-four-year-old neighbor, had come to see Thiem's failing well. "Boys," he said, "that well sounds like there's a hole in her."

In that case you've got a pump, you've got water, but no water is reaching the surface. Thiem felt a little like that himself.

That weekend he wrote his first stories on Hodge. Appearing on June fourth and fifth, they caused little or no stir. Other papers showed no interest at all. The stories said Hodge had fired fifteen men and women when the News began looking into his payrolls. They said Hodge was going through his appropriations fast, told of a few instances in which he seemed to be spending the public's money on private luxuries, but also gave him credit for instituting improved office procedures. Epping's statement that there was no office file of vouchers was recorded.

The stories did Hodge no visible harm. No other candidate got so much applause that week from the Republican Women's State Convention.

On Tuesday Hodge was addressing the Illinois State Bankers' Association, where he was well received. He called a press conference on Wednesday to deny that his office was running out of money. In reply to a question from Thiem, Hodge repeated that there was no office file of vouchers, but said any single voucher would be produced on request. To those who didn't know the difficulty of pinpointing a voucher, that seemed reasonable enough.

With Hodge lying, and Epping carrying out records, something had to be done. Thiem got in touch with the Sangamon County state's attorney's office. State's attorney George Coutrakon was a Republican, like Hodge—and like Thiem, for that matter. Coutrakon was running for the legislature. Hodge had contributed to his campaign fund. Thiem might very well have run into bland evasion.

There was an easy fortune in it for anybody who helped Hodge cover up. But Thiem's estimate of Coutrakon's character was right. Coutrakon had been watching this thing. When he went on vacation he left word with his assistant to be ready to investigate.

It was announced that the state's attorney would take an official look at Hodge's records. That didn't perturb Hodge, who knew there wouldn't be much to find. He announced with much dignity that he could answer no more questions until the state's attorney finished.

That seemed to freeze things. Other reporters hauled out. Even Roy Harris, of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, who split a Pulitzer Prize with Thiem in 1949, could see no way of getting anywhere. The story, if any, was all Thiem's. And he had nothing but that list of check numbers, copied in the armory, meaningless without names, and maybe meaningless with names.

He couldn't get to them for several days. Hodge and Epping could devote full time to warding off disaster, but Thiem had his regular work to do. But by giving himself a tedious short course in how a state keeps records, Thiem learned that there was in the state treasurer's office something called a "warrant reconciliation file." Look there, and if you had a check number, you could find out to whom the check had been issued.

It worked, but it didn't tell much. Now Thiem had the names of a string of individuals and firms to whom the auditor's office had issued a dozen checks. The money came from a fund Thiem thought would lend itself to skulduggery. But the people named might reasonably do legitimate business with the auditor. One check appeared to pay the rent on the auditor's Chicago offices. The only irregular circumstance was that there were duplicate checks to an insurance company. Now what?

Thiem resolved to write a story about the checks. All it could say was "Here, in part, is how our auditor has been able to go through his appropriations so fast." That was pretty pointless. Thiem's hope was pretty thin—just to awake an echo. Maybe one of these transactions would provoke information from somebody.

"We didn't have a hell of a lot on Orville at this point," says another Daily News man. Hodge could easily have weathered all the complaints so far raised against him. This was an election year, and anything said about any candidate could be shrugged off as "politics." That wouldn't have made much sense, with the Daily News calling for a Republican victory in the fall, but it would have made as much sense as Thiem's story about the twelve checks. For while Thiem knew in his bones that one or more of these checks must represent finagling of one kind or another, there was nobody to say so.

The story ran on June fifteenth, and was apparently a dud. Then, a week later, a man yelled that he had been winged by this arrow shot into the air. He was a Chicago lawyer, Thomas H. Fitzgerald. He had worked for the auditor's office and had received checks in March and July. But he had never received the $9000 check dated in September, and mentioned in the story.

Fitzgerald was a Superior Court master in chancery, and a Democrat. He came home from a Canadian vacation to get ribbed by fellow Democrats about the $9000. He phoned the Daily News, sore as a boiled owl. "I had no check coming and I never got that check," he said. Clem Lane, the city editor, phoned Thiem. Was George sure he had the right Fitzgerald? Neither man grasped the explosive implications. They simply worried about making a sophomoric mistake. "Can you check it?" Lane asked. "This lad is demanding all kinds of retractions. Is there any way of looking up the check itself?"

Thiem said he'd try. By now his sources around the statehouse, including people inside Hodge's organization, were flowing pretty nicely. But a friend who tried was unable to find the canceled check. That isn't surprising; it is now known that Hodge and Epping destroyed canceled checks by the bundle.

At this embarrassing juncture, Thiem recalled a bit of lore he had picked up in his laborious study of state record keeping. For a time, the state treasurer's office had been microfilming canceled state checks to reduce storage requirements. That project had stopped as of January first. But this was a 1955 check. If Thiem could locate the Fitzgerald check on the treasurer's films, he'd know for sure from the endorsement whether Fitzgerald did or didn't get this $9000.

By now Thiem was fed up with records, but he trotted around to the treasurer's office, got the roll of film including this check number and put it on a viewer. There was the Fitzgerald check, all right. Thiem looked at the picture of the reverse side. There was nothing but a typewritten endorsement, which anybody might have put on. So it was possible that Fitzgerald hadn't received the check, just as he said. And if he didn't get his check, then others ——

In mounting excitement, Thiem rolled the film to the right, to the left. Here in sequence were fifteen checks, all written on the same day, for a total of $178,000. And all had been endorsed with a typewriter, with nobody's signature anywhere. Now, there are people who use a typed endorsement. But fifteen individuals and firms with this habit could by no coincidence get paid by the state in consecutive checks.

If these people had not received the $178,000, then somebody in Hodge's office had, and it was big-scale embezzlement. Here was Hodge's big secret.

It was 3:15 on a hot afternoon, Friday, June twenty-ninth. State employees had been let off early because of the heat. Two of treasurer Wright's men had stayed to help Thiem find the right film. Thiem felt like yelling "Eureka!" Instead, he motioned to his two companions and had them take a look in the viewer. They eyed each other.

There was nothing to this odd little movie—hand cranked—except a succession of checks. But what would happen as a consequence was as clear to Thiem as if that, too, had been on the film. There would be a closing scene showing the looters going to prison, and Thiem felt sure that Hodge himself would be the principal character. He had no feeling of triumph. He was a little saddened. Hodge arouses a certain amount of pity. Another newspaperman puts it this way: "He reminds you of a tragic figure in a John O'Hara novel, an amoral striver for success tangled in his own web of sex and corruption."

J. Waldo Ackerman, the assistant state's attorney, was in the auditor's office looking for canceled checks, and not finding what he sought. Thiem phoned Ackerman's office, and got Ackerman's secretary to phone Ackerman and have him call Thiem from an outside phone. "If you can come down to Room 105," said Thiem, "I've got something interesting."

He must have sounded more excited than he intended. Ackerman was there in two minutes. The damning little movie was run for him. "This is it," Ackerman said flatly.

But now there was a new worry. If this and other rolls of microfilm contained evidence against Hodge, it was the only evidence not in Hodge's own hands. Hodge and Epping obviously did not know this film existed. Otherwise, they would have had it destroyed or stolen. It had been lying around in anybody's reach.

"Get this into a safe," Thiem said, "and let's get some copies."

Now, if fourteen others would say, as attorney Fitzgerald had, that they didn't get their checks, the News would have something. But could the News get to these people before Hodge did? Hodge could bring great pressure, promising state business, offering money. The News was anxious, and rightly so. Hodge had been on the phone ever since that June fifteenth story. What he said to one man was probably said to all: "I'll give you the money and more besides. You can write your own ticket."

George Thiem was convinced this was a million-dollar scandal. It might not be possible to prove even this $178,000 part of it. Hodge knew where to reach the people involved, but the News didn't. Most state checks bear the payees' addresses. There were no addresses on these, nor were there marks of any kind to indicate what bank had cashed them. They had passed through the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, and that bank knew what member bank had presented them. But professional ethics, said the officials of the Fed, sealed their lips.

Was it possible that Hodge's plan was so good it couldn't be cracked? Had he learned how to steal with impunity? Word came over George Thiem's grapevine that Hodge was nervous, and wasn't sleeping well. Neither was Thiem. For a tense week nobody around the Daily News would sleep well.

Editors' Note—The concluding article of this series will appear next week.

... ...

Answered

By Katherine Edelman

Nothing you say,
No word of careful choice,
Is so convincing,
Adamant of voice,
As mounting silence.
None can signify
With such full force
The negative reply.

... ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chemistry gives you more prime steaks!

Today beef cattle grow faster, stay healthier and come to market sooner than ever before. These improvements are made possible by greater knowledge of animal nutrition and the increasing use of such remarkable developments as American Cyanamid Company's Aureomycin® chlortetracycline Feed Supplements. Because of the expanding use of these Aureomycin supplements in animal feeds, more and more prime steaks and other top-quality meats and poultry are coming to your dinner table—at no extra cost to you!

By thus enabling farmers to grow more and better meat on less feed and less grazing land, Cyanamid chemistry is helping them to make better use of the nation's agricultural resources. AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

CYANAMID

50 CYANAMID 1907 1957

HELPING AMERICA MAKE BETTER USE OF ITS RESOURCES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It takes a lot of trucking to put your food on the table!

Think of it! Three times a day motor trucks put the food on the table for hundreds of millions of Americans—and more than a million International motor trucks are helping do that job. Motor trucks are a big part of our big economy. America and other countries as well live better because motor trucks are on the job.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

ATA FOUNDATION INC.
AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY
Washington 6, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dream Man (Continued from Page 27)

She listened with a growing feeling of unreality. The conversation ended with an arrangement to meet at the Main Street record bar the following afternoon at four-thirty. When she cradled the phone, she sat for a moment humble with importance. She rose, left the room and joined her mother, who was watching the sign-off of Sid Caesar. There was a quiet maturity in her approach which her mother found disturbingly inconsistent with her daughter as she knew her. She reached for her hand, wondering how it felt to be sixteen again.

"Finish your homework?" she smiled pleasantly.

Janice took her mother's hand and kissed the top of her head absently. "He's coming here, mother."

"Oh?" her mother replied.

"He's coming here," Janice went on dreamily.

Her mother patted her hand reassuringly. "That's nice, dear," she said. "Anybody I know?"

"Jerry," Janice replied. "Jerry Cole."

Mabel Thompson turned to her daughter, wondering if the distance between sixteen and forty had become too great. "You mean you invited him?" she asked.

Withdrawing her hand, Janice turned with simple dignity. "No, mother," she explained. "Jerry's coming to the auditorium on the eighteenth of next month, and I have been invited to assist in the arrangements." She drifted from the room, leaving Mabel wondering how she would describe this incident to her husband, Harry, a successful automobile dealer who indulged his wife and daughter without understanding either, and whose opinion of the musical abilities, appearance and deportment of Jerry Cole was both definite and profane.

"The guy's a bum!" he'd shouted the last time Jerry's name had been mentioned in his presence. "And don't ask me how I know. I've been handling used-car salesmen for fifteen years."

Back in her room, Janice called Susy Myers and Dotty Peters, and finally Bert Headley. She called him last because she was annoyed with him, and it was so typical that when she had told him everything, including all about her date with Mr. Gates for the next afternoon, he didn't sound worried or jealous, but, in fact, seemed pleased, and suggested that they go to the auditorium together.

"Let's rock-'n'-roll with Jerry Cole!" he shouted into the telephone, imitating with irritating accuracy the well-known opening phrase of Jerry's radio program.

"As president of the fan club, I may have to be his personal guest," she replied icily.

By noon the following day, everybody who was anybody at Newborough High knew that Jerry Cole was coming to the Civic Auditorium, and membership in the fan club had almost doubled. Janice stayed behind for a few moments to explain to Miss O'Meara the reasons for not having her theorems done. It was Miss O'Meara's practice to go home for lunch, and Janice picked a poor time to review her neglect of geometry.

"I'm sorry about my theorems, Miss O'Meara," she said.

Miss O'Meara fitted her hat to her head and surveyed the result in a pocket mirror. "You are sorry, Janice," she said, "and I am disappointed." She tugged the hat slightly forward. "I have an hour's work to do here after four. Perhaps you can keep me company, doing what you neglected to do last night."

Normally there was no arguing a detention with Miss O'Meara, but this was the moment Janice had been waiting for. "It's because of Jerry Cole," she said brightly.

Miss O'Meara said, "You mean you had a date and didn't do your homework?"

Janice smiled. "No, Miss O'Meara; he's coming to town."

Miss O'Meara crossed to her locker and removed her suit jacket from a hanger. She sometimes wondered if she was losing touch with her pupils. She looked at this sweet, vital girl of sixteen standing before her, and suddenly she felt genuinely fond of Janice, and just as suddenly wanted to understand her problem. "Tell me, dear," she said fondly. "Who is Jerry Cole?"

Janice rejected the thought that Miss O'Meara was kidding. "Why, Miss O'Meara," she said, "you must know who Jerry Cole is. He's sensational."

Miss O'Meara smiled ruefully. "I'm afraid I don't. Was he ever a student here?"

"But he's on television," Janice explained helplessly. "He has his own radio program. He's got two numbers on the Hit Parade. Haven't you ever heard him sing Everybody Wants to Go to Heaven?"

"Dear me," Miss O'Meara sighed. "So that's Jerry Cole."

"Oh, I knew you knew him." Janice smiled delightedly. "Isn't he the most?"

Miss O'Meara had fought a losing battle over the years to understand the changing slang of her students. "I'm hardly qualified to judge," she smiled sadly. "If you mean most in distress, I'd be inclined to agree. Personally I like Bing Crosby."

She put her arm around Janice's shoulder and they walked slowly toward the door. "Have you ever had any musical training?" she inquired.

Janice shook her head.

"Music's a wonderful friend," Miss O'Meara reflected. "It's an expression of all our finer emotions. This thing of Jerry Cole's is something else. Strident, upsetting, no sensibility. I can't understand what you see in him."

"He just kills me," Janice sighed. "When he comes on, I flip. Didn't you ever feel like that?"

Miss O'Meara had felt like that. It had been long ago. The year she had finished high school. She had spent the summer at camp with her family, and been desperately in love for two sunlit months with a tanned sophomore whom she had never seen again. Incapable of expressing what was new and wonderful, they lay on the sand through the long August twilights, listening to Russ Columbo sing Prisoner of Love. "Yes, Janice," she nodded. "I've felt that way."

Janice opened the door from the room to the hall. "I'm supposed to see Mr. Gates after school. You see, he's bringing Jerry here, and it's terribly important that I see him, since I'm president of the fan club. I promise to have everything done for Monday."

"It's O.K. with me," Miss O'Meara smiled wistfully. "Have fun." She moved slowly down the empty corridor of the high school, and watching her, Janice was overcome with the preposterous notion that old Miss O'Meara was, in fact, strangely beautiful.

Of course, Bert was hopeless. He met her after school and insisted on walking with her to the record bar. It wasn't that she didn't like Bert, because she did, but that still didn't give him the right to take her for granted. She hurried down Central toward Main, with Bert striding easily at her side.

"You don't need to follow me," she said sharply.

He looked at her and laughed. He was a tall, slender boy with a crew haircut. He wore a white T shirt, brown sweater with the sleeves pushed up, charcoal-gray trousers, and quarter Wellingtons which were the amazement of his parents. He laughed, because he had two sisters and knew all girls were slightly mad.

"I'm not following you, Shorty," he laughed. "We both just happen to be going the same way."

"Don't call me Shorty!" she snapped. "And I don't want you coming in with me when we get to the record bar."

They had reached the corner of Main, and now he placed his hand gently on her elbow while they waited for the lights to change. "You can bribe me," he said very softly. "How about our date tonight?"

She turned from the traffic and looked up at him. "Gee, Bert, everybody expects me to call a meeting of the fan club. Besides, how do I know what Mr. Gates will want me to do?"

The light switched to green, and they crossed arm in arm. "Tell Mr. Gates you had a date with me first," he said flatly. "Call for you at seven-thirty," he went on, with a conviction he in no way felt.

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

8. (Of the Husband, the Wife and the Inner Ear)

Now, lad, attend me closely, and believe
These blushing words—an honorable admission
Anent that strange antenna, old as Eve,
And widely known as woman's intuition.
Of myriad things it tells her without fail:
Of source and price tag of a neighbor's suit;
Of letters you, perchance, forgot to mail;
Of lasses you, perchance, consider cute.

Yet here's a fact as clear as Easter's sky:
Her intuition sometimes misses, too;
For all of it she owns—oh, mark this down!—
Won't warn a wife ere gas tank runneth dry,
Nor save a wife (alas!) from serving you
For dinner what you had for lunch in town.

IS YOUR WIFE A GOLFER TOO?

If she is and you want to do her a favor, why don't you tell her about Titleist?

Tell her how it can improve her game. Tell her about its marvelous click and feel; its perfect uniformity.

And you might mention distance too. She needs distance as much as you do.

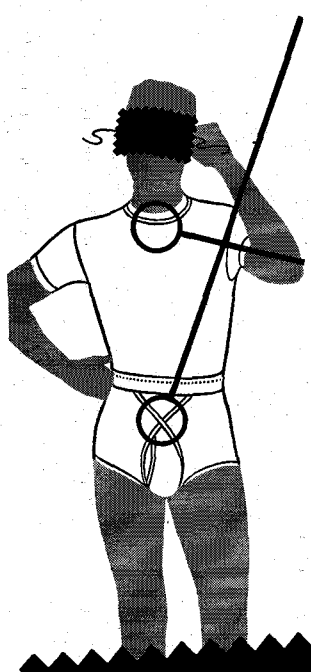
But you'd better suggest that she ask your Pro which Titleist is best for her particular game. He knows what's best for her.

And while you're at it, tell her to ask him about Acushnet putters, gloves and head covers.

ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS
Sold the World Over Through
Golf Course Pro Shops Only

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wear Healthknit—the only underwear with Xclusive "X" design to give you neater, longer-lasting comfort!



Forget old-style bulky underwear. Slip into the smooth comfort of Healthknit MacDees—the only brief to give you Xclusive "X" design tapes extending from waistband to inseam. As waistband expands, the *cantilever action* of the cross tapes causes them to lift—the result is gentle support from top to bottom. Cross tapes also cause the entire garment to move as one unit for better front tailoring—line-trimming neatness. Plus *seamless seat* for sitting comfort—longer wear.

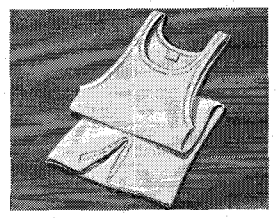
Best companion for your MacDee briefs are Healthknit Utility Shirts. Xclusive "X" design "spring-back" Nylon reinforced strip holds the neckline in shape . . . always. Tailored, no-bind armholes give you the feeling of extra free—extra easy action. Wear Healthknit Utility Shirts as undershirts—sport shirts—work shirts.

Save up to ⅓ on this quality underwear! All Healthknit garments are easy to live with. Made from Healthknit fabric designed for *Easy Living*. Easy to wash, never need ironing. Shrink-resistant, of course. Elastics are heat-resistant, guaranteed for life-of-the-garments. And you save up to ⅓ over comparable garments. Briefs from 95¢; Utility Shirts $1.00—at better stores everywhere.

Healthknit®

"Xtras" for boys, too!

Son, like Dad, will enjoy the Xclusive comfort features of Healthknit. And there's less work—more economy—for Mother.



HEALTHKNIT Kut-Ups Shirts—Exclusive! Won't bunch, bind or crawl up! Most comfortable shirt made. Shoulder straps knit to stay flat, won't twist. Nylon reinforced neckline won't sag. A real "best buy." Only 79c.

Standard Knitting Mills, Inc., Knoxville, Tennessee • Licensee for Canada: S. Lennard & Sons, Ltd., Dundas, Ont.

She pulled her arm free and moved away slowly with a faint grin. "Oh, very well," she sighed. "You're asking a great deal, but I'll fit you in somehow."

The moment Mr. Gates walked out of his office, Janice realized she'd seen him lots of times. He was a short, stout, balding man, whom she instantly associated with convertibles.

"I'm Howard Gates," he beamed, taking her hand, "and you're Janice Thompson."

"That's right, sir," she said.

"Never mind the sir stuff," he laughed. "Call me Howard. Everybody calls me Howard." He stopped for a moment, as though surprised to notice they were not alone. "Come on into my office," he said, indicating a door halfway down the sales counter. "You and I have business to discuss." He paused at the end of the bar, waiting for Janice to precede him. "It's costing me four thousand dollars to have Jerry Cole here for one night, Janice, and it's up to all of us to see that his engagement's a success in every way."

Janice felt strange going behind the counter. "Gee, Mr. Gates, everybody's crazy about Jerry. He's Number One."

"That's true enough," he reflected, following her down the aisle between the counter and the record shelves, "but Newborough isn't Birdland, and four thousand dollars is a lot of money." They turned into his office, which was small and cluttered. Janice stepped over a pile of records beside the filing cabinet, and noticed the convention pictures on the walls. Mr. Gates indicated the only extra chair and moved behind the desk. "Personally I'd be satisfied to break even," he frowned. "I could pick up my end in stimulated record sales." He suddenly smiled at her brightly. "Shut the door, so we can hear ourselves think. What a business! Maybe I'm out of my mind."

The ensuing three weeks swept by in an accelerating fury of activity. At times Janice was amazed that so many people had such a profound interest in Jerry Cole. Membership in the fan club had skyrocketed to a total of seventy-two active, which meant that only the absolute executives could crowd into Janice's bedroom. They all met, more or less unofficially, at Cassidy's soda bar every night after school. In recognition of the impending visit Mr. Cassidy had agreed to have half the records on his juke box exclusively Jerry Cole, on the understanding that there'd be no jiving, and everyone would remember to keep his feet off the new leatherette seat covers in the booths. Mr. Gates had been wonderful. Any member of the fan club who sold ten tickets got one absolutely free, and so far ticket sales through that group alone totaled eight hundred and twelve. As the eighteenth approached, he stepped up his advertising to include daily space on the entertainment page of the Newborough News, and on Thursday, the seventeenth, he arranged to have Janice interviewed by Dick Hinds on WBN. She had almost reached the door leading to the street from the WBN building before she realized Bert was beside her.

"Hi," he said.

She had a sudden feeling of let-down and a jolting realization that she had not seen Bert for days. "Hi," she replied.

He looked at her self-consciously. "You were great," he smiled.

She wondered vaguely how he could have heard her in the lobby of the building. "Where did you hear me?" she asked.

"In the car," he replied. "I have the family car. Come on. I'll drive you."

"I can't, Bert," she protested. "I have a million things to do."

"Take five. Take at least five for us."

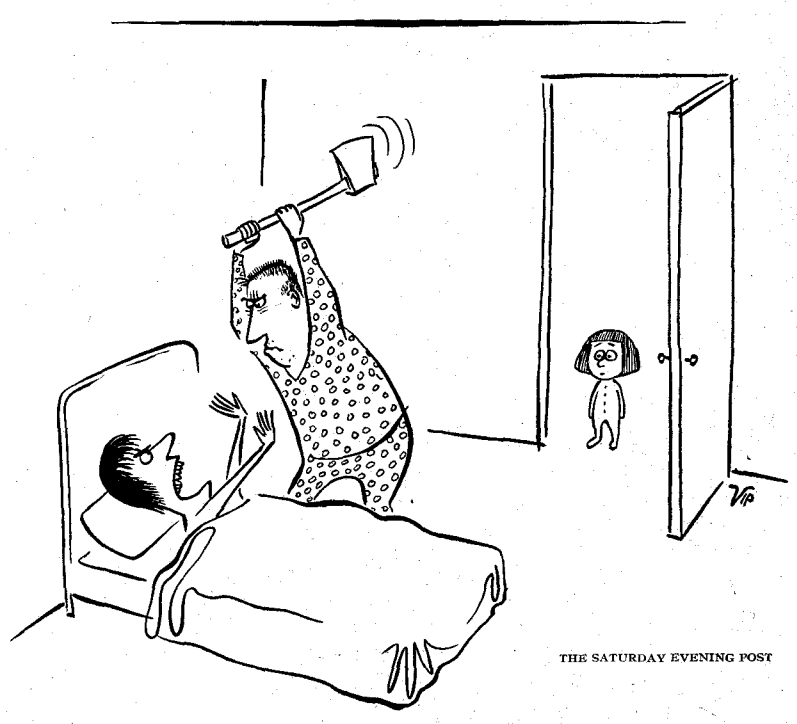
She wondered if there would be any more "us," as she and Bert had been. It was part of the price of growing up that some people had to be left behind. "Couldn't it wait till tomorrow?" she asked.

"Then you're going to let me take you tomorrow night?"

He said it almost eagerly, and she realized with hopeless resignation that he had no understanding of her position. Could she point out, as she had rationalized to herself, that Jerry knew no other girls in Newborough, and since she was president of the fan club and had worked so hard on his behalf, that he would probably ask her to be his guest?

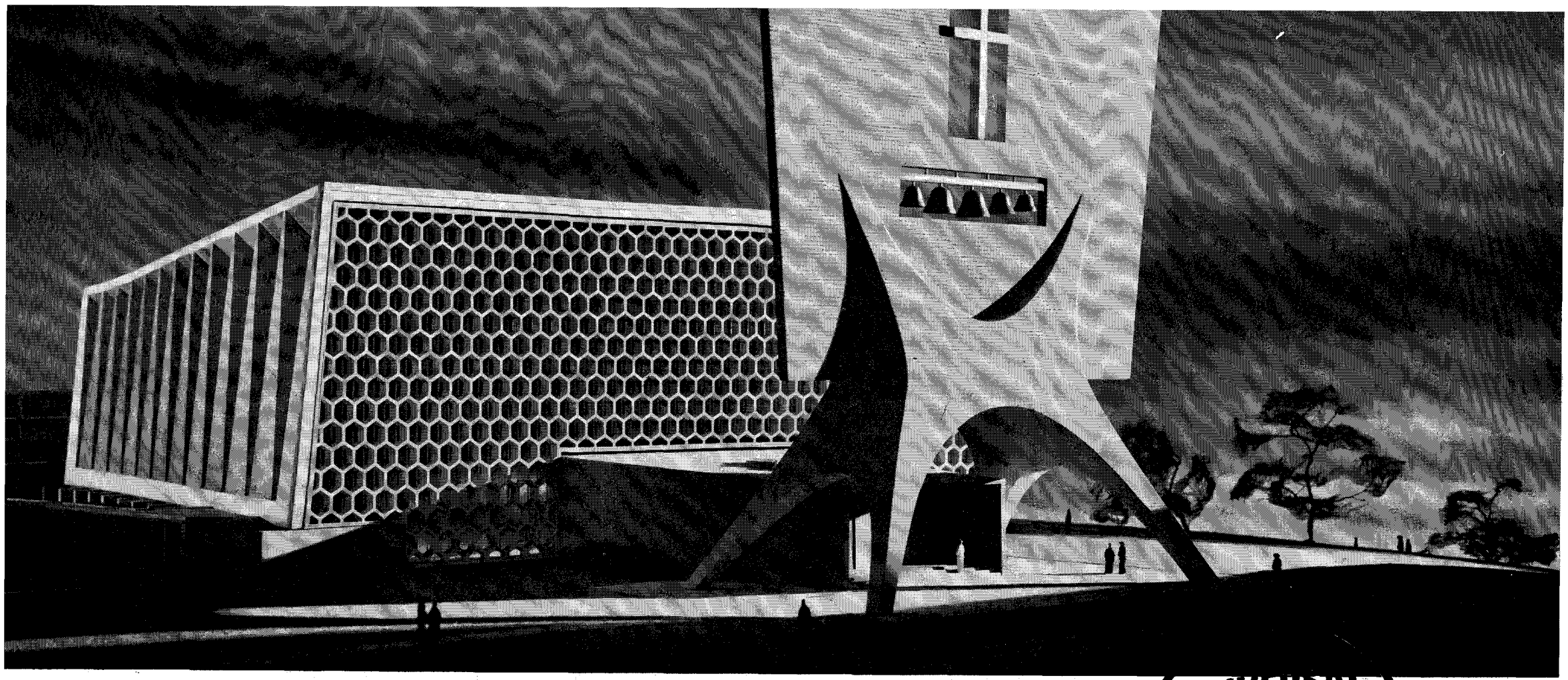
She turned to Bert with the only answer possible. "By all means," she smiled, moving to the car. "I wouldn't think of going with anybody else."

When Janice walked into the living room the following evening at exactly eight-thirty, she was wearing her mother's basic black cocktail dress, sheer nylon stockings and patent-leather pumps. She had spent almost (*Continued on Page 108*)



"Ed! Not in front of Sybil. You know how impressionable she is."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DAMORA

TOMORROW'S HOUSE OF WORSHIP: modern symbol of reverence

"The intent of this structural system is expressed first of all in the bell tower. Historically, such a structure soars upward to serve as a lookout and defense point. Here an upraised slab of reinforced concrete seeks to form an architectural symbol that will be as structurally characteristic of our time as was the dome in medieval days. It is an impressive concrete banner, pierced to hold today's electrically operated bells. Walls and roof of the building are formed by a thin, fireproof drape of reinforced concrete, creased into folds for structural stiffness. Thus, in strong but humble lines, concrete expresses the concept of a modern religious structure."

MARCEL BREUER, *Architect;* Hamilton P. Smith, *Associate*

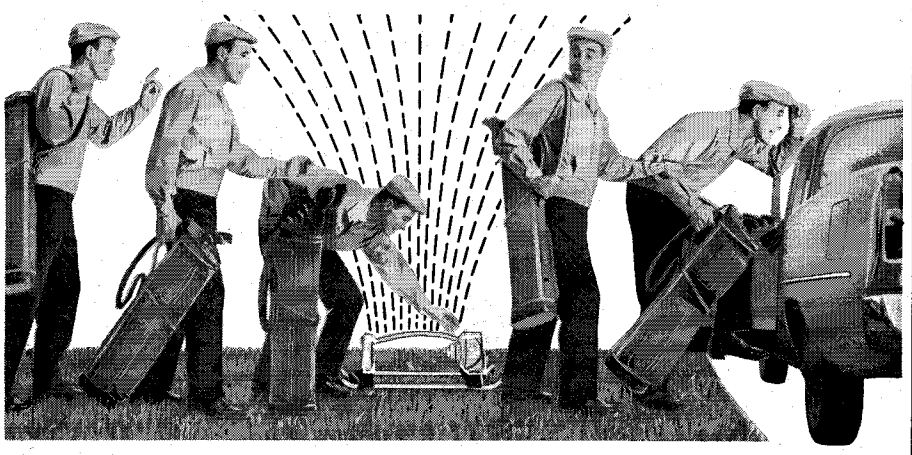
■ When such concrete structures of tomorrow are built, Universal Atlas will supply, as now, a major share of the essential building material — cement. If you'd like to know more about this building method, write to Universal Atlas, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENTS

USS

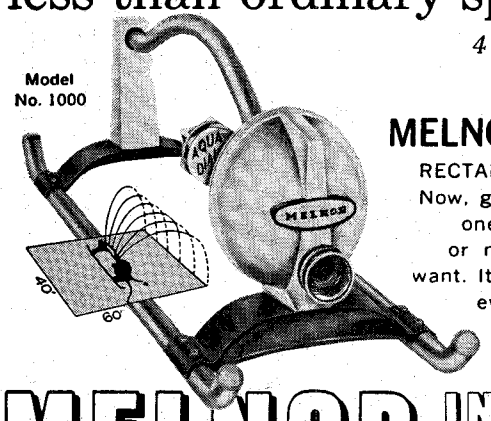
UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY—MEMBER OF THE INDUSTRIAL FAMILY THAT SERVES THE NATION—**UNITED STATES STEEL**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Why do husbands leave home?
Because they can leave their lawn to the sprinkler that waters an entire lawn in one setting . . . yet costs even less than ordinary sprinklers... **6.95**
4 models starting at only

Model No. 1000



MELNOR'S SWINGIN' SPRAY
RECTANGULAR OSCILLATING SPRINKLER
Now, grow a richer, greener lawn with the one sprinkler you won't have to watch or move! Just dial area coverage you want. It waters rectangular lawns fully and evenly, reaches every corner. No dry spots, no puddles. Write for FREE sprinkling booklet.

MELNOR INDUSTRIES, INC.
Dept. E6 300 DeWitt Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

So right for all the family–
BLUE BELL clothes
Good-looking, long-wearing, washable—98¢ to $3.98

Wrangler jeans; matching shirts, pants; sportswear for sis.
Blue Bell, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N. Y.

(*Continued from Page 106*) forty-five minutes achieving a uniform distribution of make-up, and the lids and corners of her eyes held the barest trace of purple shadow. She had borrowed a darker lipstick for the occasion, which accentuated the whiteness of her teeth, and as she moved she trailed a memory of expensive perfume. She posed in the doorway for a moment, aware that her parents were entertaining Mr. Grant, a man whose business seemed to require a great many trucks.

"Good evening, father," Janice murmured, moving slowly into the room.

"Why, darling," her mother gasped.

Janice watched with cool detachment while Mr. Grant struggled to his feet and bowed slightly. It seemed almost as though she were in a play or a film. She wished that thousands could be watching her, and felt vaguely that they were.

"It's O.K., Steve," her father mumbled against a background of door chimes.

Janice smiled at the men and turned to her mother. "That'll be Bert. He's always so punctual. You know where I am." She wafted across the room, bestowing a kiss on her father's forehead as she passed. "'Night, father," she breathed. At the entrance to the hall she turned and bathed Mr. Grant in dental radiance. "Do sit down, Mr. Grant. I really must run."

It was a tribute to Jerry Cole's appeal and Mr. Gates' merchandising that even though Bert got her to the auditorium at ten to nine, they had to drive twice around the block and finally over to the supermarket lot on Brentwood before finding a place to park. They milled through the crush in the lobby of the auditorium, waving and calling to their friends, and, passing the turnstile, cut diagonally across the dance floor, climbing the stairs to Section K, which was where the fan club had agreed to meet in force. It was nine now, and as they pushed through the sea of familiar faces they were aware of the rhythmic clapping and whistles, signifying the mounting tension and impatience of the crowd. They were still climbing into the spaces which Susy Myers had held for them when from somewhere behind the curtain shielding the stage an alto saxophone honked twice, cymbals answered the saxophone, and that wild, familiar voice cried out, "Rock-'n'-roll with Jerry Cole!"

The curtains folded back as the crowd screamed its approval, and a torrent of rhythm swept from the fountainhead of the stage. It drove quiet boys from better neighborhoods to stamp their heels and whistle stridently, and normally polite, retiring girls to leap to their feet, squealing and clapping. In a contagion of enthusiasm, a great wave of the audience poured out onto the floor, forming a pulsing mass in front of the stage. As all traces of melody were lost in the solid percussion of the rhythm, a tall disheveled youth detached himself from the six other musicians and moved to the center microphone. He wore black shoes, white socks, poorly cut gray trousers and a sport jacket that was much too tight. His elegance lay in a black shirt and white tie. He beat furiously on a Spanish guitar slung low on his hips and flashed a wild, sudden smile at the crowd.

As he reached the mike, the smile vanished, and his face assumed an expression of torment. "Huh wish Ah could shimmah like mah sisteh Kate!" he agonized, crouching and twisting. His simple need was answered in the spontaneous response of several thousand transported girls.

"Jerry, Jerry!" they screamed.

Susy Myers relaxed her grip on Janice's arm. "Isn't he the end?"

"Dreamy," Janice smiled sleepily, never taking her eyes from the stage.

After the second set, she and Bert went out onto the floor, but somehow, despite the compulsion of the rhythm, Janice didn't feel like dancing, and when they broke apart, instead of coming back to him, she turned and made her way into the crowd at the bandstand.

She had almost reached the stage when he caught up with her. "Hey, I thought we were dancing?"

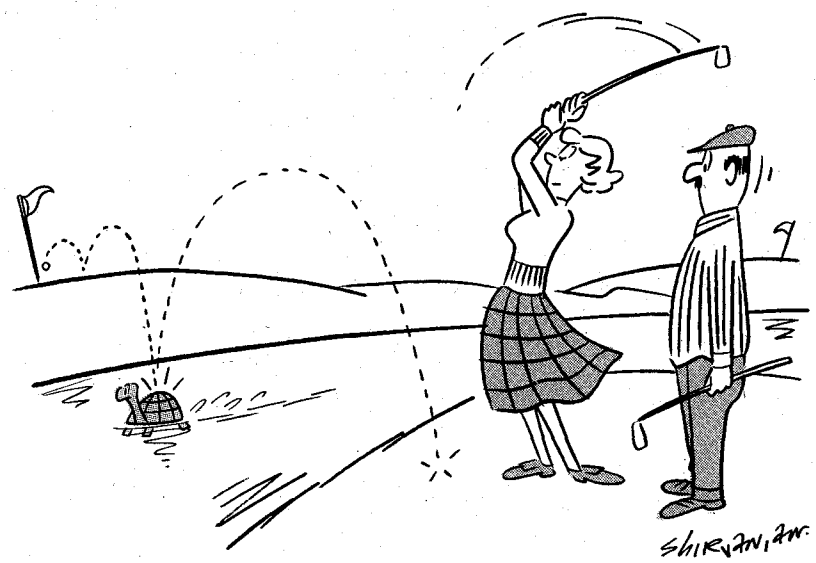
"I don't want to dance," she protested. "Please go and dance with Susy or some of the other kids. Please," she implored, turning to Jerry without waiting for an answer, and knew, without looking, that Bert had left her. Even as she thought about it the saxophone honked twice, and everything was obliterated in the immediacy of here and now.

At intermission she stood facing the empty stage while the crowd thinned out behind her. The drummer, the bass player and one of the guitarists had moved out onto the apron of the stage, and were busy signing autographs, but Jerry had disappeared, and was lost somewhere in the labyrinth of aisles and dressing rooms that constituted the rear of the auditorium. Presently she sighed, turned and, instead of returning to her friends and the fan club in Section K, walked across the empty floor toward the refreshment booth. She stepped from the floor to the aisle, and almost into the arms of Mr. Gates.

"Just the girl I've been looking for," he beamed happily. "Isn't it terrific? A sell-out. How do you like him?"

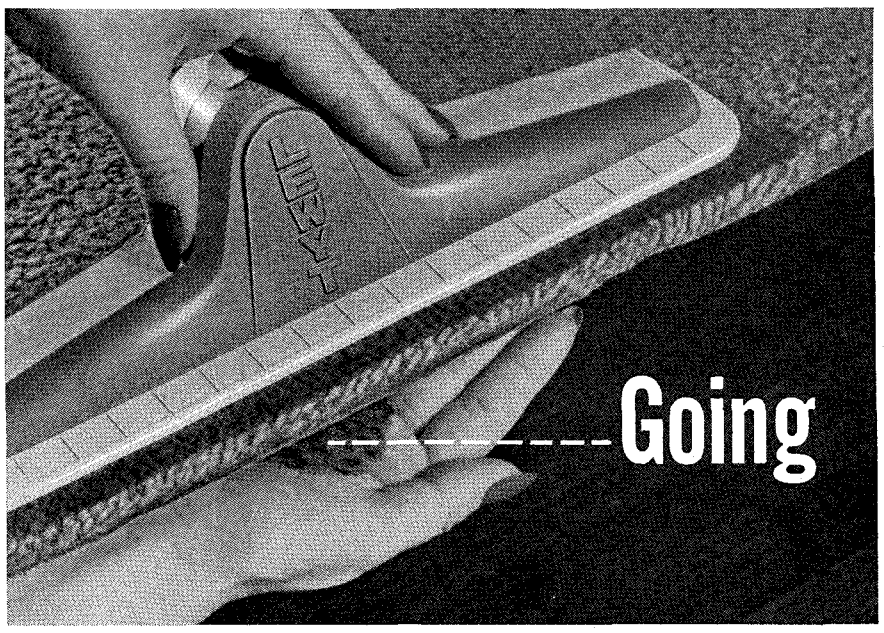
It was an impossible question. "I'm gone," she replied simply.

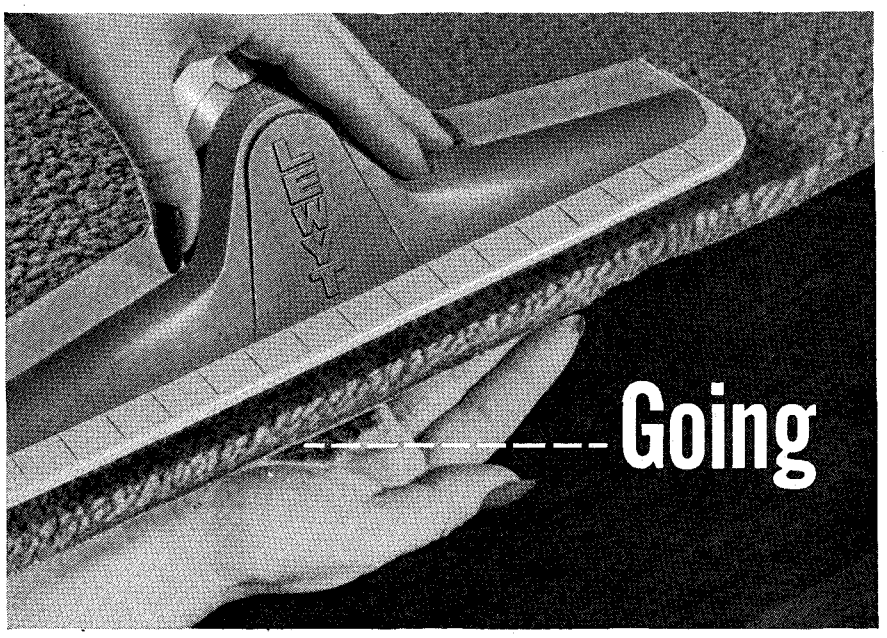
(*Continued on Page 110*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





NEW 1957 GOLDEN

LEWYT POWER CLEANER

Sold at leading stores in U.S. and CANADA

LEWYT CORPORATION, Long Island City 1, N.Y.

© LEWYT CORP., 1957

NEW LEWYT POWER CLEANER

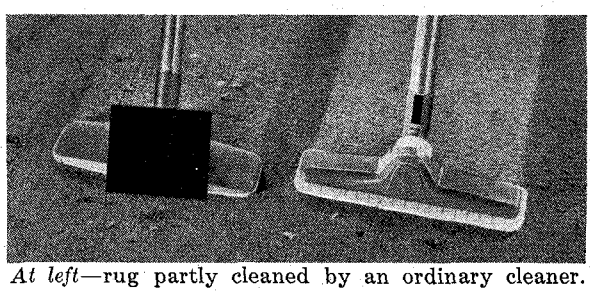
Pulls dust through ¾ inch rug!

Look! Haven't you always wanted this much rug-cleaning power to make housekeeping easier than ever before? Only the new Lewyt Power Cleaner gives you the exclusive, leak-proof SEALED POWER SYSTEM that provides 24% MORE SUCTION—24% more cleaning power ...to pick up embedded dirt, threads, lint, even pet hairs.

And, no other cleaner is so easy to use because the all-metal Lewyt Power Cleaner is on easy-rolling Big Wheels! Tools ride right along, 2-in-1 Rug 'n Floor nozzle rolls, too. Instant dirt disposal. Extra quiet... thanks to new *Sonic* Silencer. See your Lewyt dealer now! He's listed under "vacuum cleaners" in your phone book!

Easiest cleaner in the world to use. Lewyt's Big Wheels roll easily over sills, rug edges, bare floors. *Compact, only 12½" high.*

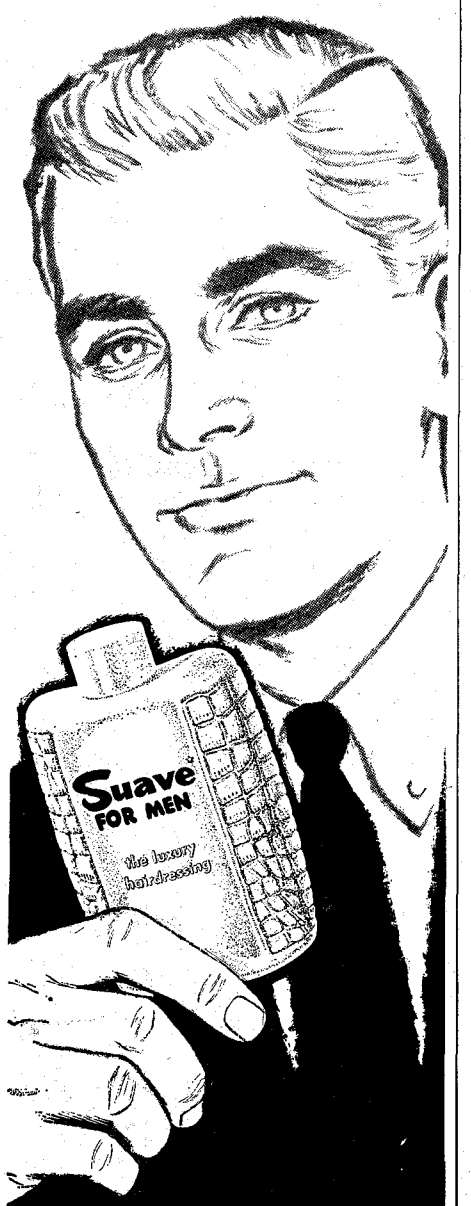
Only Lewyt has exclusive Power Dial that lets you "dial" *exact* suction.



At left—rug partly cleaned by an ordinary cleaner. *At right*—rug power cleaned by new 1957 Lewyt Power Cleaner in one easy-rolling stroke!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll never
go back
to ordinary
hairdressings!



Suave®
FOR MEN
controls hair
more naturally,
truly greaseless!
Handier to use
in alligator-grain
squeeze flask.
60¢ plus tax. Economy size $1

(*Continued from Page 108*)

"How would you like to meet him?"

Janice had never been in the back of the auditorium before, and now, as she hurried beside Mr. Gates, she was surprised at how strange and desolate it seemed. They finally stopped before a faded door, and Mr. Gates rapped sharply.

"Howard Gates!" he called. "Open up!"

When Janice moved through the doorway she was astonished to find herself in a room of washed concrete, steel lockers, folding chairs and naked light bulbs. It was inconceivable that this should be the place and nature of their meeting, and yet there he was, straddling a wooden bench, drinking ginger ale with the man who played the steel guitar. She was aware that Mr. Gates had taken her arm, and now, as they approached the bench, Jerry Cole turned appraisingly. He neither moved nor smiled, and, if anything, his expression became more petulant and sulky.

"Jerry," Mr. Gates laughed warmly, "I'd like to introduce Miss Thompson. Janice, here, is president of your fan club in Newborough, and I can tell you she's been a great help in making this evening a success. Club sold pretty near a thousand admissions."

Standing there, listening to Mr. Gates say all the wrong things, Janice was too embarrassed to look at Jerry, yet she knew with mounting anxiety that his eyes had never left her for an instant.

Finally he spoke—deep, profound, tragic, with almost dramatic sincerity. He shook his head. "Sweet baby," he said, "I love you."

Of all the things he might have said, this was surely the most sought after and unexpected. Janice found herself incapable of reply. Even as she wondered what there could possibly be left to say, he moved his attention to Mr. Gates.

"Good count," he said. "Maybe we make this stand again."

Mr. Gates thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets and rocked happily. "Bet your boots," he chortled. "I'll write your agent for openings."

"Don't write," Jerry advised him seriously. "Just send money. And my fan, Janice," he observed, turning from Mr. Gates. "Crazy little momma comes knockin' at my door."

The phrase had sounded so cute and hip when Perry Como had sung it, but now, coming from Jerry, it held such vast implication that Janice was helpless.

"Say something, doll," he implored. "Hit a note."

"Hello," she replied gently.

The guitar player on the other end of the bench had been a silent spectator to the meeting, and now he looked from Janice to Jerry with amazement.

"Crazy, man," he said. "She can talk." He turned to Janice with curious intensity. "Tell me, pretty baby, are there any more at home like you?"

Jerry looked at Janice and nodded toward the guitar player. "Bunk Armitage," he said. "All he thinks about is juice and chicks."

"You mean there's something else?" Bunk inquired, wide-eyed.

Jerry stared at the floor. "I'm gay for gold," he sulked unhappily. "I got the loot habit. I got a thirty-five-pound brick on my back." He looked up at Janice and Mr. Gates. "Got eyes for a rum and ginger?"

"Ho, I don't think I'd better drink," Mr. Gates laughed nervously.

"What jumps after closing?" Jerry asked him. "Train don't leave till four; gives us three hours. Got a crazy, balling, offbeat joint in town? Maybe we sit in?"

"Everything closes here at one," Janice smiled.

Jerry turned from Mr. Gates and studied her sleepily. "What do you do?" he asked.

It was a simple question and she answered it simply. "I go to school," she said. "Newborough High."

Even as she spoke, there were three sharp knocks at the door. The saxophone player moved to the lock, and stepping back, admitted a girl of such flashing beauty that Janice was momentarily stunned. She was a tall girl with jet-black hair, green eyes and a full red mouth. She wore too much jewelry, and her dress, though obviously expensive, was certainly too extreme. She moved toward Jerry with easy familiarity, and deposited two cartons of soft drinks on the bench beside him.

"Dolores, Mr. Gates," Jerry indicated indifferently as she popped a package of cigarettes and a lighter from his shirt pocket. "He booked us in."

Dolores drew a cigarette from the package and smiled down at Mr. Gates. It was a part of her charm that she never stood still. "Wow, man," she said. "You got a frantic hall."

"And this here's Janice," Jerry continued.

Janice felt the green eyes sweep over her, computing a total she would never understand.

"Hey," Dolores smiled coldly.

"She's a fan," Jerry went on, opening a bottle.

"Good for her," Dolores nodded, the smile fading.

"Actually I'm president of the Newborough Fan Club," Janice amplified.

Dolores looked at her almost with a challenge. "No kidding," she said. "Well, I'm the grand exalted master of all fan clubs everywhere."

Jerry looked at Dolores, and his eyes for the first time showed a twinkle of amusement. "This sweet baby's a high-school girl." He nodded toward Janice.

"This sweet baby is a graduate." Dolores slid the cigarettes and lighter back in his pocket, and bending, kissed him full on the mouth.

More than anything, Janice wanted to escape from this dirty, alien room, and away from these ill-assorted strangers. She wanted to find again the Jerry Cole she had met on the first record. The throbbing, exciting man who sobbed his lyrics in hungry need. The Jerry she knew lived in the solid percussion of the juke boxes, in the laughter of her friends, in the jiving, in the chintz-draped intimacy of her bedroom. The alto player took his suit jacket from the back of his chair and straightened his tie.

"Let's cut, man," he drawled. "We been out almost a half hour. I can hear 'em stompin'."

When they left the room, Jerry and Bunk and the alto man turned right down the first aisle leading to the bandstand. Mr. Gates stayed behind to talk with Dolores. Janice was surprised to discover that Jerry was not nearly so tall as she had imagined. He stopped for a moment before the turn-off, and touched her on the shoulder.

"Thanks, baby," he said softly. "Thanks for everything."

She wished so much that she could say any of the wonderful things that she had said to herself in the long nights while she waited for him.

"It's been a pleasure," she replied shyly.

"You sure you can find your way back?" he asked.

Janice smiled tightly. "Yes," she answered. "I can find my way back."

She walked slowly down the empty aisle, and because in all the city there was nowhere else to go, she turned to Section K and climbed to the seats she had shared with Bert. Of course, he was not there now, and the eager voices of the fan club were scattered and silent among the jiving couples on the floor below. She sat isolated and alone where everyone could see her, and when Jerry, singing his first song, turned to Section K and flashed his sudden smile, instead of the tingling thrill there were only a sadness and a sense of personal loss. She wondered how her life would be without him, and with a chill of fright groped for the reasons for her failure.

"Hi, Shorty," the voice said beside her. "Have a hot dog."

She turned swiftly, startled, looking past the offered hot dog, up the extended arm to the warm, familiar grin. "Hi," she replied softly. "Aren't you mad at me?"

"Of course not," he laughed, sitting beside her. "Matter of fact, I thought it was the other way around."

She bit into the hot dog and chewed for a moment reflectively. "Do I look all right?" she asked.

"Great," Bert assured her. "I've never seen you looking so great."

"This isn't my dress," Janice confessed. "Belongs to my mother."

"Sharp," Bert commented. "Very sharp."

"And I'm wearing her shoes and her stockings, and it's her perfume you smell."

"You're lucky," he replied. "I can't get into my father's clothes any more. I'm too tall."

She wondered when it was that boys became men. It was so difficult being a girl. Sometimes a woman, sometimes a girl, never knowing. "You mean you don't care?"

"Sure, I care," he replied. "When I first saw you tonight, I was scared to death."

"You mean I scared you?" she asked, amazed.

"That's right," he nodded. "You were different. You seemed older and sophisticated. That's the terrific thing about you, Shorty," he continued, turning to her with amazement. "You're so many different girls. I'm never sure which one you are going to be. Makes it real exciting."

Suddenly everything was all right again. She was conscious of the rocking rhythm rolling from the bandstand, and wondered with surprise why she and Bert were sitting alone while everyone else was dancing.

"Want to finish this number with me?" she asked, excited.

Bert looked at her for a moment, trying to understand all the things men can never understand. "Did you meet him?" he asked.

"Yes, I met him," she replied, jumping to her feet, tugging at the arm around her waist. "Please hurry. The music's going to be finished before we get there."

They flew down the stairs, Bert running ahead, pulling her by the hand, and as they ran through the aisle to the gate they discovered the passage blocked by Dolores and Mr. Gates.

"Hey, Janice," Dolores smiled, looking from Janice to Bert, and back again. "Not bad. Not bad at all."

They excused themselves, moving away, and in a moment they were dancing. "What did you think of the girl with Mr. Gates?" Janice asked.

"She's not bad," Bert replied indifferently. "But I'm not changing partners."

"Just for that, I'll tell you a secret," she said, giving him a little hug. "Without you, Jerry Cole is nothing."

They broke apart, dancing with only the fingers of one hand touching, and then they both laughed spontaneously with complete identification. Everyone agreed. They were the best couple on the floor.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fabulous Jock Whitney

(Continued from Page 24)

French Impressionist and contemporary American canvases, valued at $900,000, was the work of Matisse, Degas, Bellows, Bracque, Fossburgh, Sargent, Whistler, Eisenhower, Wyeth and Van Gogh.

When Whitney's grandfather, John Hay, was our ambassador in London in 1897, he wrote to Henry Adams, "I get no comfort except in refusing invitations to dinner. I am getting quite a dab at it." Later, writing to Henry Cabot Lodge, Hay added, "I have declined twenty-six invitations to eat dinner and make speeches. I trust my action meets with your approval."

Thus warned, and fortified with advice from a high British official ("Don't start accepting invitations from dukes"), Whitney will undoubtedly avoid the social pitfall which has engulfed some of our ambassadors. A great deal of formal entertaining is inescapable, of course. In London there are eighty-one other foreign embassies, and one of Jock's first duties was to call upon each one of these envoys, and then receive their return calls at Winfield House.

Whitney hit our London embassy like a brisk wind from the west. One of his first official acts was to schedule personal greetings to each one of the embassy's 800 employees, of whom 300 are British citizens. Following the presentation of his credentials to the Queen, whom Jock had met several years ago at a grouse shoot and picnic at Balmoral, Whitney cautiously suggested to Selwyn Lloyd, the British Foreign Secretary, that a trip through England, to meet English people in their homes and shops, might be in order. The Foreign Secretary was delighted with the idea, so the British will be seeing a good deal of our new ambassador. A series of press conferences for foreign correspondents, bureau chiefs and English press representatives has also helped to convince London that Whitney will be a friendly and hard-working salesman of the American point of view.

A close friend recently described the Whitney drive as a compulsion to participate. "Whatever it is—polo or politics, bottle pool or setting up a hospital administration—Jock wants to be in there doing it."

This liking for action found expression in Whitney's active polo-playing days. As a back on the championship Greentree team, Whitney's role was primarily a defensive one. Whenever there was a good mix-up downfield, however, Jock could seldom resist the temptation to gallop into the middle of the action. On several occasions, Whitney actually outscored Greentree's redoubtable forward, ten-goal Tommy Hitchcock. Jock, who looked upon Hitchcock with awe, considers the mention of such unaccountable happenings as a libel on his late teammate's memory.

"I was simply a very well-mounted polo player lucky enough to be with a wonderful team. If I ever outscored Tommy, it must have been a rare day."

The compulsion to be up and doing can usually be attributed either to ambition or to the necessity of proving oneself to the world. Whitney's fruitful life can hardly be ascribed to personal ambition. Jock has always had money, social position, rich friendships and a happy family life.

Nor does Whitney hunger for fame and power. During the last decade he has devoted a considerable portion of his fortune and much of his time to good works, but the Whitney name is less widely acclaimed in the field of philanthropy than those of a dozen other public-minded givers who have seen to it that drum beaters were on the scene. As for power, a business associate who has sat with Jock on a number of corporative boards has described Whitney's attitude toward this heady potion:

"I've never known Jock to throw his weight around. He's a team player. He's usually a quiet member of a board. When he has suggestions, they're usually good ones—I've never known him to put the Whitney interests before the company's."

The pattern of Whitney's life is based on the necessity of proving, to himself and to the world, that what he stands for represents a real and permanent value. Some of his standards are inherited or familial, others are self-imposed. (When he accepted his present ambassadorial post—somewhat reluctantly, after high-level nudging—he may well have been influenced by the fact that his maternal grandfather, John Hay, filled the same post during part of Victoria's reign.)

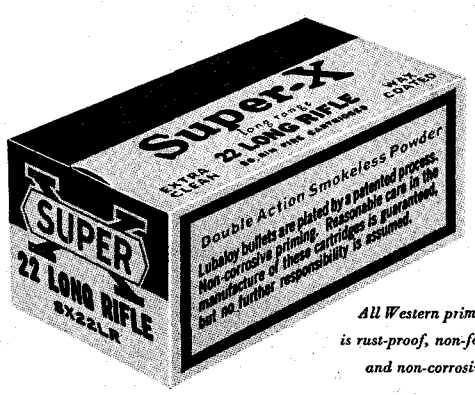
It's nice to recall the good old days when there was plenty of space to park your car—if you had a car.

MAURICE SEITTER

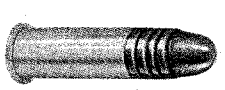
For something extra . . .

take a boy hunting

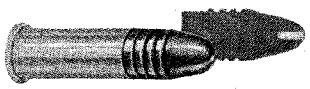
If you would take a fresh look at familiar surroundings, see them through the eyes of a boy. There's just a natural affinity a boy has for a rifle, some Super-X 22's and a chance to use both. His delight in all the many things that make a day afield will enrich your own experience and draw you closer together, as nothing else can. Go on, take him hunting—you both want to go.



All Western priming is rust-proof, non-fouling and non-corrosive.



Solid point for maximum penetration.



Hollow point for maximum expansion.

Super-X

WINCHESTER-WESTERN DIVISION • OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION • NEW HAVEN 4, CONNECTICUT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does your office run as smoothly as your outboard?

Little things—like your choice of pencils—can make a noticeable difference in an office operation. Take Eagle MIRADO. This is the pencil that stays sharp for *pages* of writing—lets your staff spend *less* time at the sharpeners, *more* time at their desks. The work they do with a MIRADO is neater, cleaner, easier to read. You get more from your staff, and more for your money. Because a MIRADO does last so long, you'll find you actually buy *fewer* pencils!

This is the point:

EAGLE MIRADO PENCILS

STAY SHARP FOR PAGES!

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY • NEW YORK • LONDON • TORONTO • MEXICO • SYDNEY • BOGOTA

A defender of American-style capitalism, Jock has for years sought means to implement his belief that private wealth can be used for the good of the community. One of Whitney's most successful ventures in this direction was the establishment of an investment company to provide capital for small enterprises which were too risky to get financing through orthodox investment channels. The John Hay Whitney Foundation, a trail blazer in the educational field, and the experiments in corn hybridization and forest improvement on the family plantation in Georgia are other evidences of Jock's conviction that great personal fortunes have social value.

There is another personal necessity that makes Whitney what he is. This is based on the premise, to put it bluntly, that a rich man's son can be just as good as anyone else. The self-made millionaire has created his own legends, part fact and part fancy. A part of this folklore is the aphorism about shirt-sleeves-to-shirt-sleeves-in-three-generations, implicitly discounting the inheritors of wealth. Though the Whitney family and its collateral lines have been prosperous since colonial days, the bulk of the fortune left to Jock and his sister, Joan, was amassed by their great-uncle Oliver Payne, an early Rockefeller associate in the Standard Oil Company. This makes Jock a member of that fated third generation—a challenge he has met by increasing his fortune while giving away $1,200,000 of it each year for the last decade.

Whitney's money-making activities have been so successful that some of his well-heeled contemporaries consider him a sort of part-time Midas, able to recoup almost at will a capital loss resulting from a meaty philanthropic bequest. Whatever the merits of this characterization, there is no denying the fact that Whitney has substantially increased the nest-egg of $40,000,000 he inherited in 1927. Most of Whitney's personal fortune, as distinct from the money he has set aside for the investment company or his philanthropic work, is invested in solid common stocks. Yet Jock does not play the market; his investments are limited to business or industrial ventures.

Whitney's competence as a businessman and administrator was recently summed up by a former associate, a man who made his own fortune before he was thirty-five: "Jock is a very able and imaginative fellow. If he'd been born broke I think that by his own efforts he would have come a long way toward what he is today. He might have had to work harder, and he probably wouldn't have had as much fun, but I'm sure he would have been a wealthy man."

Whitney is a big man—six feet one inch and 210 pounds—with an even-tempered, sanguine disposition. Though he is nearsighted enough to need glasses, and suffers from a slight stiffening of the elbows—the result of a youthful case of what was then thought to be rheumatic fever—Whitney has never allowed these handicaps to interfere with his love of sports.

Whitney's energy, even at fifty-two, is remarkable. On a typical day of weekend relaxation at his Greentree, Long Island, estate, Jock will rise at eight o'clock, play a hard game of court tennis and then read for several hours. After lunch he will play a round of golf, return to Greentree for tea at five, and retire to his room for several more hours of reading. For dinner there may be a dozen guests; following dinner there is generally a late-run movie to be shown in the projection room. After the movie Jock will often play bridge or shoot pool till two or three in the morning.

Whitney's normal business schedule is just as tightly packed. The Whitney headquarters occupy the thirty-second floor of a Rockefeller Plaza building, where the investment-company partners, the John Hay Whitney Foundation personnel and the dozen members of Jock's personal staff work side by side. Here Jock has his private office, a richly furnished room featuring John Hay's old desk, and decorated with a large Utrillo, a fine Seurat and a Haseltine bronze of one of Jock's favorite horses. There is an adjoining board room for large conferences, and a private dining room.

On an average day Whitney leaves this aerie three or four times for outside meetings, luncheons and conferences involving his business, philanthropic and political interests. Throughout 1951, during part of his tenure as vice president of the New York Hospital, Jock also maintained an office in the hospital and spent two days a week there directing an administrative reorganization of the institution.

During the year preceding his assignment to London, Jock and his wife, the former Betsey Cushing Roosevelt, bivouacked during the week in a five-room suite in the Waldorf Towers. Recently they bought a town house, which they are transforming to serve as their New York home when the London tour of duty is ended. The remodeling project gave the Whitneys a chance one evening to practice their diplomacy.

"We met the former owner at a party," relates Jock, "and he learned that we had bought the place. He brought his wife into the conversation, and it developed that this was their dream house. They'd spent years fixing it up just so, and they knew we'd be so happy with this and that they'd put in the place. Betsey and I solemnly agreed that we couldn't help being happy there. Then we got away fast. Both of us hope the former owners won't look behind the builder's fence and discover that in tearing the place apart we left nothing but the shell and two steel girders."

Whitney's varied interests made him one of the most peripatetic men in America. Until he went to London, it was a rare week that didn't find him visiting Washington to sit with Governmental committees and councils to which he had been appointed—groups such as the President's Committee on Education Beyond High School or the Department of Commerce Business Advisory Council. Chicago, the West Coast and the Southwest, where the investment company has oil interests, were also on Whitney's regular travel schedule.

Occasionally Jock's trips were longer. He traveled to Korea to represent the President at Syngman Rhee's third inauguration, and during 1954 he toured our Foreign Service posts as vice chairman of the Secretary of State's Public Committee on Personnel.

Jock's personal travel schedule used to include an occasional European junket with his wife and their two daughters. During the winter, he liked to get away for a fortnight's bird shooting at his 15,000-acre plantation near Thomasville, Georgia. Prior to the London assignment, early summer found the Whitney family at their Fishers Island beach house, near the end of Long Island Sound, while August was spent at the Whitneys' 125-acre racing farm at Saratoga. This month was devoted to racing and golf, and was highlighted by Whitney's August seventeenth birthday party, at which Joe E. Lewis, an old friend, concocted some of his rarest ribs for the birthday boy. Several times a year Whitney paid inspection visits to Greentree Stud, Inc.,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a 760-acre Kentucky establishment for breeding Thoroughbreds, owned jointly by Jock and his sister, Joan.

Most of Whitney's business and official travel is done by railroad or the commercial airlines. For personal travel in the States he has a DC-3 transport, a twin-engined plane bought from Government surplus and refitted for private use. When the Whitneys needed a boat, as they did occasionally at Greentree or Fishers Island, their seventy-six-foot yacht, the Aphrodite, was always available.

The Whitney private plane, flown by pilots with airline ratings, provides trouble-free transportation for the Greentree clan. But there was a period before the last war when Jock qualified as one of the world's most intrepid passengers. He owned a series of smaller planes during those years, and after his personal pilot, the famed Wilmer Stultz, killed himself in one of them, Jock found himself temporarily without a pilot. Whitney's valet, an Englishman named Edgar Woodhams, had learned how to fly as a hobby; he offered to fly his employer wherever he wanted to go. Jock accepted this offer with misgivings.

"Edgar's feelings would have been hurt if I'd flown with anyone else," Whitney says. "As a matter of fact, he was a good pilot; it just happened that occasionally we ran into trouble. We must have nosed-up in five or six landings. I remember once when Edgar was to fly Bill Paley and me from Camden, New Jersey, to Newark in a single-engine Waco I had then. When we got to the airport at Camden the weather looked threatening. Bill suggested we take the train. I thought that was a good idea, but Edgar looked so crestfallen that we decided to fly, weather or no.

"The weather closed in after we'd been flying awhile and we spent almost an hour stooging around in the soup. Finally Edgar spotted an airport through a hole in the clouds, and down we went. It wasn't Newark at all, but Floyd Bennett Field, on the other side of New York; still, nobody was in a mood to criticize."

Edgar always apologized when he clipped tree branches on take-off or made a bad landing. On one occasion, ferrying Herbert Bayard Swope and five Whitney dogs to Saratoga—Jock wasn't aboard—Edgar misjudged his landing and nosed up in a cemetery. Swope and the dogs were spilled out on the grass. Fortunately, no one was hurt. Edgar was so gracious about this mishap that Swope, an old crony of Jock's, found himself apologizing for leaving his seat so abruptly.

Edgar finally gave up his piloting after cracking up a Whitney plane in New Jersey. Now retired, he lives in Florida with his memories. Jock's chief pilot nowadays is an ex-Air Force flier who served with the Eastern Defense Command during the war; and his present valet, Joe Grosso, keeps his feet on the ground.

Though the Whitneys have been in residence in this country since 1635, when the family landed in Massachusetts, its wealth is of more recent origin. First of the clan to become rich was William Collins Whitney, who was born twenty years before the Civil War. William, educated at Yale and Harvard Law School, turned to business and politics in his mature years and amassed a fortune by acting as an intermediary between the street-railway magnates and the city governments of the day. He multiplied this fortune many times over by investments in oil and tobacco stocks. His most notable contribution to the public life of his time was his service as Secretary of the Navy during President Cleveland's first administration.

This first Whitney to accumulate riches married Flora Payne, the daughter of Sen. Henry B. Payne, of Ohio. The significance of this union was recognized in the naming of two sons, Harry Payne Whitney and Payne Whitney. This confusion of nomenclature was confounded further by a latter-life marriage of William's which split his sons' allegiance—Harry Payne Whitney siding with his father, and Payne Whitney with his mother's family—and antagonized Flora Payne's wealthy bachelor brother, Oliver Payne.

The result of this division of loyalties was that Payne Whitney inherited only a tenth of his father's immense fortune; the rest went to Harry Payne Whitney and his two sisters. Justice triumphed, however, when bachelor Oliver Payne left the bulk of his own immense fortune to his nephew Payne Whitney, who had supported the Payne side in the Whitney-Payne schism. Though Harry Payne was esteemed the more handsome and dashing of the two brothers, both were endowed with good looks, boundless energy and an inflexible determination to live life on a multimillion-dollar scale.

Harry Payne married Gertrude Vanderbilt, the heiress-sculptor. He fathered two daughters, Flora and Barbara, and Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, better known as Sonny, who has been an intimate associate of Jock's in many business and racing enterprises.

Payne Whitney married Helen Hay, daughter of John Hay, who was Lincoln's secretary, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's and Secretary of State under both McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. This union produced Joan and, fourteen months later, John Hay Whitney, whose name his mother soon shortened to Jock.

The first two decades of this century were a fabulous age for the rich. American industry was booming, the dollar was worth 100 cents, and income taxes, nonexistent until 1913, rarely exceeded 25 per cent. A man like Payne Whitney, with a vast fortune invested in oils, tobacco stocks and municipal bonds, was borne through life on a flood of gold. No matter how much these American satraps spent, wasted or gave away, they became richer every day.

Old William C. Whitney once owned estates covering 36,000 acres in five states, and a shooting box in England. His son, Payne, though he held less land, maintained equally luxurious standards. While Jock was growing up, the family's city home was an Italian-Renaissance town house on Fifth Avenue, designed by Stanford White and numbering among its decorations a $100,000 sixteenth-century tapestry and six bear rugs.

The Whitneys' principal country residence was the 700-acre estate at Greentree, thirty miles out of the city on Long Island's North Shore. Payne and Helen Whitney lavished a good deal of money on Greentree, expanding the original farmhouse and adding buildings until there were seventy-six rooms in the main group. Payne Whitney also added a court-tennis building containing, besides the court, a gymnasium, a swimming pool, a bar, rubbing tables, steam rooms and a suite of six sumptuous rooms for visiting athletes. Describing these facilities recently, Jock remarked that he hadn't been in the pool in twenty-five years.

Within Greentree's boundaries there may also be found stables, paddocks and pastures, greenhouses and gardens, a dairy herd and chicken houses, kennels, garages, and accommodations for about half the eighty-five employees who staff the place. The size of this entourage bemuses the current Whitney, who demands less service and pays far more taxes than his father. Though the Greentree staff was cut when Whitney moved to England on his ambassadorial assignment, many of the servants are more or less permanent employees who will sooner or later qualify for the retirement pensions Whitney provides.

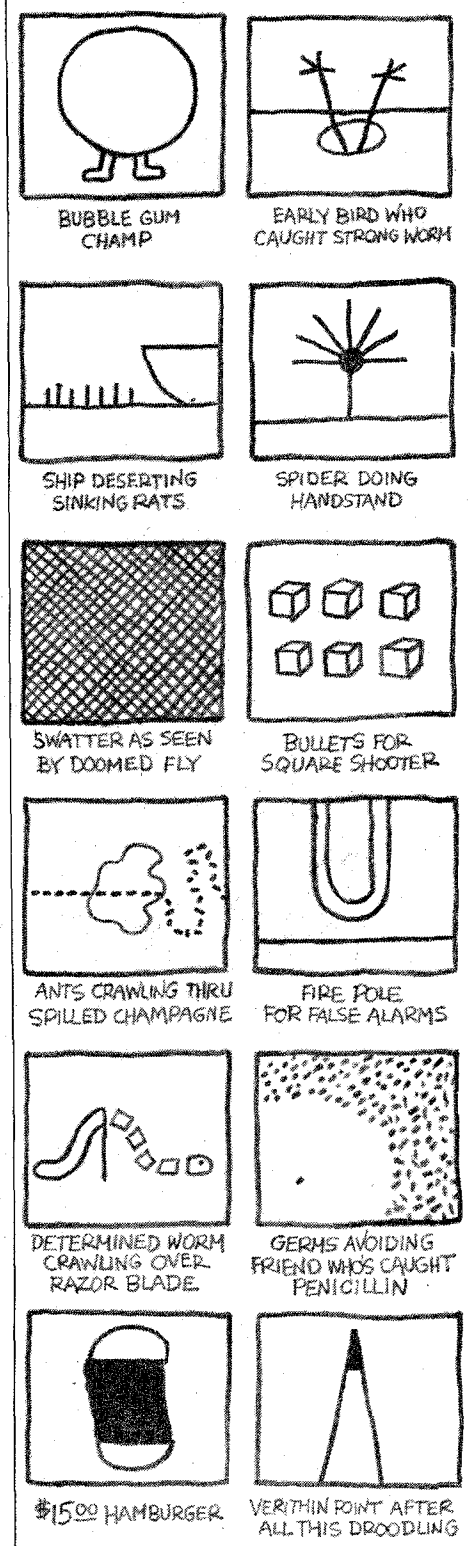
The domestic expansionist policies of his father—a sort of "damn-the-cost-let's-build-it" tradition—have occasionally returned to haunt the younger

"Now suppose we run through the alphabet one more time just to be sure we've got the hang of it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LOOK!

An Eagle Verithin droodled all these Droodles and kept a sharp point! Try that with any other red pencil!


BUBBLE GUM CHAMP
EARLY BIRD WHO CAUGHT STRONG WORM
SHIP DESERTING SINKING RATS
SPIDER DOING HANDSTAND
SWATTER AS SEEN BY DOOMED FLY
BULLETS FOR SQUARE SHOOTER
ANTS CRAWLING THRU SPILLED CHAMPAGNE
FIRE POLE FOR FALSE ALARMS
DETERMINED WORM CRAWLING OVER RAZOR BLADE
GERMS AVOIDING FRIEND WHO'S CAUGHT PENICILLIN
$15.00 HAMBURGER
VERITHIN POINT AFTER ALL THIS DROODLING

DROODLES © 1953 BY ROGER PRICE

This is the point:

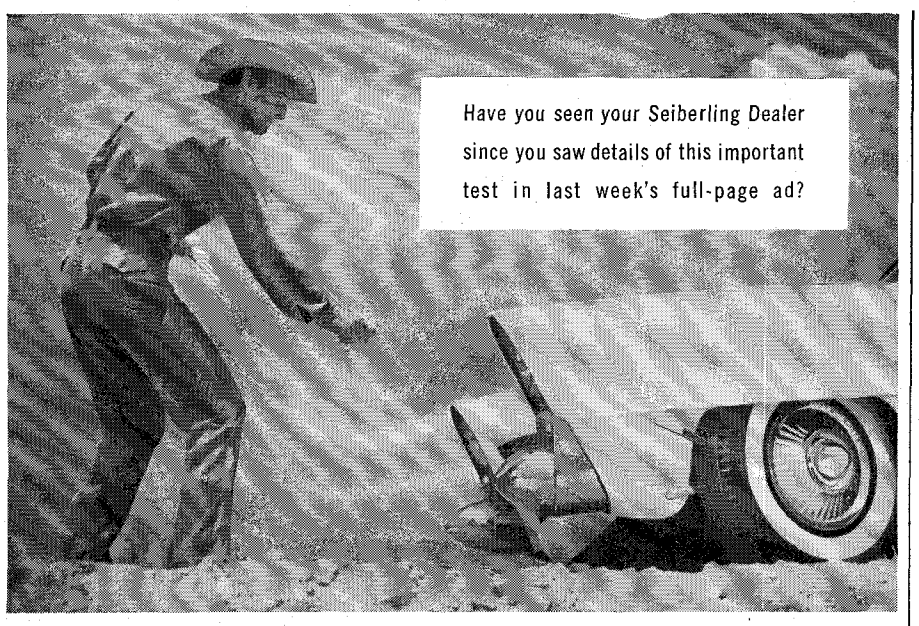
EAGLE VERITHIN

is one red pencil that really stays sharp!*

EAGLE VERITHIN CARMINE RED 745

*SO DO OUR 39 OTHER COLORS!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PROVED NEW TIRE REMOVES FEAR OF MIDNIGHT PUNCTURES!

Proved—not even the slashing cuts from knives thrown by "Tex" Allen, famous circus performer, could make the Seiberling Sealed-Aire tire lose air! Competitive puncture-sealing tires went flat during this test.

A new Seiberling tubeless tire invention, "bulkhead" construction, gives the Sealed-Aire positive puncture-protection. It has the proven ability to seal gashes and punctures of dangerous size as well as offer protection against ordinary nail holes. The Sealed-Aire removes danger of midnight flats.

SEIBERLING

SEALED-AIRE NYLON TIRE

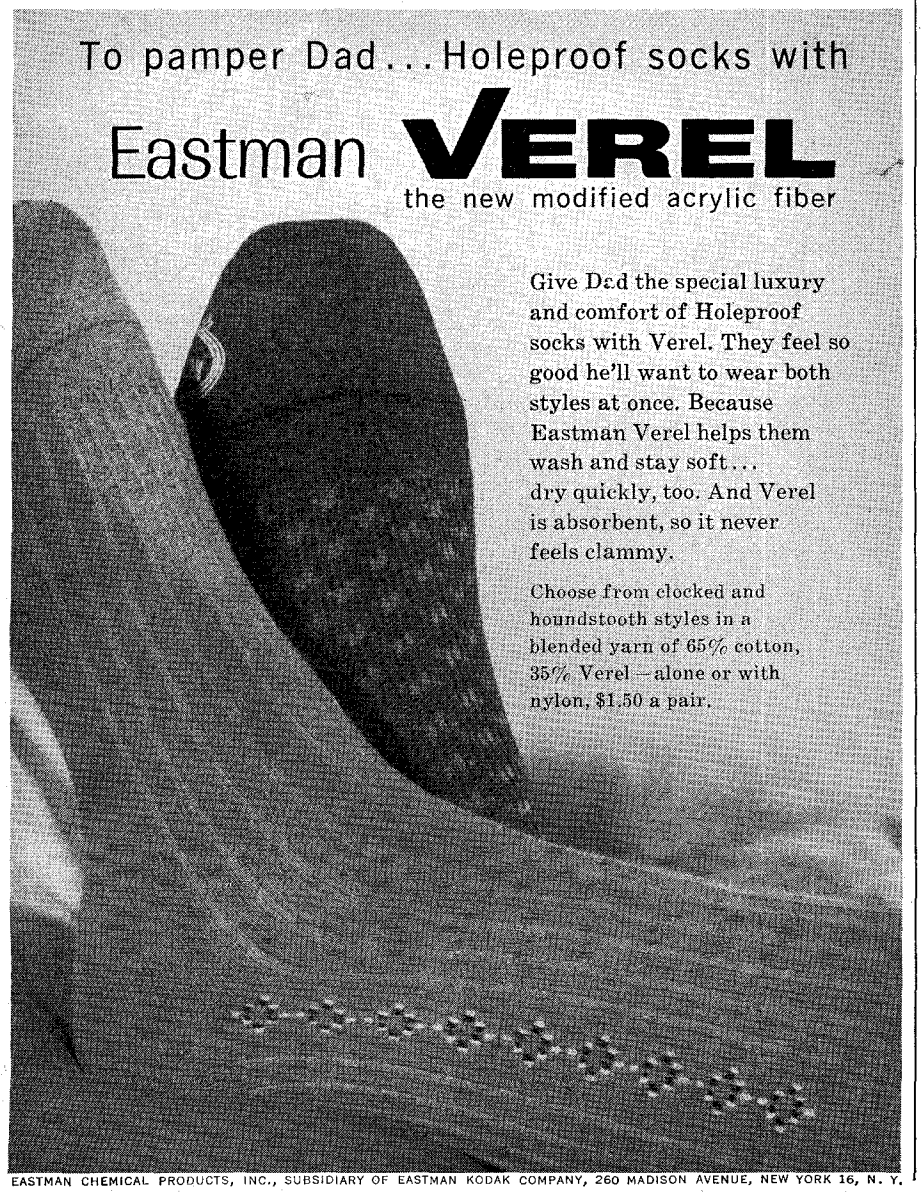
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF AMERICA'S FINEST TIRES IN EVERY PRICE RANGE!

If you missed the full-page details of this important test, your Seiberling Dealer will gladly bring you up to date . . . or write Seiberling Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio • Toronto, Canada.

To pamper Dad . . . Holeproof socks with

Eastman VEREL

the new modified acrylic fiber



Give Dad the special luxury and comfort of Holeproof socks with Verel. They feel so good he'll want to wear both styles at once. Because Eastman Verel helps them wash and stay soft . . . dry quickly, too. And Verel is absorbent, so it never feels clammy.

Choose from clocked and houndstooth styles in a blended yarn of 65% cotton, 35% Verel—alone or with nylon, $1.50 a pair.

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., SUBSIDIARY OF EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Whitney. Once, during his active polo-playing days, Jock casually remarked to a group that it was a shame they didn't have a field at Greentree, so that he could practice at home. Shortly after, Jock left for Europe; when he returned several months later he discovered that the estate superintendent had overheard the now-forgotten remark and caused a velvety practice field to be gouged out of a nearby hillside, at a cost of $200,000. The field is now used for crops.

Though the Payne Whitney town house was sold shortly after Jock inherited it, many of the furnishings at Greentree remain as they were during Whitney's youth. The changes, of course, reflect the tastes of Jock and his wife. The resulting décor might have been Millionaire Baronial or Decorator's Choice No. 1. Interestingly it is neither. As an intimate friend of the Whitneys describes it:

"Greentree is a museum of taste. Jock's mother collected everything, from Henry James firsts to seashells, and it's all there. This is the sort of place that would make an interior decorator sick because it's so cozy. There's a lot of fine stuff and a lot that's second rate, like hooked rugs and wicker furniture. You see all kinds of trophies and treasures, like keys from Coney Island, and the first dollar that somebody earned. Many rich men's houses look sterile, but Greentree is the home of people who have never been ashamed of what they liked. There are some great treasures among those possessions, but there is also some awful junk, and the junk is what gives the place vitality."

A devotee of trivia recently spent a quiet half hour alone in the main forty-by-thirty-foot living room at Greentree and made a partial list of the room's furnishings on a handy bridge pad, to wit: 12 original paintings, including 2 Rousseaus, 2 Gauguins, 2 Van Goghs, 2 Renoirs, 1 Picasso and 1 Vuillard; 15 bookcases, 3 large sofas, 2 overstuffed platform rockers, 4 overstuffed chairs, 9 straight chairs, a tray bar, a bridge table, a grand piano, a large German music box, a radio-phonograph combination, 12 lamps, 40 hanging pictures—paintings, etc.—80 glass and Dresden figurines, 6 bronze busts and statues, approximately 500 framed photographs of family and friends, 2 small, indifferent dogs, and a three-foot arch of wax flowers framing a music box, under glass. Also, a straw pocketbook stuffed with cotton fruit under glass, 4 large vases of fresh flowers, a case containing a seal G. Washington gave to his brother, a special recording of an Australian broadcast describing the Yale crew's victory in the Olympics, a large fireplace and small trophies and ash-tray prizes without number.

The Cushing sisters, Mrs. William Paley (Barbara), Mrs. James Fosburgh (Mary) and Betsey Whitney, celebrate with Jock after Sara Roosevelt di Bonaventura's wedding.

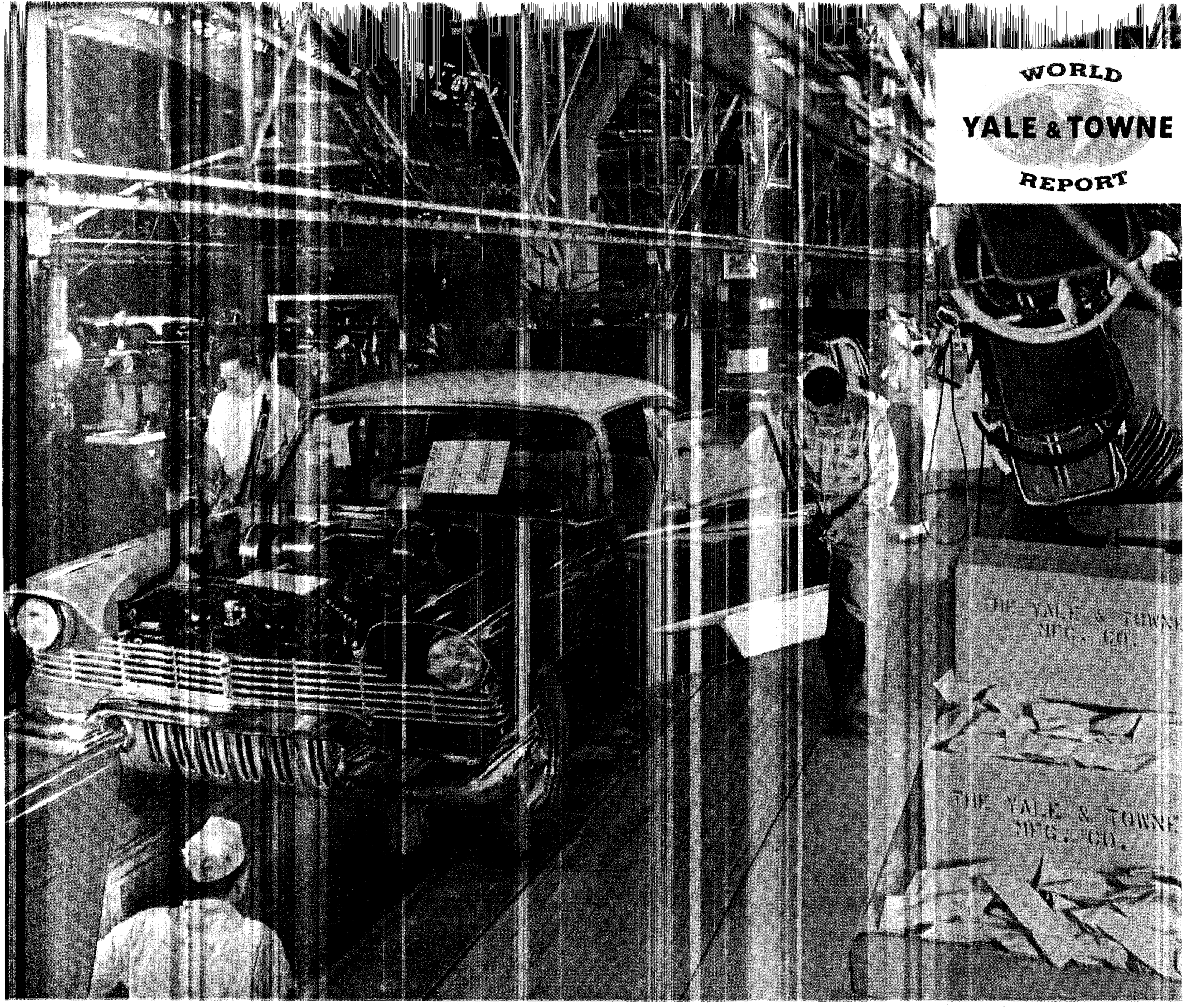
The ducal expansiveness of Greentree, with its winding drives, its treasure of surprises—a full-grown alligator named Oscar lives in the greenhouses, and there's a complete playhouse cottage for junior housekeeping—dismayed Betsey's two young daughters when they first arrived at the estate in 1942. For a while they were somewhat embarrassed about inviting their young friends to such a magnificent wonderland. Finally, they took their problem to their mother.

"Nonsense," Betsey told them. "Have them come, all of them. We live here and this is our home, and there's no reason to be apologetic about it."

Editors' Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Thruelsen. The second will appear next week.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORLD
YALE & TOWNE
REPORT



DETROIT'S BEAUTY PARADE PICKS UP ITS SECURITY GUARD

On the motorized tracks of this half-mile-long assembly line—one of two at the main Detroit plant of the Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation—there moves, daily, a parade of powerful automobiles in proud, shining armor. As this colorful cavalcade of new Plymouths passes the assembly station above, Yale* locks are quickly, precisely installed on doors, trunks, and ignitions. All of these locks are specially created by Yale & Towne master designers, to serve as lifetime shields against theft. They give the extra measure of protection needed by motorists to safeguard their automobiles at home, as well as their luggage and other valuables when traveling. This same security of Yale locks is enjoyed in homes and businesses and, like the rich styling of Yale hardware and the quiet efficiency of Yale door closers, is prized around the globe. Then, too, wherever men work to improve living standards, you will find Yale industrial lift trucks and hoists contributing their strength to the speedy, safe handling of vast tonnages of materials and goods.

CANADIAN FISH STORY—FOR EXPERTS ONLY

Nova Scotia's annual fish haul weighs in at 415,000,000 pounds—a big challenge for the tools that must quickly move the fresh fish from boats to processing. Experts at the job at the Maritime National Fish Company are this Yale Midget King electric hoist and other Yale hoists, which act as a fast-working team on the dock and in the fishery to speed tons of perishable fish to market.

TRUCK MOVES TROPICAL FOREST IN FRANCE

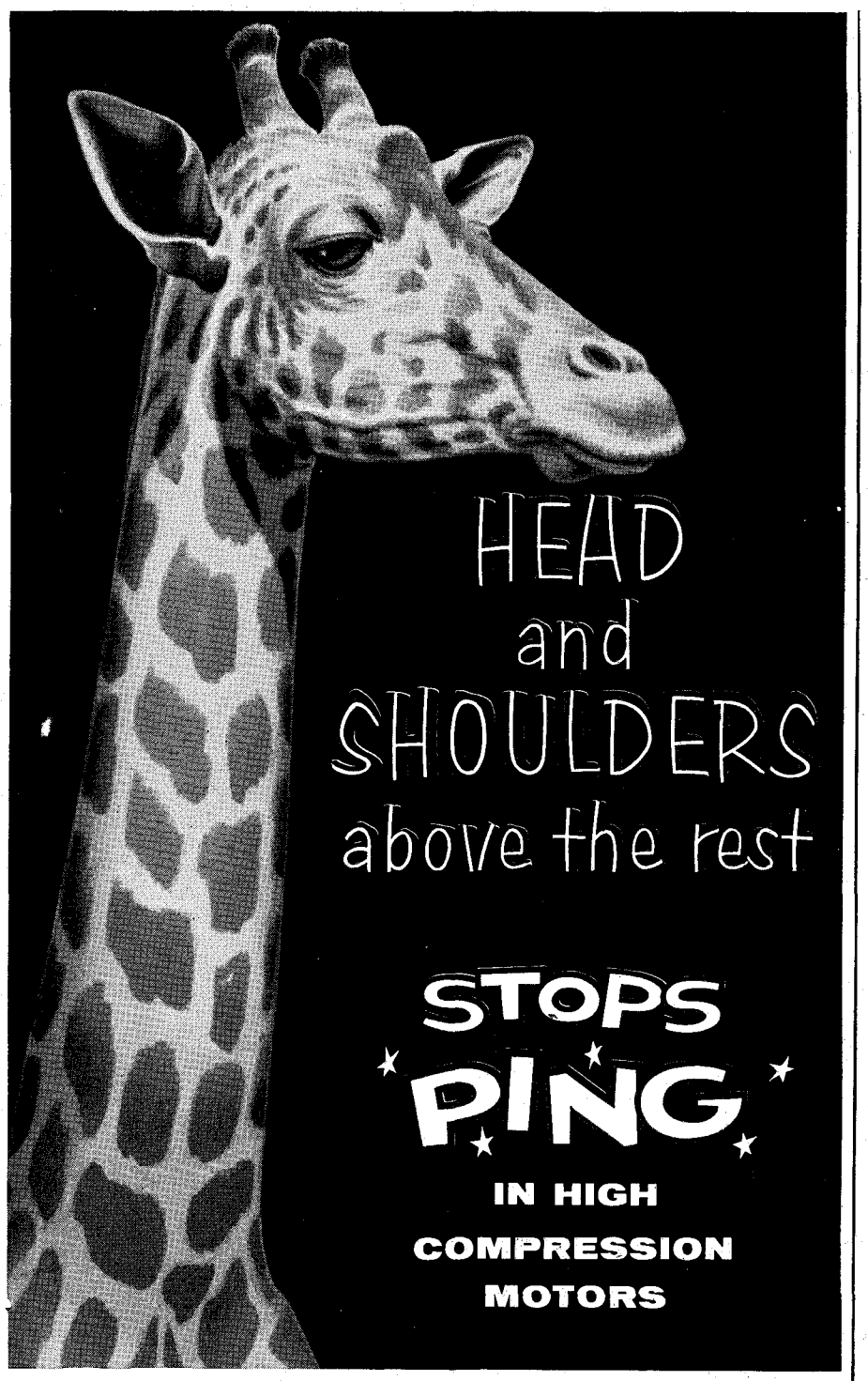
In the famous gardens of Versailles, near Paris, 1000 orange and palm trees bring a verdant paradise to a temperate clime. When winter's chill is due to arrive, a Yale fork lift truck gently transports each tree, in its heavy 2-ton box, to a safe indoor Orangerie. In *every* clime, the whole year around, Yale trucks will be found handling every type of load for world industry.

YALE & TOWNE

THE YALE & TOWNE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Executive Offices, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.

MANUFACTURING PLANTS LOCATED IN U.S.A., CANADA, ENGLAND AND GERMANY.
LICENSED MANUFACTURERS IN FRANCE, ITALY, SPAIN, AUSTRALIA AND JAPAN.
SALES AND SERVICE OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LICENSED TO UMI.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BRINGS YOU
5 OTHER
ADVANTAGES, TOO

An entirely different kind of motor oil, Kendall SuperB All-Weather SAE 10W-30 completely satisfies the special lubrication needs of modern engine design. In addition to freedom from ping, Kendall SuperB brings you these advantages:

STOPS VALVE LIFTER CLATTER
LOWERS OIL CONSUMPTION
REDUCES ENGINE WEAR
PROLONGS ENGINE LIFE
INCREASES GASOLINE MILEAGE

Refined from 100% Bradford Pennsylvania Crude Oil...

KENDALL 2000 MILE OIL

KENDALL REFINING COMPANY, BRADFORD, PENNA.

Please Pass the Ham (Continued from Page 41)

on the premises until the girl who had been waiting on them came to his office for advice. She said that some people name of Rockefeller had ordered a dozen hams shipped and billed to them at Bar Harbor, Maine. The old gentleman had complained that the price was ruinous, the girl added, so she wondered if Mr. Sprigg wanted to extend them credit.

Lovers of country ham include Lady Astor, who sometimes buys as many as fifty Virginia hams on visits here, and takes them home to England. Another enthusiast was the late Uncle Dave Macon, "The Dixie Dewdrop," a member of the Grand Ole Opry troupe of hillbilly radio entertainers. Uncle Dave used to carry a big Tennessee country ham in a greasy tow sack on his travels. Whenever he felt hungry, he would bring his ham into a restaurant, slice off a slab and order it fried then and there. The Chinese are unusually fond of country ham; their embassy in Washington orders it regularly by telephone from Smithfield.

True country hams are produced mainly in the states of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Georgia, and a few counties in Missouri. When a resident of these regions arises on a frosty morning and gets a whiff of country ham frying for breakfast, he is reminded of nature's most lavish season, late autumn—frost on the pumpkin, corn in the shock, haze in the valley, a season of abundance, good living on the farm, and hog killing, that greasy festival that marks the climax of the farm year. It is not only meat frying in the pan that he smells; he is savoring memories and dreams.

Until a few years ago, practically every farmer in the ham belt killed hogs in November for fresh meat, lard, bacon and sausage. But his principal work of art was his hams. Nowadays, because of economic reasons, warmer winters and a shortage of help, not one farmer in ten kills his own hogs.

Most farmers, along with country folk moved to town, now buy their country hams from a small group of enterprising Southerners who cure them commercially. Their curing methods are scientific and their hams actually look and taste better than the old farm-cured ones. Whether country ham will maintain its prestige under this system depends upon how well its makers can infuse into their products the sentimental associations that have always made country hams an expression of sectional pride. Hams get close to the hearts of their makers.

Cason Callaway, the well-known capitalist and agrarian of Hamilton, Georgia, says, "My mother used to go out in the country at Thanksgiving and Christmastime looking for a fine gobbler and a two-year-old country ham. But people didn't want to sell the hams. When you did manage to get one, you felt as if the man who made it was giving you a member of his family.

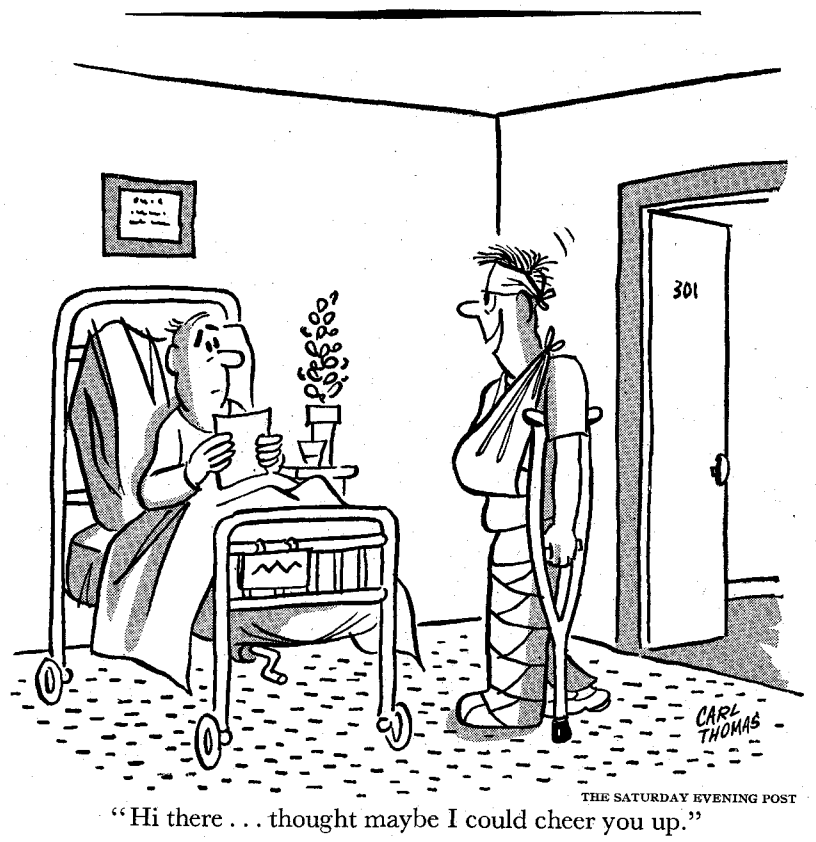
"I remember one time stopping my car in Kentucky where a family was killing hogs. The lard kettles were bubbling and the sausage mills were running and everybody was having a great time in the smoke and grease. I hollered over to them, 'I bet you've got some of the best aged hams in the world.'

"And they hollered back: 'We shore have, but we're agoin' to eat them ourselves. It was too much trouble makin' them to sell them.'"

Some well-to-do Southern families show off their collection of country hams in the way a hunter displays big-game heads. Mountain and backwoods families keep their prized home-cured hams under the spare bed, safe from prowling animals or hungry neighbors.

"Ignorant Northern Yankees," as they are called by some Southern-ham people, believe that if a country ham is not spoiled already, it soon will be unless it's put in a refrigerator. This is a frightful insult to any country ham, cured to hang and ripen summer after summer under a hot roof. Some gourmets claim that a ham must hang five years before it is fit to eat, but most prefer them one to two years old.

Tourists from the North display their ignorance about country hams most often when bargaining for them at roadside stands. Erskine Early, who has sold hams for thirty-two years at a stand at Spring Hill, Tennessee, has catalogued the tourists' principal doubts, and the standard replies made by ham salesmen, as follows:



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hi there . . . thought maybe I could cheer you up."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YANKEE: Your price is outrageous. I can get ham at home for forty-one cents a pound.

SOUTHERN HAM SALESMAN: If you want to buy one and find out why I can get my price, go ahead; if you want to live in ignorance, don't.

YANKEE: But this ham is moldy.

SOUTHERN HAM SALESMAN: A ham and a man are both supposed to improve with age. A ham usually does, but both grow beards when they are old enough.

YANKEE: Will it keep until I can get it home?

SOUTHERN HAM SALESMAN: It will keep forever, but it won't last long.

YANKEE: There is too much bone.

SOUTHERN HAM SALESMAN: We've been trying to breed hogs without ham bones for years, but they can't stand up.

Ham-belt dwellers regard ignorance by outsiders with a measure of pity, but they have no patience with one another. There are people in all these states, in many counties within each state and in areas within the counties who claim that hams produced outside their region are no good.

In Virginia, Georgia and in some North Carolina counties, it is felt that peanut-fed hogs make the only decent hams, because their delicate fat keeps the meat moist. Other ham states claim peanut-fed meat is too greasy. This question inspires more savage disputes than politics or religion.

The most famous hams come from the little Colonial town of Smithfield, Virginia, population 1180, in Isle of Wight County near the James River. Its ancient, thick-walled houses have small-paned windows, sunken first floors and high, white-railed porches that rise around the narrow streets like pictures from history books. At night, damp odors sweep in from the tidewater marshes to combine with aromas of ancient, salt-rotten boards from the big smokehouses where half a million hams are ripening. Smithfield is isolated and provincial, but it takes its hams seriously.

Thirty years ago, when he thought that outsiders were about to plagiarize their famous name, the late P. D. Gwaltney, Jr., head of the oldest ham house in Smithfield, prompted the Virginia General Assembly to pass a law defining the Smithfield ham as follows:

"Cut from the carcass of peanut-fed hogs raised in the peanut belt of the state of Virginia or the state of North Carolina and which are cured, treated, smoked and processed in the town of Smithfield in the state of Virginia by what is known as the long-curing process."

Smithfield hams come from slender razor-backed hogs of the Hampshire, Berkshire or Tamworth breed, or variations or mixtures thereof. Traditionally, Smithfield hogs are supposed to grow up in the woods, browsing on nuts and berries. They are turned into the peanut fields in the early fall, and are later fattened on corn for two weeks.

Each ham is chilled one night, then sprinkled with saltpeter, then rubbed with the finest flake salt and allowed to lie in salt at a temperature of forty to forty-two degrees for five days, when it is turned and resalted. It is then left in salt under refrigeration, a day and a half for each pound. The ham is next scrubbed with hot water. Its face and edges are rubbed with pure ground black pepper. It is hung and smoked daily for about three weeks over smoldering fires of hickory chips, oak sawdust and sometimes applewood. When the hams have the desired amber color, they are allowed to hang for at least seven months without touching one another in the smokehouse and, for some customers, as long as eighteen months.

All country hams are cured in somewhat the same way, but details vary widely, even in Virginia. In Orange County they smoke hams with corncobs. In the Valley of Virginia, between Winchester and Staunton, sugar is mixed with the curing salt; the hams are given a short smoke with sassafras wood, and are smeared with black molasses to age. In Georgia they rub hams with red pepper mixed in the black. In Tennessee they use no pepper at all. Some authorities coat their hams with honey; others bury them in ashes. Some pack hams in salt. Others merely rub them in salt. Most prefer dry salt, but some like brine.

Country ham is in its greatest glory at Christmastime, when it is boiled, then baked under a crown of spices and fruits. In Virginia a ham is cooked in 180-degree water twenty-five minutes to the pound. Some Missouri cooks bake it dry in a paper bag. Tennesseans boil it hard for thirty minutes in a big lard stand. They remove the lard stand from the fire and, with the ham and hot water still inside, wrap it in heavy blankets and allow the ham to cook slowly all night in the cooling liquor.

Among many ham lovers there is a powerful prejudice against the practice of serving baked ham with raisin sauce. A former secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Columbia, Missouri, contends to this day that he lost his job because he allowed ham to be served with raisin sauce at the annual Chamber of Commerce dinner.

Columbia, in Boone County, is the center of Little Dixie, a dozen counties in Central Missouri that were settled by people from Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia and North Carolina. These counties remain violently Southern in sentiment, always vote Democratic, and talk louder about their hams than people anywhere else.

Loudest voice of all is that of Col. Robert E. Lee Hill, of Columbia, secretary of the Missouri Bankers' Association, arch foe of raisin sauce, and the state's leading authority on country ham, sorghum and Shakerag jelly. Some years ago, while serving as president of Rotary International, Colonel Hill made two trips around the world to visit the clubs in Patagonia, Timbuktu and elsewhere.

"Several times on my travels the food almost got me," he says. "But fortunately I had arranged to have shipped to me along the way a number of old Boone County hams. Each time foreign food nearly had me down, one of those fine Missouri hams would catch up to me. I would smell it, savor it, eat it, and sop up the gravy, which gave me the strength to endure and advance."

The devotion of a true ham lover to his subject is illustrated by an incident that used to be described by the late Robert L. Taylor, one-time governor of Tennessee. He would tell it thus:

"I once knew an old fiddler who was the champion ham eater of the world. Many times I have watched with awe at my grandfather's table when the fiddler was a guest. He made the biscuits and batter cakes vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision. But he was a specialist at destroying ham.

"Once a great piece of ham lodged in his gullet as tightly as a bullet in a rusty gun. His Adam's apple shot up to his chin and he turned to my grandfather and gasped, 'Mr. Haynes, I'm choked.'

"My grandfather hit him across the back time and again, but the ham wouldn't move. The fiddler turned purple in the face. My grandfather ran

Treat your family to a restaurant meal—soon!
Eat out for a change. Take the whole family along. Restaurants always feature special dishes that you'll enjoy. America's quality restaurants serve Sexton Quality Foods.

Sexton Quality Foods

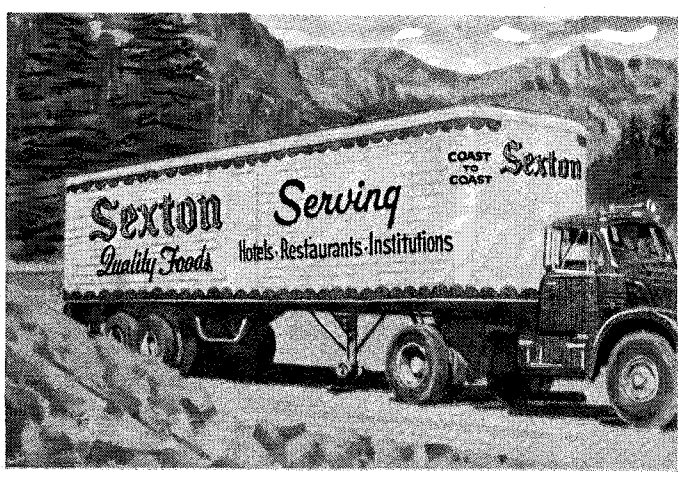
America's greatest food service for restaurants, hotels, clubs, motels, resorts, coffee shops and fountains...hospitals and nursing homes...schools, colleges and camps...railroads, airlines, steamships ...industrial dining rooms.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Sexton Quality Foods consistently win the highest recognition for flavor, freshness and wholesomeness. Throughout the nation, Sexton stands first in the esteem of establishments that serve meals to millions of people daily. There is no mistaking Sexton quality—always outstanding—trustworthy for 74 years!

JOHN SEXTON & CO.

Youngsters go for the taste of Sexton foods!
Teen-agers—or school beginners—they're all choosey about meals. Sexton foods taste just right. Sexton supplies America's best schools, colleges and camps.



Famous Sexton trucks cover America—coast to coast!
A familiar sight on roads all over the U.S.A.—the distinctive trucks of the great white Sexton fleet! A nation-wide network of Sexton warehouses—insuring prompt deliveries direct to Sexton customers!

Sexton foods rate tops with airline chefs!
Like good food? You are offered tempting, versatile menus on airliners. Delicious meals are graciously served. And usually included—Sexton Quality Foods!

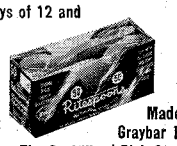
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR EATING PLEASURE need not be marred by the fear that the disposable spoon served to you has been previously used, wiped-off and put back into service unclean. When an OWD Ritespoon is on the tray at drive-in, fountain lunch, or snack bar, you can see at a glance that an OWD Ritespoon cannot be served more than once without unmistakably revealing any previous use.

Recent scientific studies* of single-service spoons served in refreshment places and used in the home and for picnics and parties show that OWD Ritespoon is the cleanest, the smoothest and the only single use spoon made of naturally pure hard wood fashioned in the true shape of metal ware. No dyes, coloring agents, chemicals, nor other additives are employed in manufacture. Look for—ask for OWD Ritespoons wherever single-service spoons are served with food. Buy them in practically all stores and markets for home use.

DEALERS, FOOD SERVICE ESTABLISHMENTS
Write for samples . . . Ask your wholesaler.

You get more for your money in this new economy carton of 50 OWD Ritespoons. Look for it where you shop. Also available in trays of 12 and bulk cartons of 100 and 500. 4 sizes, with OWD Ritefork meet every need in public and home serving of hot and cold foods and drinks.

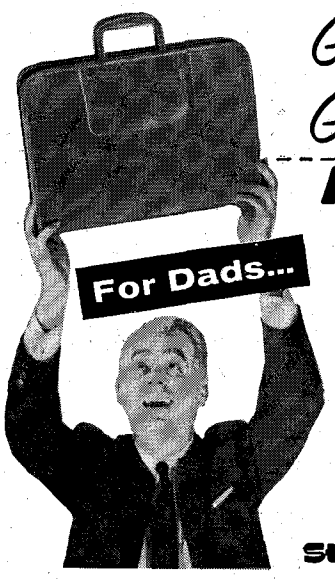


OWD Ritespoon®

Made only by OVAL WOOD DISH CORPORATION, Tupper Lake, N.Y.
Graybar Bldg., New York City • 506 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
The Oval Wood Dish Co. of Canada, Ltd., Industrial Center No. 5, Quebec, P.Q.

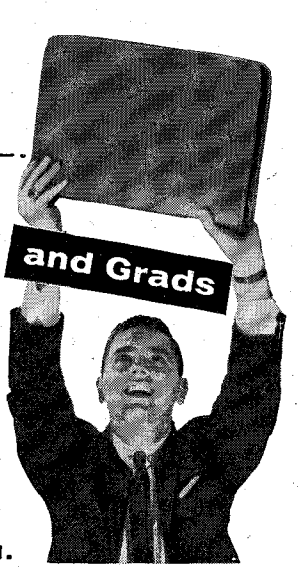
*William T. Ingram—Investigation of sanitary aspects of single-service spoons 1955-56.

Great Gifts FOR Great Guys



Tufide CASES

TUFIDE business or school cases are unconditionally guaranteed 5 full years, yet cost far less per year than ordinary cases. Amazing TUFIDE *looks* like leather . . . *feels* like leather . . . *outwears* leather 5 to 1. At better luggage, stationery and department stores.



Stebco Chicago 7, Ill.

LISTO MARKING PENCIL
writes on everything!
Makes a clear, bold mark on any surface!
27¢
REFILLS in black, red, blue, yellow, green and white
15¢
at variety and stationery stores everywhere
LISTO PENCIL CORPORATION, ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

MORE PEOPLE USE
Sugarine ®
America's original and oldest calorie-free liquid sweetener
1916 - 1957
SWEETER THAN SUGAR - YET NO FOOD VALUE
doctors recommend SUGARINE
for diabetics, overweights, low calorie diets
PURE-HARMLESS-ECONOMICAL
GUARANTEED NON-FATTENING
4 oz. bottle only 75c
AT FOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

into the back yard, grabbed a plank three feet long and two inches thick, rushed back, and shouted, 'Now, William, get down on all fours!'

"Grandfather laid the old man's coattails across his back and yelled, 'Now William, when I hit, swallow!'

"He hit William a mighty blow on his rear, and the fiddler shot like a rocket across the room. Then, before anyone else had recovered, he was seated at the table again.

"'Is it down, William?' my grandfather asked.

"'Yes, Mr. Haynes, thank the Lord, it's gone. Please pass the ham.'"

Most Southerners prefer their ham fried, and there is widespread dispute on how to prepare it. Most agree it should be fried on slow heat in a black iron skillet, but the agreement ends there. Some say gravy is best made by pouring pure water into the smoking grease. Others claim that sugar should first be caramelized in the grease, and still others say that coffee, not water, should be mixed with the ham drippings.

The gravy resulting from all these methods is red, and sprinkled with little amber-rimmed "eyes" of grease. This is known variously as red ham gravy, speckled gravy, spot gravy and rattlesnake gravy, and as red-eye, frog-eye and cat-eye gravy. Virginians make no gravy at all. They merely warm up baked ham for breakfast, a practice that horrifies other ham regions.

The greatest breakfast ham I ever ate was cooked by my grandmother on a farm in Tennessee. She would put the slices of ham on a grill made by our local blacksmith from iron rods, with a furrow in each rod to catch the grease. My grandmother would remove the top from the firebox end of the old wood stove, and set the grill, loaded with ham, among the crackling flames from red-cedar stovewood. The ham would broil exquisitely, absorbing the flavor of cedar and smoke while the flames delicately rimmed the fatty edges with char.

Grannie would mix the drippings with thickening and butter, which produced a rich, dark brown sauce. One of the old Baptist preachers who often ate with us would take an enraptured look at the broiled ham and gravy, the scrambled eggs, hot biscuits and cherry, strawberry and damson-plum preserves. Then he would let loose with a prayer of thanks that reached great heights of poetic fervor, lasting for fifteen minutes, while the rest of us stared at our plates and tried to quiet our stomach grumblings.

There were a few commercial-ham producers back in those days, such as Mr. Will Jones, who lived over near Franklin, Tennessee, and killed as many as 800 hogs some seasons. On an early winter morning Mr. Jones would be awakened by his window blind banging against the chimney, which meant that the wind had shifted into the northwest, piling cold clouds across the sky. Mr. Jones would wake up his big Negro hired hand, Fate Crump, who would get on a mule and ride through the dark hills bellowing, "Hawg-killin' time today!"

By sunup thirty or forty Negroes were on hand with knives in their belts, and swathed against the cold in old sweaters and stocking caps. They would help in the hog killing for a week, gorging themselves at dinnertime on stew made of the livers and the lights (lungs), the melts (spleens) and other innards of the hog. You could smell it cooking a mile. The sausage, "bones" and tenderloins were sold locally. Later, the hams, bacon and shoulders were shipped to the big wholesale houses in Nashville, Memphis, Birmingham and Atlanta.

Mr. Jones is eighty-three now, and the hog-killing era he knew is a memory. The outdoor furnace where the lard kettles boiled is falling apart, and chickens roost in his old smokehouse, where a thousand hams once hung. The new generation of country-ham producers buy their hams from antiseptic slaughterhouses.

The most important of the South's scientific producers of country ham is Mrs. Elizabeth Talmadge, wife of Herman Talmadge, United States senator from Georgia. Mrs. Talmadge entered the ham business five years ago. Last year she sold 62,000 hams; more than anyone outside Smithfield.

Al Wullenwaber, of Dunn, North Carolina, with an annual output of 15,000 hams, is the largest of perhaps forty North Carolina producers. He has conducted taste tests of peanut-fed versus corn-fed hams, and six-months-old versus year-old hams with the local civic-club luncheon groups. Most of them, Wullenwaber says, couldn't tell the difference.

In Quitman, Georgia, John Duncan, Jr., is producing 6000 hams a year. At Flatcreek, Tennessee, V. L. Bills turns out about 5000 a year under artificial curing and aging conditions of both heat and cold that he says make the equivalent of a year-old ham in a bare five months.

At Cadiz, Kentucky, Pollard White's Trigg County Trading Post has shipped 3000 to 4000 country hams a year for thirty years to select customers from Wall Street to Hollywood. Producing no hams himself, White distributes booklets of curing instructions to the local farmers to standardize their product. He selects the hams he buys by the old-time method of sticking a long needle into the ham, along the bone, withdrawing it and quickly sniffing it.

"If the needle smells like the ham is ready to go on the table right then without cooking," White explains, "it's a good ham."

Many Southerners have begun to realize that in country ham they have a distinctive product with widespread appeal. However, country ham has not begun to approach packing-house ham production, and probably never will. Even in Smithfield itself, the packing houses find it more profitable to produce an assortment of pork products. They devote a relatively small percentage of their effort nowadays to making their prestige product, that combination of careful curing, long aging and historical hoopla that is the Smithfield ham.

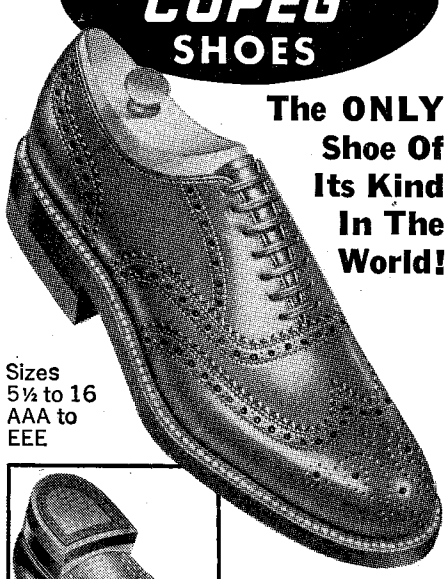
Legend says that Smithfield's settlers observed the Indians smoking haunches of venison, and applied their methods to pork. By the late 1600's, the hams they shipped to England were rivaling the famed product of the German duchy of Westphalia. The oldest of the existing Smithfield plants—there are four—was established just after the Civil War by Pembroke Decatur Gwaltney, a Confederate gunsmith. His three grandsons, Howard, Julius and P. D. Gwaltney, III, continue to run the business.

The character who has publicized the Smithfield ham most in recent times is Jim Sprigg, a "foreigner" from Charlottesville, Virginia. In 1925, when he became the owner of a bankrupt Smithfield ham plant, he set out to glorify Smithfield hams by emphasizing the town's color and traditions. He altered the story of Pocahontas saving Capt. John Smith from execution by the Indians, claiming the princess favored the captain because he was the only local Englishman who could cure a decent ham. Sprigg started this story as a joke; now some Smithfield boosters tell it as historical fact.

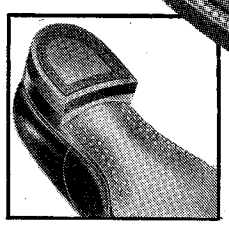
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Scholl's COPEG® SHOES

The ONLY Shoe Of Its Kind In The World!



Sizes 5½ to 16 AAA to EEE



Quality-crafted with hand-built, hand-pegged arch

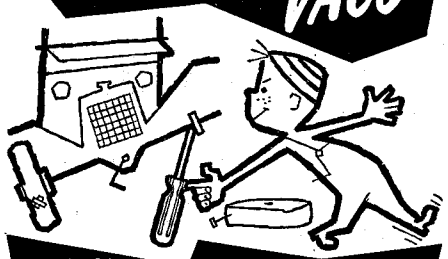
Makes Sensitive Feet Feel "Right At Home"!

Dr. Scholl's COPEG Shoes give you snug, restful, comfortable support and unmatched walking ease. Their famous arch construction of four rows of hand-driven hard maple pegs will never let your arch down throughout the long life of this shoe.

Dr. Scholl's COPEG Shoes are made of choicest soft kid or calfskin in black and brown Oxfords and High Shoes. Expertly fitted at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops in principal cities and selected Shoe and Dept. Stores. If not obtainable locally, write for catalog, Dept. S-57,

Dr. Scholl's Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois

Get a "lift" with VACO



VACO PRODUCTS CO.
317 E. Ontario, Chicago 11
In Canada: VACO-LYNN Montreal 1

Unconditionally Guaranteed
Screw Drivers
At leading stores everywhere

What Do 3 Out of 4 Doctors Recommend to Relieve Pain?

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin Tablets to relieve pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Here's why Anacin® gives you better *total* effect in relieving pain than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

- **ACTS INSTANTLY:** Anacin goes to work *instantly*. Brings fast relief to *source* of your pain.
- **MORE EFFECTIVE:** Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of effective, medically proven ingredients.
- **SAFER:** Anacin simply *can not* upset your stomach.
- **LESSENS TENSION:** Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin *today*.

$1,000.00 INSURED GUARANTEE!
CLOTHING REPLACED IF DAMAGED BY MOTHS

Odor-Aire Moth Blocks, Nuggets & Crystals; Bowl Clean; Bathroom Deodorant; Roach Block; Mildew Block; Insect Block; Diaper Pail Deodorizer; Garbage Block.

WHY NOT EARN MORE?

You can easily earn extra money by selling magazine subscriptions in your spare time. Thousands of our representatives made their start by asking for our generous commission offer. No obligation. Address a postal today!

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
980 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

The Spriggs moved into the 300-year-old home built by Arthur Smith, founder of the town. Sprigg dug up a skull and some bones from an Indian graveyard hard by, and hung them on the walls of the guest bedroom. He circulated a romantic legend about a granddaughter of Arthur Smith and her Revolutionary War soldier sweetheart, alleging that their ghosts hovered about the place on moonlit nights. Sprigg and his hams won rich publicity when seers, spiritualists, clairvoyants and soothsayers swarmed in from as far away as Montreal in order to observe this phenomenon of occult fiction.

Naturally enough, the hams of Smithfield and Virginia are targets for the verbal arrows of ham producers elsewhere. One of these controversies occurred at Christmas, 1950, when it was announced that President Truman was serving a fine Missouri ham for Christmas dinner.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch avowed that Mr. Truman was fortunate to have a Missouri ham, instead of "one of those half-done, oversalted horrors" from Virginia.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch was outraged: "If President Truman wants to pass up Virginia ham for the Missouri variety, that's his business," the editor wrote. "But we would like to sound this warning: That tasteless hunk of meat will be just the thing to put him in a nasty letter-writing mood."

The Greensboro Daily News now sounded off in praise of North Carolina hams. Newspapers in Tennessee and Georgia put in their two cents' worth. The Louisville Courier-Journal loftily wished good luck for second place to hams either from Virginia ("a scrubby type of commercial pork") or from Missouri ("horrible, stringy flab").

Outsiders then got into this Rebel row, including The Des Moines Sunday Register, which spoke lovingly of "Iowa's juicy, marbled, corn-fed hams." And somebody sent to the Post-Dispatch what he called "an old North Dakota ham." The original participants in the fight said he certainly had his nerve.

In the midst of the fracas, Frank P. O'Hare, of St. Louis, gourmet, extrovert and intellectual, wrote a letter to the editor of the Post-Dispatch pointing out that the whole argument was pointless, because, he said, real country ham was dead and gone—a victim of the changing times. Printed on January 27, 1951, his lament struck a nostalgic chord in the minds of many who had observed the arrival of science in the smokehouse.

"The old brood sow," wrote Mr. O'Hare, "was a pet, the neighborhood boar a porcine aristocrat. The pigs were born into a hog heaven. All their lives, until the moment of their painless deaths, each day of the changing seasons was for them one new adventure and delight.

"How mad with joy they were on a winter day when they smelled the overpowering fragrance of the kitchen slops! To see them basking in the sun in October or wallowing in the creek in June was to observe contentment. Came fattening time, and the shoats surrendered their freedom to be stuffed with golden corn.

"The age-old art of dressing and curing the meat proceeded. Fine herbs and spices were applied, and later the wreaths of hickory smoke caressed the hams hanging from the smokehouse rafters. Such delicacy! What skill!

"Is there a difference between a stage play and television, between a poem by Bobby Burns and one by Eddie Guest? That is the difference between a country ham and the mass substitute.

"And now," Mr. O'Hare concluded, "the whole world is in agony. We have lost our old Missouri ham. . . . This generation will have no memories, only comic books and television and gas fumes. Our children will ask each other: 'What is life for?' They will die feeling somehow they never lived, but only endured a series of emergencies.

"The old-time Missouri hog, representing the way of life of a happier day, died with a smile twisting his pink-tipped snout, secure in the knowledge that his hams would become objects of admiration and veneration in a civilization that understood such things." THE END

The Perfect Squelch

The plant superintendent, who believed that a factory should be kept as spotless as a parlor, was on his weekly inspection tour with the foreman. As usual, the superintendent found fault constantly: That hole should be filled. This entire area must be cleared.

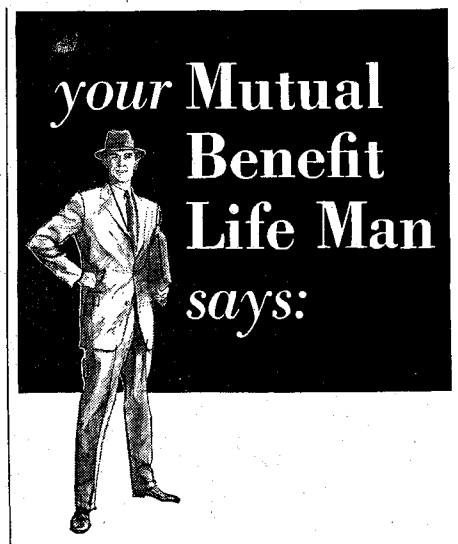
At each order, the harassed foreman made a careful note in his notebook.

When they came upon a 500-pound coupler lying on the ground, the foreman steeled himself for the expected barrage.

"Now there," said the superintendent, "if that was a twenty-dollar bill you wouldn't let it lie there."

"No, sir," the foreman replied, smiling. "But I can lift a twenty-dollar bill."

Cleo N. Mazza



"Creating an *estate* is like building a *house*...

. . . without a carefully worked-out plan—you're sunk!" Creating a healthy estate, for example, requires coordination of *all* your assets—analysis of your future as well as your present income and obligations—and a plan that is realistic as well as optimistic! Fortunately, the wise "architecting" of such programs is part of *every* Mutual Benefit Life man's training—and many Mutual Benefit Life men like **Rowland F. Mellor, New York City,** *specialize* in creating estates—especially for younger men.

The **Mutual Benefit Life** *Insurance Company, Newark, N. J.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOP THESE POWER Shopmate TOOLS BARGAINS!

When you clean up and fix up this spring, these Shopmate Power Tools can be your biggest aid to getting the work done, quickly and easily. And now they're available at big savings!

Gets you out of the house and out of the work . . .

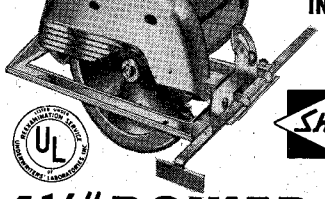
POWER Shopmate TOOLS **POWER TRIMMER**

Trims hours of work to minutes. Great for hedges, bushes, ornamental trees and shrubs. Patented trap-lock teeth give you the cleanest cut of any trimmer. Side handle attaches on back to trim wide hedges, exclusive extension handle (optional) for trimming high up. Powerful 1.6 amp. motor.

SAVE UP TO $20.00

only $29.95

Up to 15 times longer work life!



CUTS 2 x 4's AT 45° IN ONE CUT!

POWER Shopmate TOOLS

6¼" POWER SAW

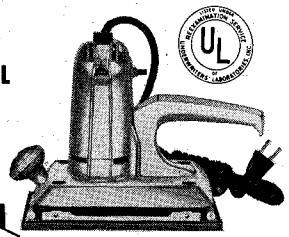
Shock loads, motor burnouts are virtually stopped by exclusive automatic safety clutch . . . lengthens saw life up to 15 times! Equipped with rip guide, adjustable shoe for angle cuts, automatic safety blade guard. Powerful 1—1/5 h.p. motor is always cool-running, vibration-free.

SAVE UP TO $21.07

only $48.88

Sand and polish this easy way . . .

GET A PROFESSIONAL FINISH EVERY TIME!



POWER Shopmate TOOLS **POWER OSCILLATING SANDER**

Saves you hours of hard, muscle-cramping work . . . sands, finishes, polishes all kinds of material from metals to plastics. Housing design permits perfect "feather-edging" and corner sanding. Powerful Universal 115 volt motor, 3500 orbits per minute. Knurled rollers lock sanding sheet positively, easily.

SAVE $15 TO $35

only $24.95

TOPS IN TOOL VALUE... POWER Shopmate TOOLS

PORTABLE ELECTRIC TOOLS, INC.
320 W. 83RD STREET • CHICAGO 20, ILLINOIS

No Blade of Grass

(Continued from Page 51)

"What's the idea of the tank trap?" he asked. "Getting ready for an invasion?"

The man in tweeds said, "That's clever." His voice had a note of approval. "You've got it in one. When they come tearing up from the West Riding, the way you've done, they're not going to find it so easy to pillage this little town."

"I get your point," Roger said.

There was something artificial about the situation. John was able to see more clearly now; there were more than a dozen men in the road, watching them.

"You see," the man in tweeds said, "you've got to look at it from our point of view. If we didn't protect ourselves, a place like this would be buried in the first rush. I'm telling you so you will understand we're not doing anything that's not sensible and necessary. You see, as well as being a target, you might say we're a honey pot. All the flies, trying to get away from the famine and the atom bombs, they'll all be traveling along the main roads. We catch them, and then we live on them—that's the idea."

"Bit early for cannibalism," Roger commented. "Or is it a habit to eat human flesh in these parts?"

The man in tweeds laughed. "Glad to see you've got a sense of humor. All's not lost while we can find something to laugh at, eh? It's not their flesh we want—not yet, anyway. But most of 'em will be carrying something, if it's only half a bar of chocolate. You might say this is a tollgate combined with a customs house. We inspect the luggage and take what we want."

John said sharply, "Do you let us through after that?"

"Well, not through, like. But round, anyway." His eyes—small and intent in a square, well-fleshed face—fastened on John's. "All right, mister. Ask the women to bring the kids out. We'll do the searching. Come on, now. Soonest out, soonest ended."

"O.K.," John said. . . . "Ann, you will have to wake Mary, I'm afraid. Bring her out for a moment."

They huddled together while some of the men began ransacking the insides of the cars and the boots. They were not long in unearthing the weapons. A little man with a stubble of beard held up John's automatic rifle with a cry.

The man in tweeds said, "Guns, eh? That's a better haul than we expected for our first."

"Just what do you propose to take off us?" John asked.

"That's easy enough. The guns, for a start. Apart from that, food, as I said. And petrol, of course. Mister, we're not leaving you anything that we can possibly make good use of."

"One car," John said, "and three gallons. So you don't have three women and four children on your consciences."

"Nay," the man said, "it's all very well talking about consciences, but we've got our own women and kids to think about."

Pirrie spoke. "Perhaps you will tell us what we can do. And what we can take. Blankets?"

"Aye, we're well enough supplied with blankets."

One of the searchers came up and reported to him, "Reckon we've got everything worth having, Mr. Spruce. Food and stuff. And the guns. Willie's siphoning the petrol."

"In that case," Mr. Spruce said, "you can go and help yourselves to what you want. I shouldn't carry too much, if I were you. You won't find the going easy. If you follow the river round"—he pointed to the right—"it's your best way for getting round the town."

"Thank you," Roger said. "You're a great help."

Mr. Spruce regarded him with beady benevolence. "You're lucky, getting here before the rush, like. Good luck, mister."

Roger looked at the cars, stripped already of food and weapons and with Willie, a youth lean and gangling and intent, completing the siphoning of the petrol.

"May you have the same luck," he said.

John said, "The important thing is to get away from here. After that we can decide the best plan to follow. As far as our things are concerned, I suggest we take three small cases for the present. Rucksacks would have been better, but we haven't got them. I shouldn't bother with blankets. Fortunately, it's summer. If it's chilly, we shall have to huddle together for warmth."

"I shall take my blanket roll," Pirrie said.

"I don't advise it," John told him.

Pirrie smiled, but made no reply.

They got away at last, toiling up rising ground, until they could look down, from a bare field, on the starlit roofs of the town lying between them and the moors. The night was very quiet.

"We'll rest here for a while," John said. "We can consider our plans."

Pirrie dropped the blanket roll; he had been carrying it, at first awkwardly under his arm and then more sensibly balanced on his shoulder.

"In that case, I can get rid of these blankets," he said.

Roger said, "I wondered how long it would be before you realized you were carrying dead weight."

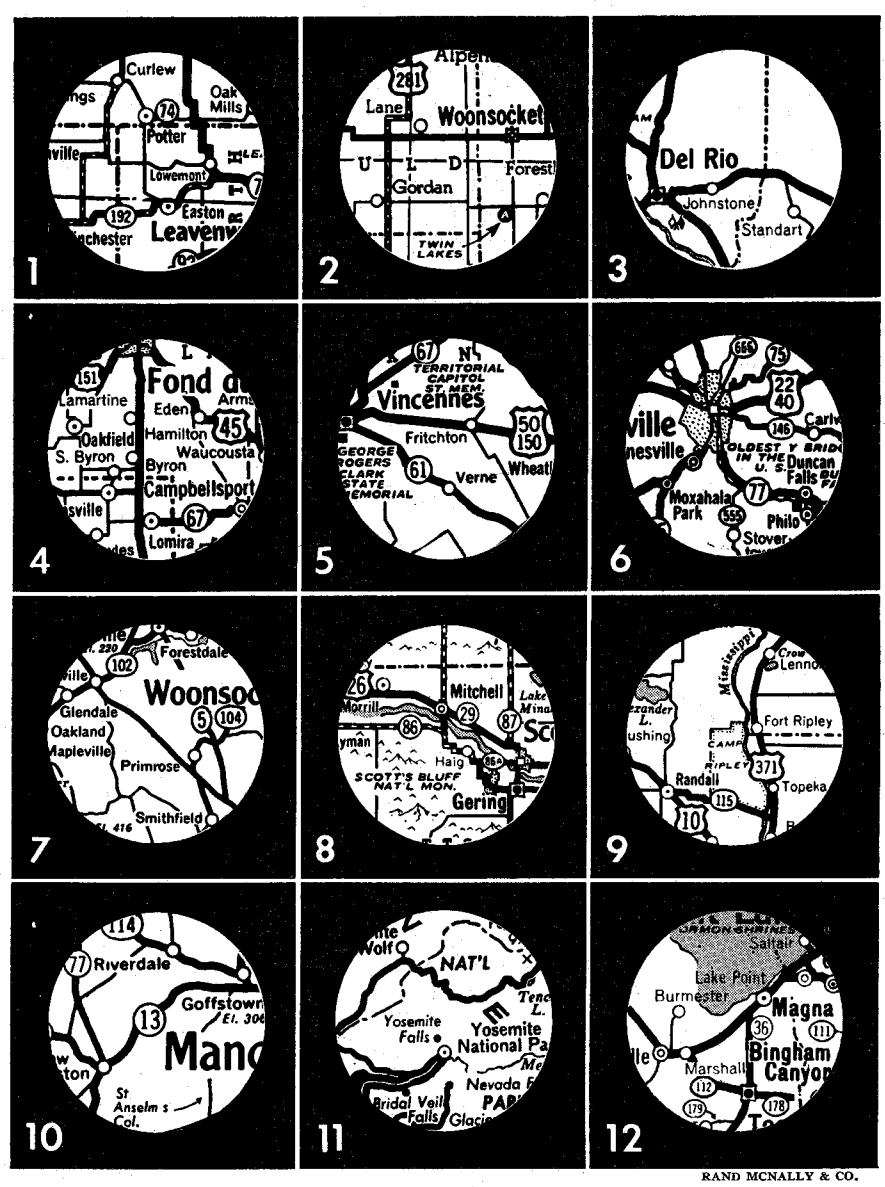
Pirrie was busy undoing the string that tied the roll; it was arranged in a series of complicated knots.

Roger asked curiously, "What have you got in there?"

Pirrie looked up. In the dim starlight, he appeared to be blinking. "When I was considerably younger," he said, "I used to travel in the Middle East—Transjordan, Iraq, Saudi Arabia. I learned the trick there of hiding a rifle in a blanket roll. The Arabs stole everything, but they preferred rifles."

Pirrie completed his unraveling. From the middle of the blankets he drew out his sporting rifle; the telescopic sight was still attached.

Roger laughed, loudly and suddenly. "Well, I'm damned! Things don't look quite so bad, after all. Good old Pirrie."



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 122*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pirrie lifted out a small box in addition. "Only a couple of dozen rounds, unfortunately," he said, "but it's better than nothing."

"I should say it is," said Roger. "If we can't find a farmhouse with a car and petrol, we don't deserve to get away with it. A gun makes the difference."

John said, "No. No more cars, because cars are too dangerous now. We were lucky down there. They could easily have riddled us with bullets first and stripped the cars afterward. They will have to do that eventually. If we try to make it to the valley by car, we're asking for something like that to happen. In a car you're always in a potential ambush."

"Reasonable," Pirrie murmured. "Very reasonable."

"Eighty-odd miles," Roger said. "On foot?"

"We're going to have to do it on foot. Probably it means three days instead of a few hours. But if we do it slowly, it's odds on our making it. The other way, it's odds against."

Roger said, "I'm for getting hold of a car and making a run for it. If we're making a trek across country with the kids, we're bound to have trouble."

"That's what we're going to do, though," John said.

Roger asked, "What do you think, Pirrie?"

"It doesn't matter what he thinks," John said. "I've told you what we're going to do."

Roger nodded at the silent, watchful figure of Pirrie. "He's got the gun," he said.

John said, "That means he can take over running the show, if he has the inclination. But until he does, I make the decisions." He glanced at Pirrie. "Well?"

"Admirably put," Pirrie remarked. "Am I allowed to keep the rifle? I hardly think I am being particularly vain in pointing out that I happen to have the greatest degree of skill in its use. And I am not likely to develop ambitions toward leadership. You will have to take that on trust, of course."

John said, "Of course you keep the rifle."

Roger said, "So democracy's out. That's something I ought to have realized for myself. Where do we go from here?"

"Nowhere until the morning," John said. "In the first place, we all need a night's sleep; and in the second, there's no sense in stumbling about in the dark in country we don't know. Everybody stands an hour's watch. I'll take first; then you, Roger; Pirrie; Millicent; Olivia"—he hesitated—"and Ann. Six hours will be as much as we can afford. Then we shall go and look for breakfast."

During her watch, Millicent had seen distant flashes toward the south two or three times, and had heard a rumble of noise long afterward. They might have been atom-bomb explosions. The question seemed irrelevant. It was unlikely that they would ever know the full story of whatever was taking place in the thickly populated parts of the country; and, in any case, it no longer interested them.

They began their march on a bright morning; it was cool, but promised heat. The objective John had set them was a crossing of the northern part of Masham Moor into Coverdale. After that, they would take a minor road across Carlton Moor and then strike north to Wensleydale and the pass into Westmorland.

They kept away from habitations, traveling in the bare fields and keeping close beside the hedges or stone walls which formed the boundaries. It was about half past six when they crossed the main road north of Masham, and the sun had warmed the air. The boys were happy enough, and had to be restrained from unnecessary running about. The whole party had something of a picnic air, except that Ann remained quiet, withdrawn and unhappy.

Millicent commented on this to John, when he found himself walking beside her across a patch of broken stony ground.

She said, "Ann shouldn't take things too much to heart, Johnny. It's all in a day's work."

John glanced at her. Neatness was a predominating characteristic of Millicent, and she looked now as though she were out for an ordinary country walk. Pirrie, with the rifle under his arm, was about fifteen yards ahead of them.

"I don't think it's so much what happened," John said, "as what she did afterward that's worrying her."

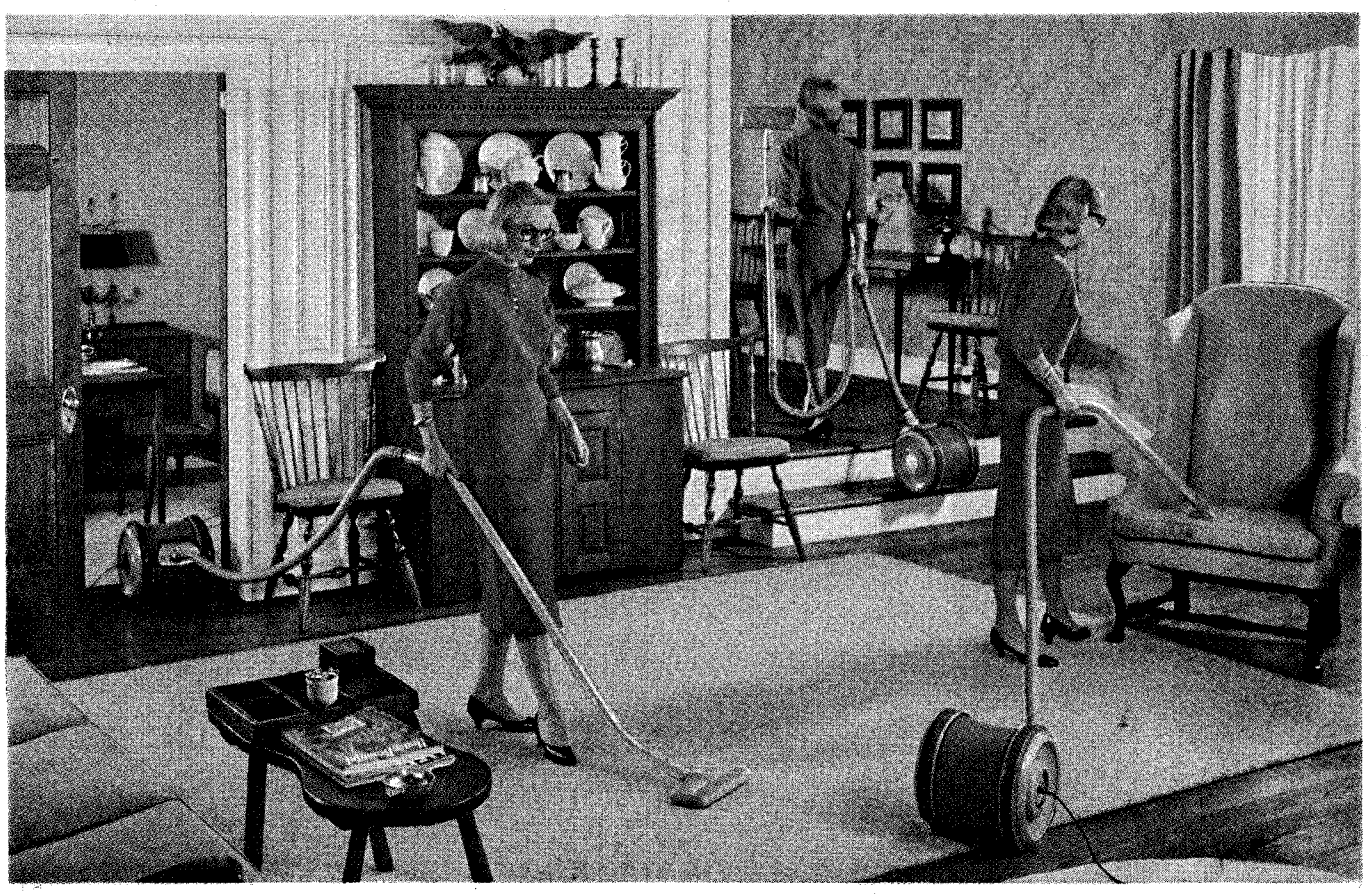
"That's what I meant was all in a day's work," Millicent said. She looked at John with frank admiration. "I liked the way you handled things last night. You know, quiet, but no nonsense. I like a man to know what he wants and go and get it."

Discounting her face, John thought, she looked a good deal more than a score of years younger than Pirrie; she was slim and tautly figured. She caught his glance and smiled at him. He recognized something in the smile, and was shocked by it.

He said briefly, "Someone has to make decisions."

"At first I didn't think you would be the kind who would, properly. Then, last night, I could see I was wrong about you."

It was not, he decided, the bold invitation of her look which shocked him in itself, but its presence here. She must, he was sure, have been cheating on Pirrie for some time, but that had been in London,

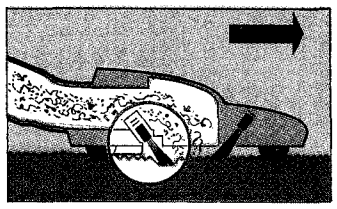


New! A vacuum cleaner you never have to lift!

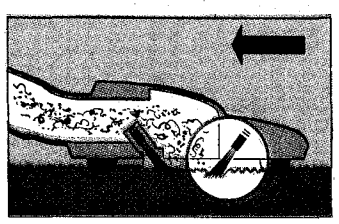
Lift no more, my lady! The amazing new General Electric "Roll-Easy" Vacuum Cleaner rolls anywhere easily—even up stairs. It's the ultimate in labor saving . . . lets you clean both high and low. It won't tip rolling over door sills, or rumple your scatter rugs as it rolls quietly from room to room.

The amazing new General Electric "Double-Action" Cleaning Unit glides along on full-width rollers to let you clean with brand-new ease. No changing! No lifting! No adjusting! One side cleans *both* carpets and floors . . . and you can use it on scatter rugs, too. It picks up stubborn lint and threads easily.

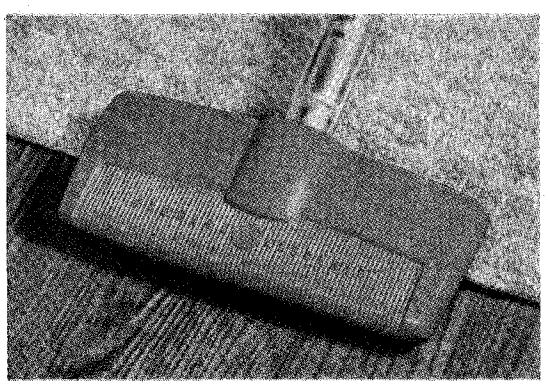
New General Electric "Double-Action" Cleaning Unit gets rugs and floors cleaner—faster!



Here's how this new unit works: The rear brush *pushes* dirt into the suction chamber.



The forward brush *pulls* it in! You clean rugs and floors with fewer strokes . . . less work!



One unit cleans rugs and floors. The low silhouette of General Electric's "Double-Action" Cleaning Unit lets you clean under beds, chairs, sofas and tables. It glides into spaces only *two inches high!* Vacuum Cleaner Dept., General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

GE Roll-Easy

VACUUM CLEANER

NEW LOW LOW PRICE— $59.95*

Price includes set of color-matched attachments and plentiful supply of extra-large "Throw-Away" Bags.

*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

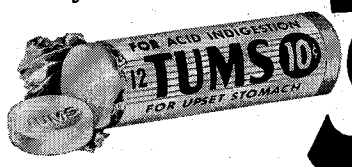
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't let your trip be spoiled by
Acid Indigestion
Heartburn Gas!

Carry TUMS Ideal Relief..
"People-Tested" by
Satisfied Millions!

• TUMS work faster, safer, surer than soda or alkalizers ... which may upset digestion, prolong discomfort.

• TUMS are ideal because they neutralize only the excess stomach acid ... safely, instantly, wherever you are! And TUMS relief really *lasts!*

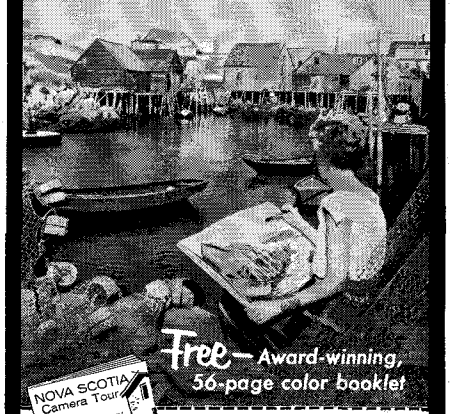


TUMS

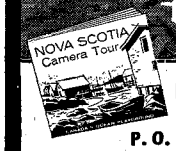
FOR THE TUMMY

STILL ONLY 10¢ A ROLL, 3-ROLL PACK 25¢

NOVA SCOTIA
not distant...
but
DIFFERENT!



Free—Award-winning, 56-page color booklet



NOVA SCOTIA
TRAVEL BUREAU
P. O. Box 130, Halifax, Nova Scotia

Please send free literature to: SEP-5-18-57

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

New York Office: 247 Park Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

in that warren of swarming humanity where the indulgence of one more lust could have no real importance. But here, where their interdependence was as starkly evident as the barren lines of what had been the moors, it mattered a great deal.

He said sharply, "Go and take over that case from Olivia. She's had it long enough."

She raised her eyebrows slightly. "Just as you say, big chief. Whatever you say goes."

On the edge of Witton Moor they found what John had been looking for—a small farmhouse, compact and isolated. It stood on a slight rise, surrounded by potato fields. There was smoke rising from the chimney. He gave Pirrie his instructions. Pirrie nodded, and rubbed three fingers on his right hand along his nose; he had made the same gesture, John remembered now, before going out after the gang who had taken Ann and Mary.

With Roger, John walked up to the farmhouse. They made no attempt at concealment, and strolled casually, as though motivated by idle curiosity. John saw a curtain in one of the front windows twitch, but there was no other sign that they had been observed. An old dog sunned himself against the side of the house. Pebbles crunched under their feet, a casual and friendly sound.

There was a knocker on the door, shaped like a ram's head. John lifted it and dropped it again heavily; it clanged dully against its metal base. As they heard the tread of feet on the other side, the two men stepped a little to the side.

The door swung open. The man on the other side had to come fully into the threshold to see them properly. He was a big man; his eyes were small and cold in a weathered red face. John saw with satisfaction that he was carrying a shotgun.

He said, "Well, what is it you want? We've naught to sell, if it's food you're after."

He was still too far inside the house.

John said, "Thanks. We're not short of food, though. We've got something we think might interest you."

"Keep it," the man said. "Keep it and clear off."

"In that case ——" John said.

He jumped inward so that he was pressed against the wall out of sight of the farmer. The man reacted immediately. "If you want gunshot ——" he said. He came through the doorway, the gun ready, his finger on the trigger.

There was a distant crack, and at the same time the massive body turned inward, like a top pulled by its string, and slumped between them. As he fell, a finger contracted. The gun went off crashingly, its charge exploding against the wall of the farmhouse. The echoes seemed to splinter against the calm sky. The old dog roused and barked feebly against the sun. A voice cried something from inside the house, and then there was silence.

John pulled the shotgun away from under the body which lay over it. One barrel was still unfired. With a nod to Roger, he stepped over the dead or dying man and went into the house. The door opened immediately into a big living room. The light was dimmer and John's gaze went first to the closed doors leading off the room and then to the empty staircase that ascended in one corner. Several seconds had elapsed before he saw the woman who stood in the shadows by the side of the staircase.

She was quite tall, but as spare as the farmer had been broad. She was looking directly at them, and she was holding another gun.

Roger saw her at the same time. He cried, "Watch it, Johnny!"

Her hand moved along the side of the gun, but as it did so, John's own hand moved also. The clap of sound was even more deafening in the confinement of the room. She stayed upright for a moment and then, clutching at the banister to her left, crumpled up. She began to moan as she reached the ground.

Roger said, "Oh, my God!"

John said, "Don't stand there. Get a move on. Get that other gun and let's get this house searched. We've been lucky twice, but we don't have to be a third time."

He watched while Roger reluctantly pulled the gun away from the woman; she gave no sign, but went on moaning.

Roger said, "Her face ——"

"You take the ground floor," John told him. "I'll go upstairs."

He searched quickly through the upper story, kicking doors open. He did not realize, until he had nearly finished his search, that he had forgotten something—that had been the second barrel and, until the shotgun was reloaded, he was virtually weaponless. One door remained. He hesitated and then kicked this open in turn.

It was a small bedroom. A girl in her middle teens was sitting up in bed. She stared at him with terrified eyes.

He said to her, "Stay here. Understand? You won't get hurt if you stay in here."

"The guns?" she said. "Ma and pa? What was the shooting? They're not ——"

He said coldly, "Don't move outside this room."

There was a key in the lock. He went out, closed the door and locked it. The woman downstairs was still moaning. Roger stood above her, staring down.

John said, "Well?"

Roger looked up slowly. "It's all right. There's no one else down here." He gazed down at the woman again. "Breakfast cooking on the range."

Pirrie came quietly through the open door. He lowered his rifle as he viewed the scene.

"Mission accomplished," he commented. "She had a gun as well? Are there any others in the house?"

"Guns or people?" John asked. "I didn't see any other guns, did you, Rodge?"

Still looking at the woman, Roger said, "No."

"There's a girl upstairs," John said. "Daughter. I locked her in."

"And this?" Pirrie directed the toe of one shoe toward the woman, now groaning deep-throatedly.

"She got the blast—in the face mostly," Roger said. "From a couple of yards' range."

"In that case ——" said Pirrie. He tapped the side of his rifle and looked at John. "Do you agree?"

Roger looked at them both. John nodded. Pirrie walked with his usual precise gait to where the woman lay. As he pointed the rifle, he said, "A revolver is so much more convenient for this sort of thing." The rifle cracked and the woman stopped groaning. "In addition to which, I do not like using the ammunition for this unnecessarily. We are not likely to replace it. Shotguns are much more likely equipment in parts like these."

John said, "Not a bad exchange—two shotguns and, presumably, ammunition for two rounds."

Pirrie smiled. "You will forgive me for regarding two rounds from this as worth half a dozen shotguns. Still, it hasn't been too bad. Shall we call the others up now?"

"Yes," John said, "I think we might as well."

In a strained voice, Roger said, "Wouldn't it be better to get these bodies out of the way first—before the children come up here?"

John nodded. "I suppose it would." He stepped across the corpse. "There's generally a hole under the stairs. . . . Yes, I thought so. In here. Wait a minute; here are the cartridges for the shotguns. Get these out first." He peered into the dark recesses of the cubbyhole. "I don't think there's anything else we want. You can lift her in now."

It took all three of them to carry the dead farmer in from the door and wedge his body also into the cupboard under the stairs. Then John went out in front of the house and waved. The day was as bright, and seemed fresher than ever with the absence of the pungent smell of powder. The old dog had settled again in its place; he saw now that it was very old indeed, and possibly blind.

The women came up the hill with the children. The picnic air was gone; the boys walked quietly and without saying anything.

Davey came up to John. He said, in a low voice, "What was the shooting, daddy?"

John looked into his son's eyes. "We have to fight for things now," he said. "We have to fight to live. It's something you'll have to learn."

"Did you kill them?"

"Yes."

"Where did you put the bodies?"

"Out of the way. Come on in. We're going to have breakfast."

There was a stain of blood at the door, and another where the woman had lain. Davey looked at them, but he did not say anything else.

When they were all in the living room, John said, "We don't want to be here long. The women can be getting us a meal. There are eggs in the kitchen, and a side of bacon. Get it done quickly. Roger and Pirrie and I will be sorting out what we want to take with us."

Spooks asked, "Can we help you?"

"No. You boys stay here and rest yourselves. We've got a long day in front of us."

Olivia had been staring, as Davey had done, at the marks of blood on the floor. She said, "Were there only—the two of them?"

John said curtly, "There's a girl upstairs—daughter. I've locked her in."

Olivia made a move toward the stairs. "She must be terrified!"

John's look stopped her. He said, "I've told you; we haven't time to waste on inessentials. See to the things we need. Never mind anything else."

For a moment she hesitated, and then she went through to the kitchen. Millicent followed her.

Ann stood by the door with Mary. She said, "Two are enough. We're going to stay outside. I don't like the smell in here."

John nodded. "Just as you want. You can eat out there as well, if you like."

Ann did not say anything, but led Mary out (*Continued on Page 124*)

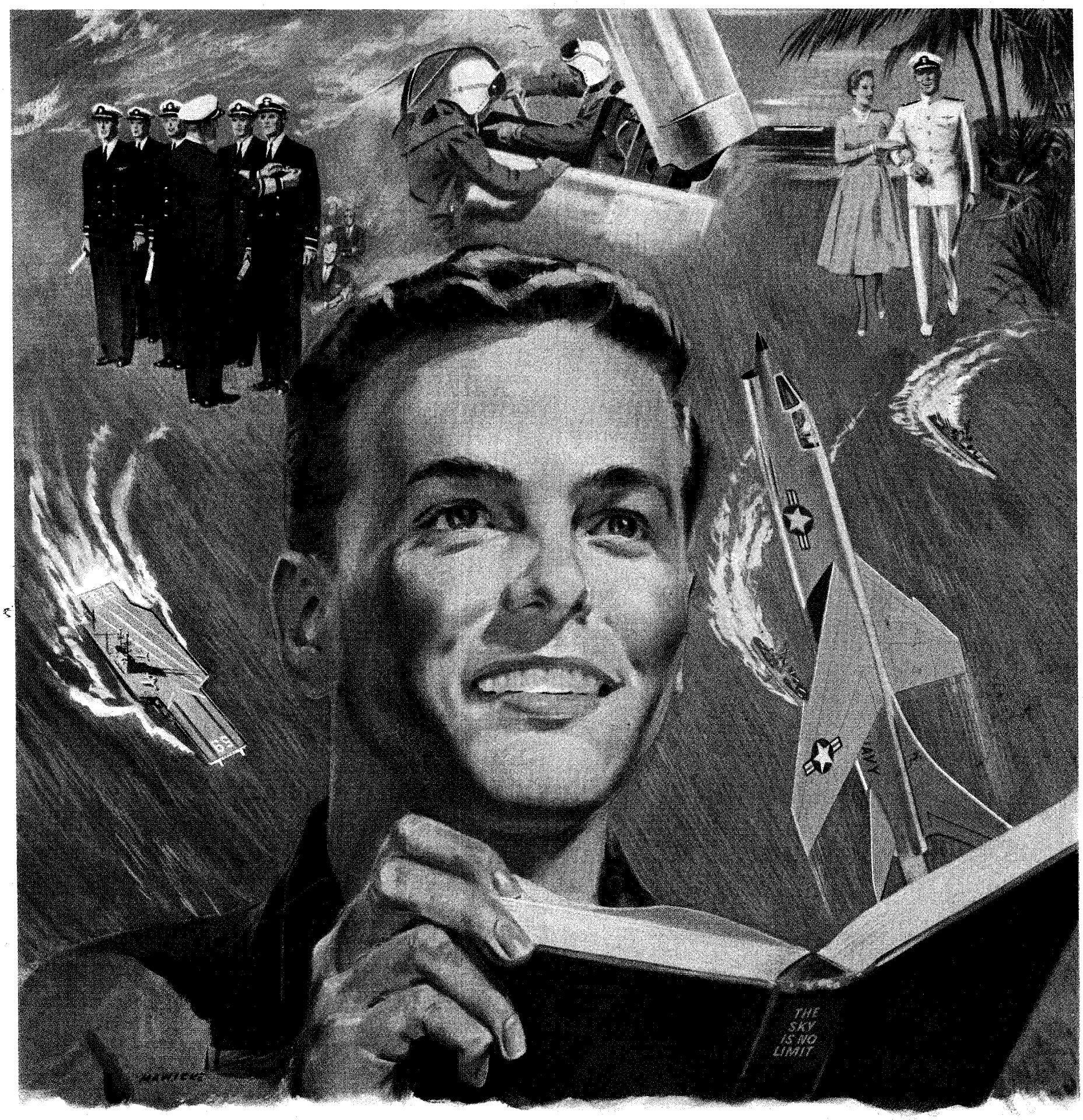
Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 120

1. Kan.	2. S. D.	3. Texas
4. Wis.	5. Ind.	6. Ohio
7. R. I.	8. Neb.	9. Minn.
10. N. H.	11. Calif.	12. Utah

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



To the boy who wants to fly

Here is the stuff that makes dreams come to life. There's a dash of science fiction...a bit of practical engineering...the clasp of a friendly hand... and a touch of faraway romance. There's adventure. And action. But above all, there is flight as the world below never knows it. Navy pilots are *given* nearly $100,000 worth of the world's finest executive training before they take command of the controls in high-performance jets like the Chance Vought F8U-1 *Crusader*, record-breaking Navy fighter. And when they make that final grade...the sky's no limit on any future they may choose.

Are *you* ready for it? Do you want the advantages that only Air Navy executive training can offer? Why not get the challenging facts and then decide. Clip and send the coupon to NAVCAD, Washington 25, D. C., right now.

CHANCE VOUGHT AIRCRAFT
INCORPORATED · DALLAS, TEXAS

BUILDERS OF MILITARY AIRCRAFT
40th ANNIVERSARY
1917 TO 1957

NAVCAD, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

Now there are two Air Navy flight programs. (*please check the one you want.*)

☐ NAVCAD Program. If you are 18-25, unmarried, with at least two years of college, you can qualify for the regular program.

☐ AVIATION OFFICER CANDIDATE. If you are 18-26, a college graduate, married or unmarried, you are eligible for early commission, increased pay and other benefits.

NAME_____ AGE_____

ADDRESS_____

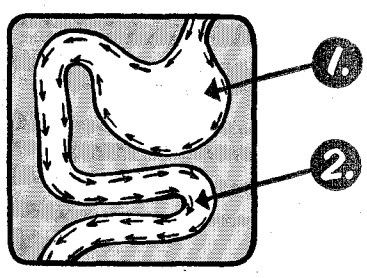
CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

CV18

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"By Golly! This is the stuff!" Says Arthur Godfrey

For UPSET STOMACH, indigestion, nausea
—Hospital Tested Pepto-Bismol
works where soda and alkalizers fail!



1. Pepto-Bismol helps soothe in the stomach ... where overdoses of soda and alkalizers may actually prolong the upset!

2. Pepto-Bismol also helps calm distress in the intestinal tract ... where soda and alkalizers never help!

Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes both the irritated stomach and intestinal walls with a gentle coating action. It helps retard gas formation; calm heartburn, nausea.

P.S. MOTHERS! Pepto-Bismol is effective, mild, safe for children, too. They love its wonderful flavor!

Take Hospital Tested
Pepto-Bismol®
...and feel good again!

A NORWICH PRODUCT

(*Continued from Page 122*) into the sunshine. Spooks, after a brief hesitation, followed them. The other boys sat on the old-fashioned sofa under the window. There was a clock ticking rhythmically on the wall facing them. It was glass-fronted, so that its works were visible. They sat and stared at it, and spoke to each other in whispers.

By the time the food was ready, the men had got all they needed. They had found two large rucksacks and a smaller one, and had packed them with chunks of ham and pork and salted beef, along with some homemade bread. The cartridges for the guns were slipped in on top.

When they had finished their meal, Olivia started collecting the plates. It was when Millicent laughed that John saw what she was doing. She put the plates down again in some confusion.

John said, "No washing up. We get moving straight away. It's an isolated place, but any house is a potential trap."

The men began picking up their guns and rucksacks.

Olivia said, "What about the girl?"

John glanced at her. "What about her?"

"We can't leave her like this."

"If it bothers you," John said, "you can go and unlock her door. Tell her she can come out when she likes. It doesn't matter now."

"But we can't leave her in the house!" She gestured toward the cupboard beneath the stairs. "With those."

"What do you suggest, then?"

"We could take her with us."

John said, "Don't be silly, Olivia. You know we can't."

Olivia stared at him. Behind her plump diffidence, he saw, there was resolution.

Olivia said, "If not, I shall stay here with her."

"And Roger?" John asked. "And Steve?"

Roger said slowly, "If Olivia wants to stay, we'll stay here with her. You don't need us, do you?"

John said, "And when the next visitor calls, who's going to open the door? You or Olivia—or Steve?"

There was a silence. The clock ticked, marking the passing seconds of a summer morning.

Roger said then, "Why can't we take the girl, if Olivia wants to? We brought Spooks. A girl couldn't be any danger to us, surely?"

Impatient and angry, John said, "What makes you think she would come with us? We've just killed her parents."

"I think she would come," Olivia said.

"How long would you like to have to persuade her?" John asked. "A fortnight?"

Olivia and Roger exchanged glances. Roger said, "The rest of you go on. We'll try and catch up with you—with the girl, if she will come."

To Roger, John said, "You surprise me, Rodge. Surely I don't have to point out to you just how damn silly it is to split our forces now?"

They did not answer him. Pirrie and Millicent and the boys were watching in silence. John glanced at his watch.

"Look," he said, "I'll give you three minutes, Olivia, to talk to the girl. If she wants to come, she can. But we aren't going to waste any more time persuading her—none of us. All right?" Olivia nodded. "I'll come up with you."

He led the way up the stairs, unlocked the door and pushed it open. The girl was out of bed; she looked up from a kneeling posture, possibly one of prayer. John stood aside to let Olivia enter the room. The girl stared at them both, her face expressionless.

Olivia said, "We should like you to come with us, my dear. We are going to a safe place up in the hills. It wouldn't be safe for you to stay here."

The girl said, "My mother—I heard her screaming, and then she stopped."

"She's dead," Olivia said. "Your father too. There's nothing to stay here for."

"You killed them," the girl said. She looked at John. "He killed them."

Olivia said, "Yes. They had food and we didn't. People fight over food now. We won and they lost. It's something that can't be helped. I want you to come with us, all the same."

The girl turned away, her face pressed against the bedclothes. In a muffled voice, she said, "Leave me alone. Go away and leave me alone."

John looked at Olivia and shook his head. She went over and knelt down beside the girl, putting an arm round her shoulders. She said gently, "We aren't bad people. We're just trying to save ourselves and our children, and so the men kill now, if they have to. There will be others coming who will be worse—who will kill just for the sake of killing, and torture, too, perhaps."

The girl repeated, "Leave me alone."

John said, "I told you, Olivia. We can't take her away against her will. And as for your staying here with her; you've just said yourself the place is a deathtrap."

Olivia got up from her knees, as though acquiescing. But instead she took the girl by the shoulders and twisted her round to face her. She had considerable strength of arm, and she used it now, not brutally, but with determination.

She said, "Listen to me! You're afraid, aren't you? Aren't you?"

Her eyes held the girl as though in fascination. The girl's head nodded.

"Do you believe I want to help you?" Olivia asked her.

Again she nodded.

"You're coming with us," Olivia said. "We're going across the Pennines to a place in Westmorland where we can all be quite safe, and where there won't be any more killing and brutality." Olivia's normal reserve was entirely gone; she spoke with a bitter anger that carried conviction. "And you are coming with us. We killed your father and mother, but if we save you, we shall have made up to them a little bit. They wouldn't want you to die here as they have done."

The girl stared silently. Olivia said to John, "You can wait outside. I'll help her dress. We shall only be a couple of minutes."

John shrugged. "I'll go downstairs and see that everything's ready. A couple of minutes, remember."

"We'll be down," Olivia said.

In the living room, John found Roger fiddling with the controls of a radio that stood on the sideboard. He looked up as John came down the stairs.

"Nothing," he said. "I've tried North, Scotland, Midland, London—nothing at all."

"Ireland?" John asked.

"Nothing I can hear. I doubt if you could pick them up from here anyway."

"Perhaps the set's dead."

"I found one station. I don't know what the language was—it sounded Middle European. Sounded pretty desperate too."

"Short waves?"

"Haven't tried."

"I'll have a go." Roger stood aside, and John switched down to the short-wave band and began to fan the dial, slowly and carefully. He covered three quarters of the dial without finding anything; then he picked up a voice, distorted by crackle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MORE TO DO - MORE TO SEE
MORE TO ENJOY
IN
Atlantic City
America's Favorite Vacation Resort

Colorful beaches - sparkling sea - the Boardwalk a wonderland of smart shops, shows, piers and amusements - something for every taste, every age, every interest, every hour of the day!

For Color Folder and Complete Information, Write Dept. P, Convention Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.

VIOBIN Wheat Germ Oil
HELPS HEART ACTION
·INCREASES ENDURANCE·
·STAMINA · VIGOR·
Read Amazing results
6 years' University Tests
FREE booklet No. 10
At Drug and Health Food Stores
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!
Only VioBin Oil proved effective!
VIOBIN, Monticello, Illinois

STICK WITH LE PAGE'S ·GLUE·
the finest GLASS CUTTERS are Red Devil Tools.

NEED CASH?
THEN This is For You! Write to the address below and we'll send you details about a money-making offer. No obligation.
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
981 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

DINSMORE Compasses
Beautiful, precision made. Designed and styled for modern cars. Dinsmore compasses save you time and money by showing you the right way —the short cuts. An ideal gift for every one who drives.
ONLY COMPASS APPROVED BY AUTO MAKERS!
WRITE FOR COMPASS HISTORY FOLDER
TRAVELITE (ILLUMINATED) $5.95
GUIDEWAY (NON-ILLUMINATED) $4.95
SEE YOUR DEALER
DINSMORE INSTRUMENT CO., 1801-27 Kelso St., Flint 1, Mich.

EASY-TO-USE LIQUID DISSOLVES CORNS
Amazing GETS-IT dissolves even toughest corns safely, quickly. Throbbing pain disappears. Don't suffer. Try GETS-IT Liquid Corn Remover today!
GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

and fading, but speaking English. He tuned it in to its maximum, and gave it all the volume he could:

". . . fragmentary, but all the evidence indicates that Western Europe has ceased to exist as a part of the civilized world."

The accent was American. John said softly, "So that beautiful banner yet waves."

"Numbers of airplanes," the voice continued, "have been arriving during last evening in parts of the United States and Canada. By the President's order, the people in them have been given sanctuary. The president of France and senior members of the French Government, and the Dutch and Belgian royal families are among those who have entered this country. It is reported from Halifax, Nova Scotia, that the British royal family and government have arrived there safely. According to the same report, the last Prime Minister of Great Britain, Raymond Welling, has said that the startling speed of the breakdown which has taken place there was largely due to the spread of rumors that major population centers were to be atom-bombed as a means of saving the rest of the country. These rumors, Welling claims, were entirely unfounded, but caused panic nevertheless. When told that the Atomic Energy Commission here had reported atomic-bomb explosions as occurring in Europe during the past few hours, Welling stated that he could not account for them, but thought it possible that isolated Air Force elements might have used such desperate measures in the hope of regaining control."

Some teen-agers regard home as the drive-in where pop pays for the hamburgers.

NOEL WICAL

Roger said, "So it got out of hand, and he threw it up and ran."

"One of the unsolved mysteries," John said.

The voice went on: "The following statement, signed by the President, was issued in Washington at nine P.M.:

"'It is to be expected that this country will mourn the loss to barbarism of Europe, the cradle of our Western civilization. We cannot help being grieved and shocked by what is taking place on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. At the same time, this does not mean that there is the slightest danger of a similar catastrophe occurring here. Our food stocks are high, and though it is probable that rations will have to be reduced in the coming months, there will still be ample food for all. In the fullness of time we shall defeat the Chung-Li virus and go out to reclaim the wide world that once we knew. Until then, our duty is to preserve within the limits of our own nation the heritage of man's greatness.'"

John said bitterly, "That's encouraging anyway."

He turned to see Olivia coming down the stairs with the girl. Now that she was dressed, he saw that she was two or three years older than Mary, a country girl, more distinguished by health than good looks. She looked from John's face to the stains on the floor, and back again, but her face did not show anything.

Olivia said, "This is Jane. She's coming with us. We're all ready now, Johnny."

John said, "Good. Then we'll push off."

The girl turned to Olivia. "Before I go—could I see them, just the once?"

Olivia looked uncertain. John thought of the two bodies, crammed in, without ceremony or compunction, beneath the stairs on which the girl now stood.

He said sharply, "No. It wouldn't do you or them any good, and we haven't got the time."

He thought she might protest, but when Olivia urged her forward gently, she came. She looked once round the living room, and walked out into the open.

"O.K.," John said, "we're off."

"One minor item," Pirrie said. The voice on the radio was still talking, falling toward and away from them on periodic swells of volume. It was outlining some new regulation against food hoarding. Pirrie walked over to the sideboard and, in a single movement, swept the radio onto the wooden floor. He put his heel solidly down onto the tangle of glass and metal, and mashed it into ruin. Then, extricating his foot with care, he went out with the rest.

Their journey, owing to the presence of the children, would have to be by fairly easy stages. John had planned for three days: the first march to take them to the end of Wensleydale, the second over the moors to a point north of Sedbergh, and the third, at last, to Blind Gill. It would be necessary to keep close to the main road, and he hoped that for long periods it would be possible to travel on it. He thought it was unlikely there would be any cars about. By now, Masham's example must have been followed in most of the North Riding. The cars would bog down long before they got to the Dale.

Roger said to him, as they made their way down by the side of a wood in the direction of Coverham, "I'm glad Olivia was able to persuade the girl to come with us. It would have been grim to think of her back there."

"You're getting sentimental, Rodge."

"No." Roger hitched his pack more firmly onto the middle of his back. "You're toughening up. It's a good thing, I suppose."

"Only suppose?"

"No. You're right, Johnny. It's got to be done. We're going to make it?"

"We're going to make it."

The houses they passed were closed and shuttered; if people still lived in them, they were giving no external sign of occupancy. They saw fewer people even than would have been normal in these parts; and when they did encounter others, there was no attempt at greeting on either side. For the most part, the people they met gave ground before the little party, and detoured round them. But twice they saw bands similar to theirs. The first of these was of five adults, with two small children being carried. The two parties stared at each other briefly from a distance and went their separate ways.

The second group was bigger than their own. There were about a dozen people in it, all adults, and several guns were in evidence. This encounter happened in the afternoon, a few miles east of Aysgarth. Apparently this group was crossing the road on their way south to Bishopdale. They halted on the road, surveying the approach of John and the others.

John motioned his own group to a stop about twenty yards away from them. There was a pause of observation. Then one of the men who faced them called, "Where are ye from?"

John said, "London."

There was a ripple of hostile interest. Their leader said, "There's little enough to be got in these parts for those who live here, without Londoners coming up scavenging."

John made no reply. He hefted his shotgun up under his arm, and Roger and

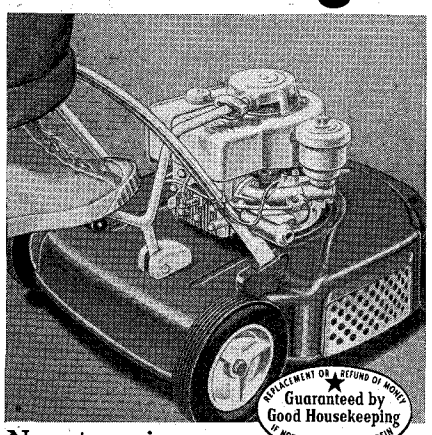
BLACKHAWK®
REPAIRING! faster with BLACKHAWK® hydraulics
When you're in a hurry to get an accident-damaged car "like-new" again — look for the shop that uses Blackhawk "Porto-Power®." Pushing, pulling, spreading, bending, clamping and pressing — these remote control hydraulic tools apply tons of force smoothly, precisely . . . restore smashed cars faster, at lower cost. Blackhawk "Porto-Power" jacks and attachments — a MUST for progressive body reconditioning shops.
Look to BLACKHAWK®
The one source for the complete line of Automotive Jacks — Mechanical and Hydraulic; Industrial Hydraulic Jacks — 1½ thru 100 tons; "Porto-Power" Remote Control Jacks and Rescue Kits; Pipe and Conduit Benders; Knock-Out Punches. *See your nearby Blackhawk distributors in Automotive, Industrial, Construction and Electrical fields.*
BLACKHAWK MFG. CO.
Dept. P-6157, Milwaukee 46, Wis.
World's Largest Manufacturer of
HYDRAULIC POWER TOOLS

WHY SHOULD... Your Power Mower HAVE BIG WHEELS
• Own the finest mower on your street—a BIG WHEEL YAZOO—and challenge any other mower to a cutting duel! Exclusive bicycle-type wheels make Yazoo outlook, outperform, outwear any other!
• Yazoo BIG WHEELS glide easier! Won't bog down as small wheels do! BIG WHEELS mean greater operator control—even a child can mow with safety!
• Like no other machine, Yazoo not only grooms the most luxurious lawns—but is a mule for rural work, high cutting! See your dealer or write **now** for his name! You've got a brand new experience in store for you!
FREE! Send for illustrated booklet "*A House + A Lawn = A Home.*" to: Yazoo Manufacturing Co., Dept. SE, Jackson, Miss.

YAZOO MASTER MOWERS
(YAZZ-ZOO)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before you buy
a power mower, see
MOW-MASTER
with stand-up
starting



No stooping, no bending, no hard hand-cranking. Just step—start—and away you mow! And MOW-MASTER costs less than many conventional hand-starting mowers. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

fmc
FOOD MACHINERY AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION

PROPULSION ENGINE CORPORATION
351 Marion Avenue,
South Milwaukee, Wis.
Subsidiary of Food Machinery and Chemical Corporation

Before you leap...look at
Skyway
Luggage
Armored by B.F.Goodrich Korsend® luggage covering
Know the travel answers. Write for "Tips on Trips" illustrated booklet > Skyway, 12 Wall St., Seattle 1, Wash. • In Canada, Vancouver 6, B.C.

Pirrie followed suit. They stared at the other group in silence.

"Where are ye making for?" the man asked them.

"We're going over the moors," John said, "into Westmorland."

"There'll be naught more there than there is here." His gaze was on the guns longingly. "If you can use those weapons, we might be willing to have you join up with us."

"We can use them," John said, "but we prefer to stay on our own."

"Safety in numbers these days." John did not reply. "Safer for the kiddies and all."

"We can look after them," John said.

The man shrugged. He gestured to his followers, and they began to move off the road in their original direction. He himself prepared to follow them. At the road's edge, he paused and turned back.

"Hey, mister!" he called. "Any news?"

It was Roger who replied, "None but that the world's grown honest."

The man's face cracked into a laugh. "Aye, that's good. Then is doomsday near!"

They watched until the group was nearly out of sight, and then continued their journey.

They skirted to the south of Aysgarth, which showed the signs of defensive array that had now become familiar. They rested, in the afternoon's heat, within sight of the town. The valley, which had been so green in the old days, now showed predominantly black against the browner hills beyond. The stone walls wound their way up the hillsides, marking boundaries grown meaningless. Once John thought he saw sheep on the hillside, and jumped to his feet to make sure. But they were only white boulders. There could be no sheep here now. The Chung-Li virus had done its work with all-embracing thoroughness.

Mary was sitting with Olivia and the girl, Jane. The boys, for once too tired to skylark, were resting together and discussing, so far as John could judge from the scraps of conversation he picked up, motor speedboats. Ann sat by herself under a tree. He went over and sat down beside her.

"Are you feeling any better?" he asked her.

"I'm all right."

She looked tired, and he wondered how much sleep she had managed to get the night before. He said, "Only two more days of this, and then ——"

She caught his words up. "And then everything's fine again, and we can forget all that's happened, and start life all over from the beginning. Well?"

"No, I don't suppose we can. Does it matter? But we can live what passes for a decent life again, and watch the children grow up into human beings instead of savages. That's worth doing a lot for."

"And you're doing it, aren't you? The world on your shoulders."

He said softly, "We've been very lucky so far. It may not seem like that, but it's true. Lucky in getting away from London, and lucky in getting as far north as this before we ran into serious trouble. The reason this place looks deserted is that the locals have retired behind their defenses and the mobs haven't arrived. But I shouldn't think we're more than a day's march ahead of the mobs—we may be less. And when they come ——"

He stared at the tumbling waters of the Ure. It was a sunlit summer scene, strange only in the absence of so much of the familiar green. He didn't really believe the implications of his own words, and yet he knew they were true.

"We shall be at peace in Blind Gill," Ann said wearily.

"I wouldn't mind being there now," John said.

"I'm tired," Ann said. "I don't want to talk—about that or anything else. Let me be, John."

He looked down at her for a moment, and then went away. As he did so, he saw that, from under the next tree, Millicent was watching them. She caught his eye and smiled.

The valley narrowed toward Hawes, and the hills on either side rose more steeply; the stone walls no longer reached up to their summits. Hawes did not appear to be defended, but they avoided it all the same, going round on the higher ground to the south and fording the tributaries of the Ure, fortunately shallow at this time of year.

They made camp for the night in the mouth of Widdale Gill, securing themselves in the angle between the railway line and the river. Fairly near them they found a field that had been planted with potatoes, and dug up a good supply. Olivia made a stew of these and the salt meat they carried; Jane helped her and Millicent gave some halfhearted assistance.

The sun had set behind the Pennines, but it was still quite light; John looked at his watch and saw that it wasn't yet eight o'clock. Of course, that was British Summer Time, not Greenwich. He smiled at the thought of that delicate and ridiculous distinction.

They had done well, and the boys were not too obviously fatigued. Normally he might have taken them farther before halting, but it would be stupid to begin the climb up into Mossdale in such circumstances. Instead, they could make an early start the following morning. He watched the preparations for supper with a contented eye. Pirrie was on guard beside the railway line.

The boys came over to him together. It was Davey who spoke; he used a tone of deference quite unlike his old man-to-man approach.

"Daddy," he said, "can we stand guard tonight as well?"

John surveyed them: the alert figure of his son, Spooks' gangling lankiness, Steve's rather square shortness. They were still just schoolboys, out on a more puzzling and exciting lark than usual.

He shook his head. "Thanks very much for the offer, but we can manage."

Davey said, "But we've been working it out. It doesn't matter that we can't shoot properly, as long as we can keep awake and make a noise if we see anyone. We can do that."

John said, "The best thing you three can do is not to stay awake talking after supper. Get to sleep as quickly as possible. We're up early in the morning, and we've got a stiff climb and a long day to face."

He had spoken lightly enough, and in the old days Davey would have argued strenuously on the point. Now he only glanced at the other boys in resignation, and they went off together to look at the river.

They all had supper together; Pirrie having come down from the line with a report of emptiness as far as the eye could see. Afterward, John appointed the hours of sentry duty for the night.

Roger said, "You're not counting Jane in?"

He thought Roger was joking at first, and laughed. Then he saw, to his astonishment, that it had been a serious question.

"No," he said. "Not tonight."

The girl was sitting close to Olivia; she had not strayed far from her all day. John had heard them talking together during the afternoon, and had heard Jane laughing once. She glanced up at the two men, her fresh, somewhat fat-cheeked face open and inquiring.

"You wouldn't murder us in our beds, would you, Jane?" Roger asked her.

She shook her head solemnly.

John said to her, "Well, it's best not to give you the chance, isn't it?"

She turned away, but it was in embarrassment, he saw, not hatred.

He said, "It's Ann's first watch. The rest of us had better get down and get to sleep. You boys can put the fire out. Tread out all the embers."

TO BE CONTINUED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Baseball's Got Me! (Continued from Page 31)

I was reminded again that this wasn't so. Lane called to tell me we couldn't get Banks.

"What did you offer for him?" I asked.

"I went up to five hundred thousand dollars," Lane said.

"And you couldn't buy him?" I exploded.

"Mr. Busch," Lane said, "I was told politely that Mr. Wrigley needs a half million dollars just about as much as you do."

"Now I've heard everything," I said—and in a way I had. I've grown up in an industrial tradition. I'd never before known of a case where a firm or a man couldn't put $500,000 to good use in a business.

A few days later I received a very appropriate gift from a friend. Jack Pickens, a Little Rock wholesaler, whom I'd met in the Army, presented me with a book. It was beautifully bound, with a blue tooled-leather cover, and in gilt lettering was this title: WHAT I KNOW ABOUT BASEBALL, BY AUGUST A. BUSCH, JR., PRESIDENT, ST. LOUIS CARDINALS.

I went through the book and immediately decided that Frank Lane should see it. I asked to have him meet me at the brewery, which was unusual in itself. When he was hired, it was on the understanding that the Cardinals were his responsibility. If there were any baseball matters I wanted to discuss with him, I'd come to his office at Busch Stadium.

I'll never forget the expression that passed across Frank's face when I handed him the book. "Here's a surprise for you," I said jovially. "I've written this book on baseball." I can appreciate what went through Lane's mind as he reached for it. He was the seasoned professional in this business, and I was the rankest amateur. He looked at the title as though he couldn't believe what his eyes saw.

"Go ahead, read it," I urged. "See what I've written."

Lane opened the book as though he suspected a booby trap. He skimmed through the first few pages slowly, then more swiftly, until he'd flipped open the whole volume. Then his face loosened. All 400 pages in the book were blank.

Maybe I should have had copies of that book distributed to the other guests before I gave a speech at the annual dinner of the Knights of the Cauliflower Ear last February in St. Louis. It is one of those rib-and-roast affairs at which everybody gets a going-over. I was taken over the jumps very effectively myself by previous speakers.

When I got up to talk, I said, among other things, that the Cardinals would win the pennant by 1958, "or Frank Lane will be out on his rump." I should have realized what a fuss this would stir up around the country. In baseball, you don't joke about things like that in public.

As has often been said, baseball is too much of a sport to be a business and too much of a business to be a sport. It is the simplest and yet the most complex operation in which I've ever become involved. It's puzzling, yet exciting; depressing, yet stimulating.

My mother, who is ninety-one, said to me soon after I began my connection with the Cardinals, "Gussie, what is so interesting in men hitting a ball with a stick and running like little children to touch pillows?"

I was trying to work out the answer to a similar question about that time. We had just appointed Dick Meyer a vice president of Anheuser-Busch. On the same date Dick was named general manager of the Cardinals. The day the two appointments were announced, John L. Wilson, who is a vice president of the Cardinals as well as executive vice president of Anheuser-Busch, came storming into my office.

"Gussie," he said, "will you look at this?"

He had all the daily papers. Meyer's new position with the ball club was reported in big black headlines.

"That's wonderful," I said.

Then Wilson pointed out to me a single sentence down at the bottom of one of the stories. That was all the newspapers had devoted to Dick's promotion at the brewery.

"What kind of a ridiculous business have we gotten into?" Wilson asked.

From a dollars-and-cents point of view, it was a fair question, because what was happening didn't make sense. The Busch business interests represent a $300,000,000 investment. The brewery alone grosses $250,000,000 a year. In contrast, our investment in baseball amounts to $4,500,000, and the gross return from the entire Cardinal system is only $3,500,000. Yet I could talk for three days about the brewery without getting a line in the papers, whereas I may drop the most casual remark about baseball and see it reported in headlines in the nation's press.

In what other business do the customers—who are the fans—know so much about your operation and criticize you so freely and fairly as in baseball? We have a waiter named Mike, who has been with us for years. He's served coffee to our executives at meetings a thousand

Another Northwest first

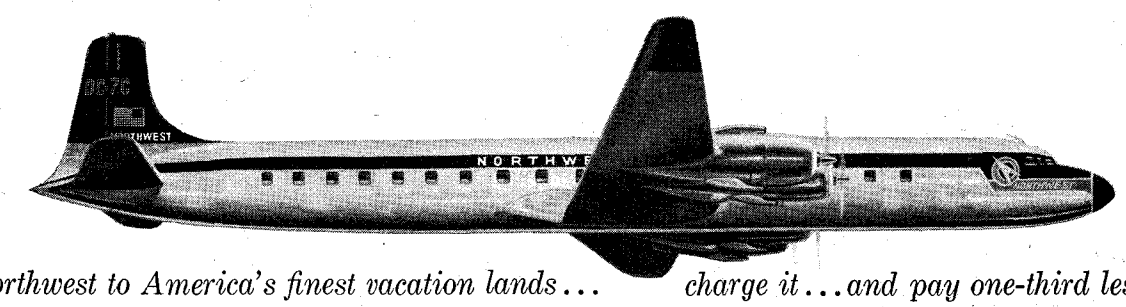
Now—the lowest priced *Fly Now—Pay Later* plan of any U.S. airline

Wonderful news for travelers! Northwest Orient Airlines brings you lower carrying charges on its Fly Now—Pay Later plan . . . carrying charges ⅓ *lower than any other U.S. airline.*

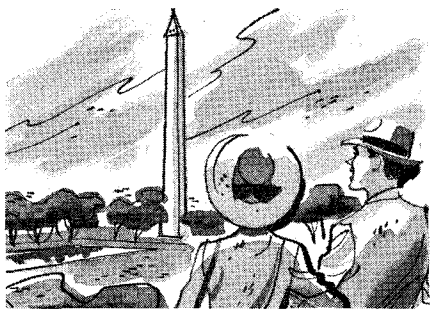
Now . . . Northwest Orient Airlines makes it easier than ever for you and your family to fly to your vacation dreams this summer—and to pay for it in easy monthly payments later.

Simply pick out the vacation of your choice, put 10% down and pay the balance in convenient monthly installments.

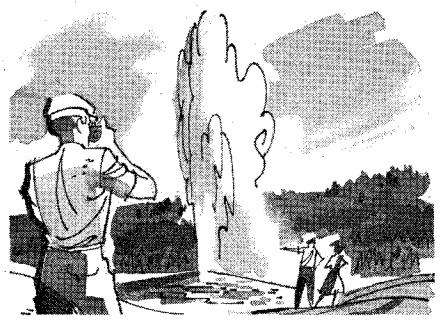
So whatever your vacation dreams, make them come true this summer. Fly Northwest Orient Airlines to America's finest vacation lands *and charge it*—at interest rates ⅓ lower than any other U.S. airline.



Fly Northwest to America's finest vacation lands . . . charge it . . . and pay one-third less interest



PAY ONLY $21.80 DOWN
flying to Washington or New York from Seattle-Portland

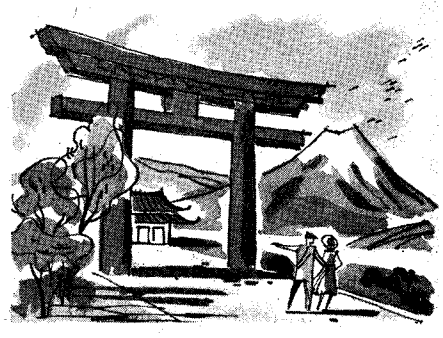


PAY ONLY $20.14 DOWN
flying to Yellowstone or Glacier Park from Detroit

PAY ONLY $41.79 DOWN
flying to Hawaii from Minneapolis-St. Paul

PAY ONLY $17.20 DOWN
flying to the Pacific Northwest from Milwaukee

PAY ONLY $16.20 DOWN
flying to Western dude ranches from Washington



PAY ONLY $105.30 DOWN
flying to Tokyo from Chicago

Down payments based on round-trip tourist fare

See your travel agent or

NORTHWEST *Orient* AIRLINES

31 years of superior Airmanship

COAST-TO-COAST • HAWAII • CANADA • ALASKA • THE ORIENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT'S NEW IN MOTOR CONTROL?

NOW... ROTO-PUSH THE ONE-BUTTON CONTROL STATION

The new Cutler-Hammer Roto-Push Unit offers amazing opportunities for simplified compact control panel design. One Roto-Push Unit can provide all the control functions which normally require two or three separate buttons. It is available in a wide range of selector and button operating mechanisms. Typical of its possibilities is the "Run-Safe-Jog" Roto-Push shown above. In addition to simplifying control panel design, Roto-Push brings savings in installation time and costs, speedier, safer and more efficient machine operation. Roto-Push is another star performer in the spectacular new line of Cutler-Hammer Heavy Duty Oil-Tight Pushbuttons. Be sure you have full information now. Write on your company letterhead for Pushbutton Handbook Pub. EL-178. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1259 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.

CUTLER-HAMMER
MOTOR CONTROL
C-H

GET IT FIRST IN CUTLER-HAMMER

Most Beautiful Can Opener Made...

Rival
Can-O-Mat®
with REMOVABLE CUTTER for Easy Cleaning

World's most sanitary can opener! Opens all cans! Removable magnet! In "Copper Touch"®, Chrome or gay colors. Wonderful gift!

RIVAL MFG. CO., Kansas City 29, Mo.
Rival Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

CLINTON ENGINES

- Quick Starting!
- Service Everywhere!

Premium quality engines on all premium quality equipment. Now at regular prices!

1¾ to 10 hp.

Outboards

CLINTON

5 Chainsaws Available

Look in the Yellow Pages

CLINTON MACHINE COMPANY
Dept. C-73, Maquoketa, Iowa

times while we were discussing changes in our operations which might involve millions of dollars. Never once did I hear him say anything other than "Good morning" or ask if we wanted cream or sugar. However, one day I sensed he had something on his mind when he hesitated before leaving the room.

"Mr. Busch," he finally said, "you really aren't going to trade Wally Moon, are you? We need him for the outfield."

That incident was typical of the goldfish bowl in which baseball operates, and the kind of emotion and partisanship that it generates. After four years I've come to appreciate that the Cardinals don't belong to me. They belong to everybody.

At first I was aghast at the way Frank Lane would sit at the ball game and second-guess the players aloud. Now I understand that this is the right of any fan, even a general manager.

Fans are everywhere, and all of them have opinions which they're not reluctant to express. Last June, when Lane got rid of Red Schoendienst, a great personal favorite of mine, in an eight-player trade with the New York Giants, the telephone receiver had to be taken off the hook at my home.

There was a virtual repetition of that last November nineteenth, when we sent Rip Repulski and Bobby Morgan to the Phillies for Del Ennis. That night I ran into Jack Flynn, manager of St. Louis' Park Plaza Hotel.

"How can you let somebody like Repulski go?" Flynn argued.

I'd hardly completed my conversation with Jack when George Vierheller, the director of the St. Louis Zoo, came over. "That was a great trade, Gussie; just great," he said.

The point is that you can't satisfy everybody. Often you can't satisfy anybody. In industry you can buy or sell a piece of property, raise or lower your capacity, and nobody, except your own board, will express an opinion. If a business deal goes wrong, your judgment isn't exposed to public discussion and dissection. In baseball everybody knows about it and talks about it.

When we decided to buy the Cardinals in 1953, my old and very good friend, Arthur Blumeyer, with whose St. Louis bank we often do business, reacted in the way I'd expected him to. He was phlegmatic and unemotional about it, as befits his character and station in life. It was a business proposition, and he regarded it as such. But when Bill Virdon was sent to the Pittsburgh Pirates for Bobby Del Greco last May, Arthur would barely talk to me for weeks.

Today, looking back on the last four years, I can see all these things much more clearly—but not unemotionally. Before I got into baseball my outside pastimes were hunting, fishing, dogs and riding. I hadn't been inside a ball park in years. My knowledge of the game was extremely limited, and my interest in it was no more than casual.

Even then, however, Stan Musial was a close friend of mine. I enjoyed having him out to go hunting at Belleau Farms, our lodge. Once he asked me why I didn't get into baseball, and I told him I'd stick to my own knitting. Later on, after we wound up taking over the Cardinals, I continued to hunt and fish with Stan and enjoyed his company as much as ever. Some baseball people didn't think that was proper. They suggested that our relationship be changed. They advised me that a president of a team shouldn't socialize with a player.

I can't think of anything in my baseball experience which bothered me more than that. I fretted about it enough almost to regret my investment in the team. I had begun to learn there are special ways in baseball, and I'd made up my mind to conform, but in this case I was unwilling to go along. I refused to sit still for the idea that my new position could put fetters on my personal relationships.

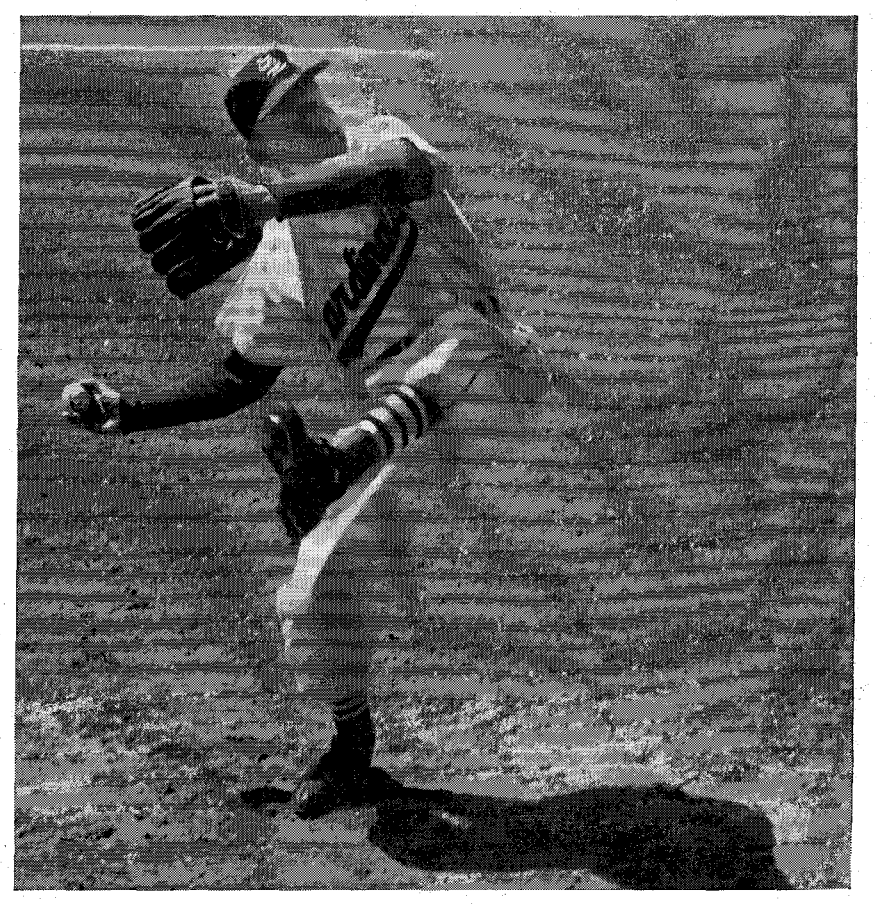
For one thing, I knew Musial as a fine man and a wonderful companion. For another thing, shortly after we acquired the Cardinals I'd made a trip around the National League with the team, and it was one of the most enriching experiences of my life. I was amazed at Stan's contact with the fans and their feeling toward him. Wherever he went, people gathered about him. Stan always did the right thing and said the right thing at the right time. I determined right then that any organization was lucky to have such a man in its employ. He was an asset in uniform. He was as much of an asset out of it.

"At no time has a trade for Stan Musial been considered."

Lane heard about the statement. He contacted Fleishman and said he thought the statement should come from him.

"I don't give a damn who makes it," I said, "so long as it's made. I want it understood that Stan will remain a part of our organization as long as he plays, and as long after he stops playing as he wants to."

I've never discussed the subject with Lane since then, but I've heard he believes that Stan is under both a baseball contract with the Cardinals and a civil contract with Anheuser-Busch. He's mistaken. There's no set civil contract. We're just hopeful that when Stan finishes playing he'll be in the Cardinal organization in some capacity. I'd hate to lose him from the Cardinals—or from Anheuser-Busch, for that matter.



Club president August Busch, Jr., makes like a pitcher at the Cardinals' Florida camp.

Because of this feeling for Stan, I was tremendously disturbed last year when I began to hear rumors that Frank Lane was anxious to trade Musial. One of the reports that came to me was that a deal had been suggested involving Robin Roberts, the great pitcher of the Phillies, and Stan.

In no way do I mean any disparagement of Roberts' talent, but Musial is one player who will never be traded as long as I'm connected with the Cardinals. I didn't even bother to ask Lane whether such a deal had been proposed on our side or the other. Lane doesn't discuss deals with me when they're in the talking stage. He tells me about them when they're ready to be completed. It's Frank's responsibility. I don't offer much resistance, as can be seen from the fact that he made nine deals involving thirty-eight players in his first year on the job. And I don't expect it to end there.

However, when the Musial trade rumors persisted last year I made up my mind they had to be stopped. To my way of thinking, Stan was, is and will continue to be a St. Louis institution. I asked Al Fleishman, of Fleishman-Hillard, the public-relations firm which handles the Anheuser-Busch account, to issue a statement under my name. It was simply this:

If Lane or Freddy Hutchinson, our field manager, should want to take Stan out of the line-up for some reason, that's their business. I may ask why, but I won't interfere.

You see, I've become a fan. I insist on the fans' inalienable right to live and die with the team. I enjoy many things besides baseball. I still love to feel a strong horse under me and listen to the bugling of the stags. I still thrill to the recoil of a good hunting rifle in my hands and the sight of a flight of geese across the sky. But there's no thrill for me today like seeing my team come from behind to win with a run in the ninth inning.

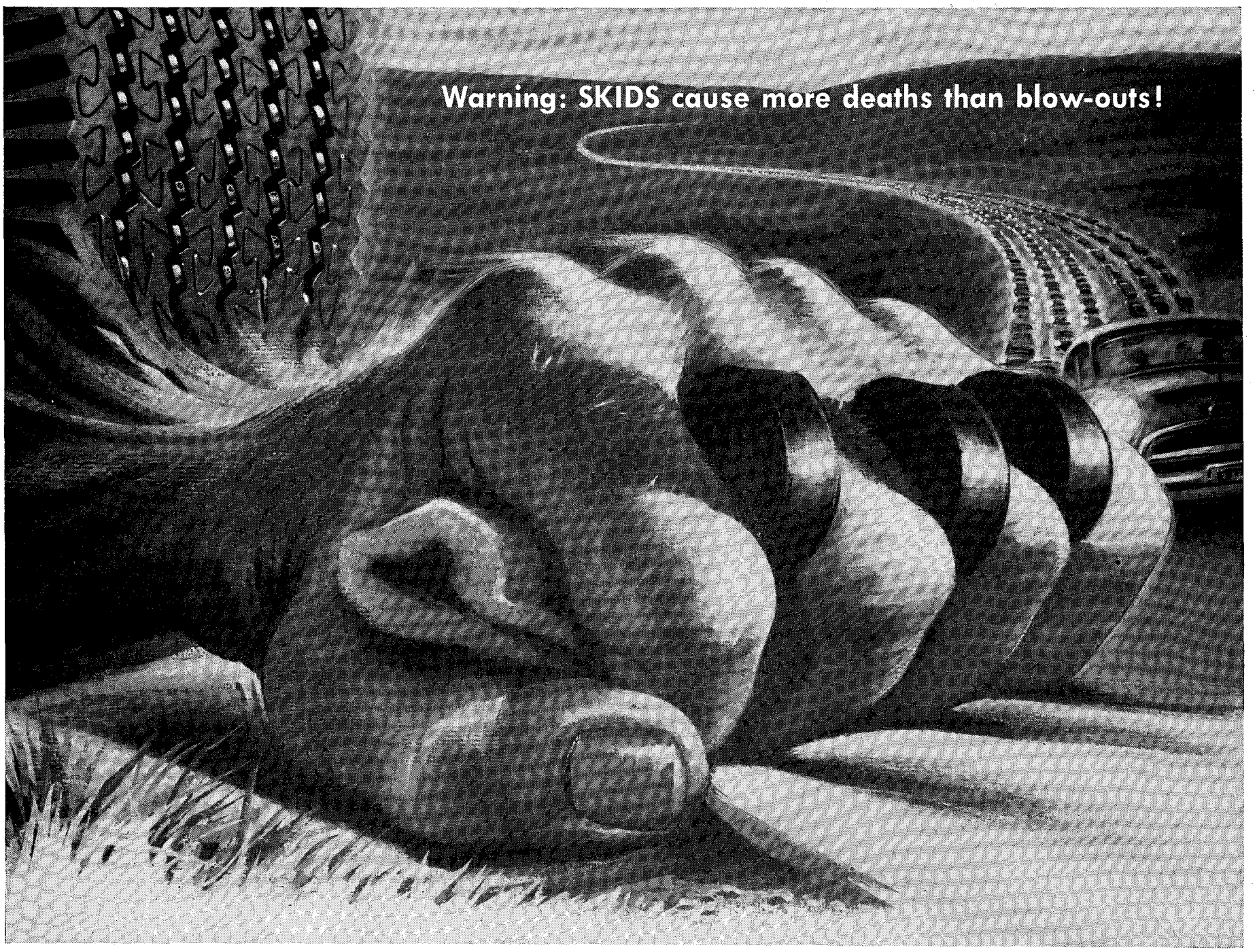
In the first National League game my Cardinals played after I became president, I suffered the misery of a ninth-inning defeat when Billy Bruton hit a home run against us at Milwaukee. There was a heaviness in me that I found hard to understand. There's no longer any mystery about it. I've gotten to love this game. I know that a defeat has to be taken in stride, but I can't keep myself from feeling blue when we lose. I become so depressed that I change appointments and cancel dinner plans. That's what baseball's done to me—or is it for me?

Until four years ago I never had any superstitions. (*Continued on Page 130*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARMSTRONG TIRES'

"Ounce of Prevention" Grip can save your life



Exclusive Safety Discs Grip Road, Stop Skids As No Other Tire Can

LIKE A SQUEEZED FIST, TREAD RIBS OF ORDINARY TIRES COMPRESS under braking pressure into a smooth, slippery surface . . . lose their grip. Without warning, a sudden skid can bring disaster! Even brand new tires can "go smooth" this way—*and you skid!*

LIKE FIST AT LEFT, ARMSTRONG TIRES CAN'T SQUEEZE SMOOTH. Safety Discs keep tread open so it *always* grips, no matter how hard you brake. Look for these patented Safety Disc Tires when you buy. They stop skids as no other tires can, yet cost no more.

ARMSTRONG
SAFETY DISC TIRES

UNCONDITIONAL ROAD HAZARD
LIFETIME GUARANTEE

The longest, strongest guarantee in the industry.

Find Your Armstrong Dealer In The Yellow Pages

ARMSTRONG Rhino-Flex TIRES

MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG *Pure-Foam* FOR FURNITURE AND BEDDING • HOME OFFICE, WEST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 128*) Soon after the opening of that first season, however, the Cardinals went on a six-game winning streak. In my excitement during the first victory, I threw a straw hat out of the stands. I continued to do it all through the streak. I figured that if there was anything to that superstition business, this was the least I could do for the team. By the time the streak finally ended, I really felt I had contributed to it.

There were so many things I had to learn—the way players talk and think, the way managers react, the dignity that is part of baseball, and the possessive loyalty of the fan. Naturally, we made mistakes while I was learning. For instance, a great many of my associates advised me against trying to change the name of Sportsman's Park to Budweiser Stadium, because of the commercial connotation. I wouldn't listen, but I had to backtrack on that. We settled for calling it Busch Stadium.

It was the same when Lane insisted that we change the old-style Cardinal uniforms last season. I made Frank go to the board of directors on that before I conceded. However, it became apparent quickly that the fans loved that old Cardinal emblem—the red birds sitting on the bat. Lane had to bring it back again. The new look didn't go over.

So long as you admit an error and are not embarrassed by it, there isn't too much lost. But I must confess to experiencing some embarrassment while I painfully learned the little things that are second nature to lifelong baseball fans.

In one of our early games in 1953, some of my staff attended a Cardinal home game with me. In the top of the seventh inning some of the fans stood up. I rose along with them, applauding. I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned to see Buddy Reisinger, our assistant advertising manager, beckoning to me.

"I wouldn't do that," Buddy said quietly.

"Why not?"

"It's the wrong team," he said. "In the top of the inning you're standing up for the visitors. We stand up in the bottom half of the inning for the Cardinals."

"Oh," I said airily, feeling somewhat ridiculous, "it doesn't hurt to show sportsmanship."

A few nights later I was party to another display of sportsmanship. We were to open a series against the Brooklyn Dodgers the following night. To prepare for the opening game of the series, the Dodgers had sent Don Newcombe and Roy Campanella ahead to have a day of rest before facing us.

I was notified that the two Dodger stars were at the gate, and I sent word to Al Fleishman, who was down there, to escort them to seats in my box. This is located directly behind the Cardinal dugout. Newcombe and Campanella really were having a time for themselves, joking with the members of the Cardinals on the field.

Then our manager, Eddie Stanky, came out of the dugout and saw them. Eddie immediately sent for Fleishman. "Who the hell put them there?" Eddie demanded.

"Mr. Busch wanted me to make them as comfortable as possible," Fleishman said.

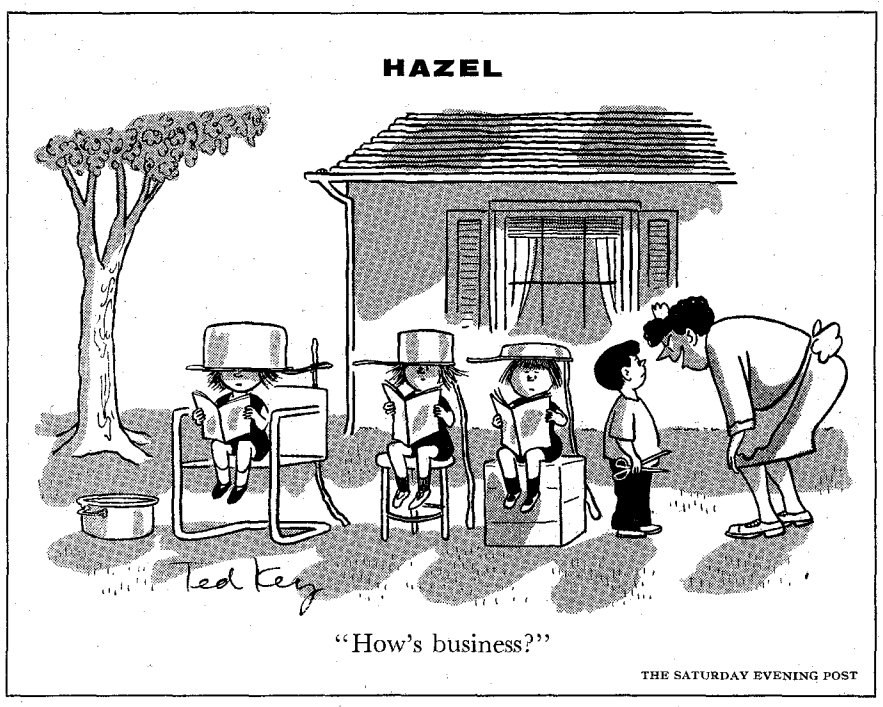
"The heck with them," Stanky answered. "Why make them comfortable? They're our enemies. We're trying to beat them. Let them fight the crowd for seats. Why give them the best in the house, where they can see and hear everything we do?"

Eddie was that way. He was, in my opinion, a great strategist and the fiercest of competitors. One of the hardest things I had to do was tell him in May of 1955 that we were letting him go. For this season I tried to interest Hutchinson in rehiring Stanky as his third-base coach. Eddie was loyal, and proud of his position as manager. He was a fine man to have working for me, but too hard a man to work for. When he settles that personal problem, I'm certain he'll be back managing in the major leagues again.

I'm grateful to Stanky for many things, including an insight into the managerial mind. For example, during Eddie's regime it struck me as a shameful waste to have a boy like Dick Schofield, to whom we paid a bonus of $40,000, sitting on the bench and not playing. I spoke to Eddie about it a few times, but got nowhere.

"He's learning while he's sitting on the bench," Stanky said.

In my training for business, I'd been taught a basic and useful principle. If you have a piece of machinery, either you put it to work or you dispose of it. I'd also grown up with another lasting impression about business. I'd been struck by the way my granddaddy would walk through the plant and never give an order. He'd just express a wish, and the next thing his wish would come true.



I wished and I wished about Schofield. Once I lost my temper in a discussion with Stanky. "How in the hell are we going to find out if Schofield can play if you keep him on the bench?" I said.

"While I'm running this team and we have a chance to finish higher than we are," Stanky said, "I'm going to use a pro, not a kid, at that position." Now Schofield has had some seasoning in the minors, and he may see more action with the Cardinals this year.

As I said, I'm grateful to Stanky. Partly because of him, the Cardinals have reached the stage in their redevelopment where it is possible to see light ahead. It's eleven years since they last won the pennant. I don't believe it will be many more before the next one flies from the flagpole in that ball park where the Gas House Gang ruled the league. I like to think we're in the third and final phase of our planning. We had any number of misadventures getting this far, but I'm convinced they're behind us for good.

The first phase could be called our blue-green period—mostly green because of our inexperience. We were accused of being beer men trying to run a baseball enterprise, and there was some justice in the charge. That was a stage when I assumed that because I had Miss Budweiser, a championship horse, and a championship business, I could also have a championship ball club.

We set out to buy one. We should have known better. The first player we inquired about was Gil Hodges, the Dodgers' first baseman. Stanky thought he could be bought for $150,000. When John Wilson, the Cardinal vice-president and brewery financial officer then, heard that figure, his feet came off the desk on which he was resting them. He demanded, "What else does he do for that kind of money?"

There's a hitherto unrevealed sequel to this story. I actually made an effort to buy Hodges, but $150,000 was considerably below the asking price. Walter O'Malley, president of the Dodgers, told me Hodges could not be bought for $600,000.

"This," said Wilson, "is not a sensible business."

Despite the first rebuff, we went on a buying spree anyway. Among others, we bought Tom Alston, a first baseman, from San Diego for $100,000; Alex Grammas, a shortstop, from the Reds for another $100,000; and Memo Luna, a pitcher, from San Diego for $90,000. In all, we spent $500,000 for players between 1953 and 1954.

Needless to say, it became obvious that we could not buy our way to a pennant. The alternative was to build a club which could win one. This was the second phase. Our farm system, according to the veteran baseball men working in it, had some excellent prospects. Such players as Wally Moon and Ken Boyer certainly bore out their analysis. We felt that if the people understood what we were trying to do they would be patient with us. In the meantime, we would try to force-feed the varsity from the farms.

The third phase of our development started when Frank Lane became available to us. We felt he had done an excellent job with the Chicago White Sox as their general manager. When we hired him under a three-year contract, he was aware of our problems and we were aware of his philosophy of baseball. It was decided that until our farms could be developed to the point where they would supply a steady flow of replacements for the Cardinals, it would be necessary to pick only carefully selected players from it, and to make deals elsewhere for others.

Lane, of course, has few inhibitions about trading. There've been times when I've disagreed with him, and times when I've taken a solid lacing because of some of Frank's deals. The Brooks Lawrence trade, Frank's first with us, brought quite a bit of discomforting comment to my office. This, possibly, is hindsight. Few, if any, baseball people could have anticipated that Lawrence would have a nineteen-game-winning season last year.

Only time will tell how many of Lane's deals were right and how many were wrong. One thing I've learned about this game is that nobody is clairvoyant. Some of Lane's trades have confused me, but if you hire a man to run your show and don't let him do it his own way, you're just wasting your money keeping him at all.

After we let Stanky and then Harry Walker go, we decided to leave it to our new general manager to hire his own manager. When Lane told me he had Hutchinson in mind, I asked him if there wasn't somebody in our own organization he thought could do the job. We have some fine men who have been developing our talent, and they deserve promotion.

However, when I asked Lane who Hutch was—I really didn't know—Lane replied, "The man I want for the job." I deferred to his judgment, and I can see now why Frank wanted Hutchinson. I've come to respect Hutch for the courage of his convictions, and the quiet, forceful way he goes about doing a job.

After all, how could I insist on making all the decisions after just four seasons in the major leagues? I don't want to win a pennant any more than Lane and Hutch want it. The sooner we get it the happier I'll be, but I've already had considerable pleasure out of what I've experienced in baseball so far. I've met people I never would have met otherwise, and in meeting them I've learned more about our wonderful country. People write to me and ask for my autograph and picture, and I'd be lying in my teeth if I didn't admit I enjoy that. I'm something of a celebrity now, and I never was before.

I've also become something else. I was struck with the force and joy of it last year when my wife, Trudy, attended a Cincinnati-St. Louis double-header with me on Decoration Day. We sat next to Gabe Paul, the Redlegs' general manager. Trudy, who originally came from Switzerland, shares my interest in outdoor sports, but sometimes finds my enthusiasm for baseball hard to understand.

Very often she sits beside me at the ball park and unobtrusively pokes me with her elbow when I begin shouting about some play and act as though I'm going to jump out of the stands.

"Gussie," she says, "if you don't keep quiet I'm going to leave here and go home alone."

Well, this time I was more than excited. The Redlegs filled the bases against us, and I reached across Trudy and shouted at Paul, "Now's the time for us to pull off a triple play." I don't know what made me think of anything so farfetched. I had never seen a triple play before. But the next thing I knew, bang-bang-bang, there it was!

I jumped to my feet, waving my hat and screaming at the top of my lungs, "I called it! I called it!"

"Darling, darling, what is it?" Trudy asked.

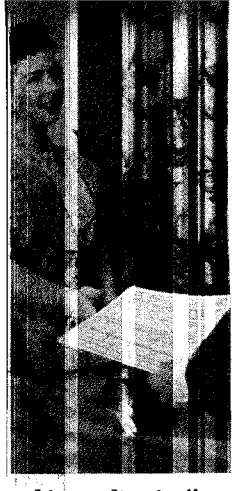
I just didn't hear her, I was shouting so loud. She kept pulling on my sleeve and finally pulled me down into my seat. "Now what *is* it?" she demanded.

"Didn't you see it?" I yelled. "A triple play, and I called it." I started describing it to her. Suddenly I stopped talking and burst out laughing.

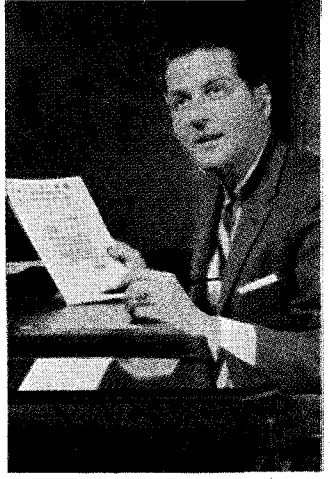
"Gussie Busch," I said to myself, "you think you're a baseball expert already."

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



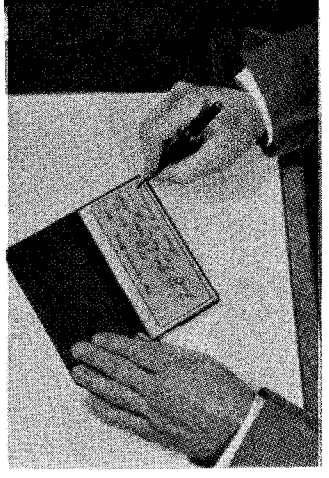
t this application"



"Take a letter"

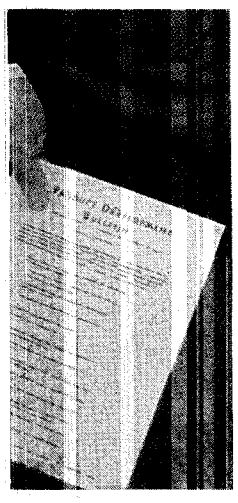
"Envelope stuffers ready?"

"Nice vacation place"



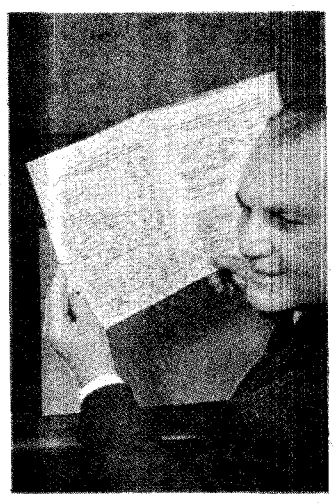
"I'm sending a check"

"French fried or mashed?"

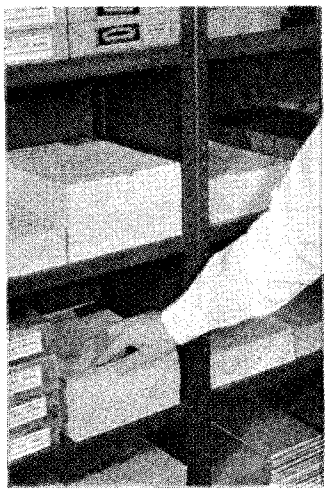


need 500 copies"

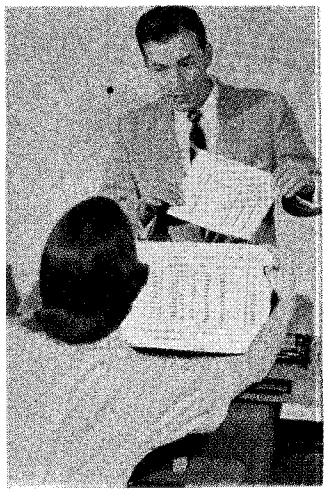
"Here's your deed"



"Encouraging statement"



"Mail him Bulletin #31"



"These posted yet?"

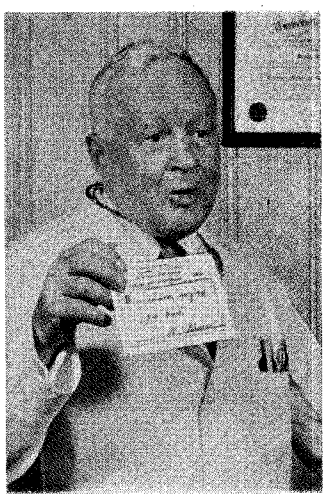
"Bring me the invoice'

"File it"

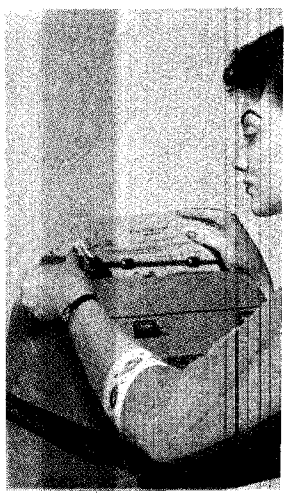
"Program, Mister?"

"Memo to all salesmen"

"Here's the bill of sale"



"Take this twice a day"



"Write up that order'

You couldn't stay in business without your printer

DEPEND more on your printer—he's one of your most valuable business counselors. He brings paper, ink, and ideas together to get things done. American business runs on tracks of printed paper.

"Where's that memo?" "Take a letter." "Check that file." "Write up the order." "Sign this check." There isn't a business transaction —from the "while you were out" slip to the forms for a billion-dollar merger—that a printer didn't help prepare for.

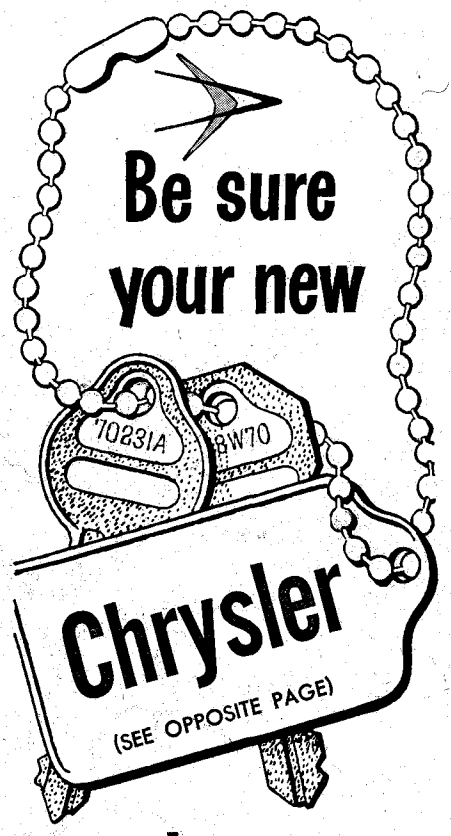
The confidence of printers has helped make "Hammermill" the best-known name in paper. Ask your printer about Hammermill Bond for letterheads that make a good impression. Tamper-proof Hammermill Safety for your checks. Hammermill Mimeo-Bond and Duplicator for multiple copies. Hammermill Ledger for longer lasting financial records. Hammermill Offset and Opaque for your advertising pieces. Hammermill Cover for booklets, folders, posters, menus. There's a Hammermill paper for nearly every printed job. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

HAMMERMILL *Papers*

HAMMERMILL GUILD OF PRINTERS

Printers everywhere use Hammermill papers. Many display this shield.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



has

SOLEX®

SAFETY

GLASS

"the best glass under the sun"

Your new Chrysler will be even safer . . . driving will be even more enjoyable and comfortable . . . when it is equipped with a SOLEX windshield and windows. The soft, greenish tint of SOLEX Safety Glass lessens eyestrain, guards against the glare of intense sunlight. It keeps your car's interior cooler, because SOLEX absorbs at least 50% of the total solar heat.

Why not get all these additional advantages when you buy your new Chrysler? The cost is less than you think.

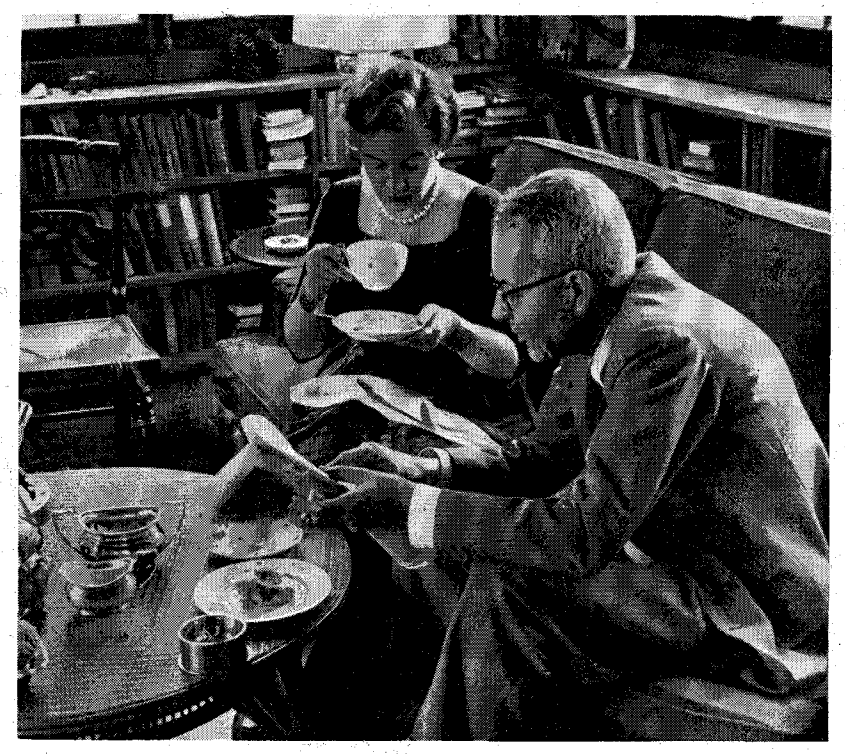
SOLEX

A product of

PITTSBURGH

PLATE GLASS COMPANY

Keeping Posted



Beverly Smith, Jr., and Mrs. Smith: he had trouble with his name.

The Ordeal of Miss Smith

It isn't nice to pry into somebody else's business. Yet when a mature and eminent author like the Post's Washington editor, Beverly Smith, suddenly decides to tack a Junior on his name, as he recently did, what can a body do but pry?

Junior told a tragic story. He was baptized Beverly Waugh Smith, Jr.; he became a lawyer, like his father; and in June, 1925, he had his first magazine piece published in the old American Mercury of Mencken-Nathan fame, signing it Beverly W. Smith, Jr. From this article he caught typewriter fever; he got a job on the New York Herald Tribune, and presently, when allowed a by-line, was advised by Stanley Walker, his boss, to shed his trimmings and be just unadorned Beverly Smith. Then for a while life was good. Until in the mid-30's he began getting letters from readers addressed to *Miss* Beverly Smith. Year by year this miss-directed mail grew—likewise Smith's suffering. Finally he blew up and, rather than change his name to Joe or something, he re-juniored.

Bev Smith has constructed a theory about why his mail went female. When he was a boy in Maryland and Virginia, "Beverly" was a boy's name, any suggestion to the contrary tending to educe a punch in the nose. Smith's earlier memories include a bishop, a football star and a state police superintendent—all unashamed Beverlys. But his earlier memories also include a female, that delectable star of the silent movies whom the nation was adoring circa 1908–20, Beverly Bayne. Hence, Smith theorizes that thousands of Bayne-addicts named their daughters Beverly, and the name has spread to granddaughters, and now they are overrunning the country. Boy Beverlys are done for, except Juniors.

"I have nothing against the ladies, bless them," Smith hastens to say. "I would feel honored if I myself happened to be one. But I am Beverly Smith, Jr., male, and I trust that anyone who may read my articles henceforth will not think of me as some fresh young upstart, but as the same old codger." The codger's first juniorized article, in the March 23rd Post, discussed presidential disability through illness and offered a plan for temporary government leadership in such an emergency; and it triggered the biggest wave of nationwide quotation and debate of anything Smith has written.

In the whole cataract of reader mail about that piece, not a soul wrote to Miss Beverly Smith, Jr. This relief hastened Smith's recovery from an awful shock he had received a few weeks earlier. Bev and his wife had ordered a gift subscription of the Post for a friend and sent a card to be enclosed, "From Grace and Beverly." So the Curtis Publishing Company politely addressed a thank-you letter to—Misses Grace & Beverly Smith.

Life Among the Authors

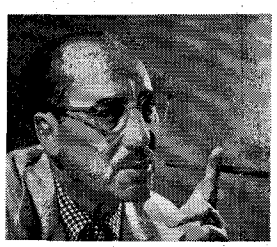
Bill Doyle of page 26 (whose wife, unhappily, is busy behind the camera) lives in Ottawa, and commutes 265 miles to his promotion-writing office in Toronto. "This offbeat home life will be rectified soon," he assures. "We'll *all* go to Toronto."

Maurice Zolotow writes about theater people for the Post; Sam Zolotow (no relation) is drama reporter of The New York Times; and readers keep getting their names mixed up. Recently, at a social occasion, Mrs. Sam Zolotow said to Maurice, "Friends are asking me why my husband hasn't been in the Post lately. Why are you letting me down?" Maurice is on page 44, in case that clears anything up.

Out of the Air Force in '46; then advertisement writing; then manager of the Florida Symphony Orchestra; then back into the Air Force as civilian technical writer—that's **Robert Craig,** page 37 and above. "I try to help around the house and work with Jenny at guiding our children—the kind of husband no electrical appliance can replace, a comforting thought."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Call on Groucho"



Mr. Marx, TV's master of the insult, comes up with some candid and corrosive opinions on highbrow programs, audience ratings, quiz shows. The man who called on him was the Post's Pete Martin.

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED